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THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

WE rejoice that Hood's verses have been collected. The collection, the short preface to these volumes informs us, "is made in fulfilment of his own desire; it was among his last instructions to those who were dearest to him." The injunction only showed a just sense of the rights of his own remarkable and original genius. There is a phrase which seems to have been blown upon by Cockneysim, till one is nervous about using it, and yet, if Cockneyism would have let it alone, it is a pretty and expressive phrase enough; Hood's verses are "refreshing"—specially refreshing to us professional employers of poetical common-place—refreshing as rural breezes to one "long in populous city pent," who draws his easy and invigorated breath upon the slope of some heaven-kissing Wicklow hill after days and weeks of Sackville-street and Merriion-square in July.

We wish we had a half-sovereign (for our desires are moderate and reasonable) for every single individual who, opening these two neat little volumes, will give the first utterance to his thoughts in the three simple but weighty monosyllables—

"Poor Tom Hood!" For Hood was a universal favorite—a pet of the public. Men would as little have thought of sternly taking Hood to task, as of rebuking the quick-glancing fancies of a bright-eyed thoughtful child. He was one of those whom most of us who had never beheld his face in the flesh, knew, by a sort of indirect intellectual intimacy better than common acquaintanceship. How often he came to us "as a pleasant thought, when such are wanted!" How often did the care-wrinkled forehead smooth under the passing influence of one of his incomparable fragments of humor, caught in the Poet's Corner of some country newspaper, where the smiling little violet modestly blossomed in the midst of thorny brakes—of pastorals (not of Theocritus, but) of Doctor Mac-Hale, of speeches of Mr. Joseph Hume, and dissertations on railroads, and infallible receipts for the bite of a mad dog! And there is something peculiarly pathetic about the death of a humorist—of a humorist true-hearted and blameless as Hood was. Shakspeare has embodied and immortalized the feelings of us all in the Yorick scene in Hamlet. Death—grim and ghastly Death—what business had the old scythesman, his crapes and his cross-bones—with

our Tom Hood? with this "fellow of infinite jest and most excellent fancy"—his "gibes, his gambols, and his flashes of merriment?" Could he not have been well content—we should not have had a word against it—to take to himself a score of political economists, and leave us our own Tom Hood? Were there not critics weekly, monthly, quarterly? Had he no nice pickings in the Corn Law League? No Irish repealers under whose loss the world would have been meekly resigned? Were there no profoundly learned Doctors of Laws and of Divinity—no discoverers of "a new system of the philosophy of the human mind"—no grave statisticians powerful in population and poor laws? or if he must have his "men of wit about town," was Brookes's, indeed, unpeopled of its Whigs, or the Tories of the Carlton all scattered and Peeled? Alas! that that brain—the exquisitely sensitive instrument of delicate thought—should now be formless dust! that tricky spirit now naked and unbodied—no arch and flexible lip to quiver with the coming jest, no eye to twinkle with the inward joy of drollest fancies!

But Hood was much more than a humorist, he was (and his parting request shows that, with all his unaffected modesty he knew it) a true and genuine poet. There have been spirits of loftier flight and more enduring wing, natives of the upper element, whose home was the empyrean; with these we dare not rank him; but the eagle is not solitary in the heavens; and if he alone, undazzled by the beam of mid-day, can dare to give the great Sun himself glance for glance, there are other winged creatures who are satisfied to receive his radiance upon their bright and glossy plumage—

"Whose dripping wings flash sun-light as they veer,"

whose nests are not in the pathless crags, but deep in the bowery woodlands, where, amid all that sea of waving trees beneath, the winged wanderer—the floating flower of the air—drops, with the unerring instinct of love, upon his own expectant home.

It is, indeed, observable that true humor is seldom, if ever, unaccompanied with a deep sense and faculty of the *pathetic*. This is one of its ordinary practical distinctions from wit. Wit is, in its essence, feelingless; the pure, intellectual concretion; the icy crystal that glitters and chills.

Humor is not the gem so much as the flower, the creature of the rain and the beam—of tears and smiles. Wit is clear and cold as the starry midnight. Humor tender and vague as the moon-lit eve. Wit is of the head; Humor of the heart; angels and devils may be witty—man alone has humor.

With such spirits as Hood and Charles Lamb this was eminently manifested. They were both men of profound feeling, men of a large soul for fellow-man, sighing amid all their smiles, and flowing deep, with all the surface-sparkle of their playfulness. That keen susceptibility of the ludicrous, and prompt inventiveness in all the ways of exciting it, were in them compatible with a very learned spirit of human dealings, and much of the pitying temper that knowledge works in worthy hearts. We do not very well know the precise idiosyncrasy of old Democritus; his hard materialist philosophy does not speak too well for it; but he might have been, for all his perennial grin, as tender-souled a being as ever was his weeping brother sage of Ephesus. Were we (to the unspeakable sorrow of universal literature) far gone in a deep ditch, and *both* by some metempsychosis contrived in this nineteenth century, to pass by that way, we should back Heraclitus to be the first to desert us; he would have too much to do wiping his eyes at our distresses, poor fellow! to be able to turn his hands to any other use. The world, which in matters within its own coarse daily ken, is seldom wholly wrong, has always felt it; it distrusts ostentatious mourners; it suspects where tears are so promptly shed that the stream readily overflows only because the channel is shallow; while it is unfortunately but too willing to sympathize with joyous *bonhomie*, and to give to careless good fellowship all the honors of the heart. The humor, at the same time, of which we now speak is much more than this; so much more, indeed, that your humorist is frequently the least pliable of good fellows; often a proverbial "oddity"—a solitary self-reflective observer—unpopular with the mass whom he makes uncomfortable—dear and precious to the few.

Man alone laughs; for he alone perpetually contrasts his state with a higher ideal—the failure with the success, the accidental with the immutable, the false with the real, the *is* with the *ought to be*. The brute is too low, the angel too lofty, for that strange mingled emotion of proud sarcastic pleasure which is so appropriate to a *medi-*

al creature, who, midway between the demon and the demigod, is ever greater and ever less than himself.

It has often been said—and no man fit to read the book will ever gainsay it—that Don Quixote is a work of pathos. Insanity, indeed, can hardly ever raise feelings of the unmingled ludicrous; and still less such insanity as this! Consider it well. A noble-hearted old man, a genuine Spanish gentleman, though, it may be, in somewhat shattered circumstances; with a brain overcharged with visions of ideal perfection, eager, after his own fashion, to redress wrongs and restore the balance of the world, sincerer than many of the lights of chivalry he thought to imitate, ever more compassionate, chaste, high-principled, religious, gallant—it is the very miracle of the author's genius, not so much to have written the book that of all others has made mankind laugh, as with such a hero to have prevented us from weeping. Rabelais, indeed, has little pathos; it is owing to this very want, almost as much as to his ineffable grossness, that in spite of all that vigor of exulting fancy, rolling and wallowing in its own infinite ocean of mirth, ruling with a conqueror's caprices the whole empire of fun, Rabelais is scarcely, except by curious students, read. Swift—so often compared with Rabelais, and certainly rivalling his filth—does *not*, whatever Pope may say, sit “in Rabelais' easy chair;” Swift's seat is no easy chair; better name it “the seat of the scornful,” the restless couch of a stern and merciless spirit, pouring itself out in those undying works, not in self-indulgent merriment, but in bitter and burning contempt. Hypocrisy of all kinds Swift had a fearful gift to penetrate and to disgrace; but his scorn is almost as dark and terrible as the hypocrisy itself; which will you have—the tears of the *crocodile* or the laughter of the *hyena*? Accordingly, Swift is more of the wit than the humorist; his manufacture is the work of intellect, as clear and keen as a mathematician's; his invention is the servant and instrument of his reason; every thing in his boldest conceptions has its object, and that, for the most part, distinct and decisive. In his very ribaldry, there is no “*superfluity* of naughtiness;” he discards as an incumbrance the loose vesture of imaginative phraseology and decoration—not because he could not, but would not, adopt it; the poet may come down to the arena in his singing-robcs, but Swift strips for the fight. Other men of sa-

tirical fancy shoot oftentimes at random, to enjoy their abounding strength; Swift never throws away a shot,—he fits his arrow to the bow, eyes his shrinking victim, and cleaves the heart. There is a terrible seriousness in his jests. Yet, let no man think to lightly settle the question of the influence of Swift's writings. They tend to make us uncomfortable; but they tend to make us honest. It is not pleasant to gaze on the flayed Marsyas; but the beauty which is skin-deep may the less deceive us after such a sight.

Probably in Sterne—in my Uncle Toby—the perfection of genuine humor was nearly attained; and what a model is that of *pathetic* nature! How prodigious must have been the amount of the corruption that spoiled Sterne's heart! Of all the dread phenomena of human perversity, there is none more mournful than the utter separation of the moral imagination from the practical moral belief; or, what is perhaps the truer statement—the separation of the moral belief itself from all its designed control over the life of its possessor. How awful this dwelling of the one man in two worlds, without one point of contact between them; the world of *imagination*—of the closet and the desk—with its glorious population of ideal excellences, models of pure and persuasive virtue, beings of thought so real and indestructible, that, clothed in language, they shall live and govern mankind for countless ages—to dwell amid such a society, the gifted freeman of such a City of God, the inward conscience of the genius who creates and upholds them, itself audibly speaking in every such vision that he moulds; and the world of *practical life*, mean, ambitious, sensual, selfish—unvisited by one ray of the starry influences of its sister sphere, lower far and more despicable than that of the most illiterate cottager, whose views are bounded by the narrow circle of the fields he tills;—and to think that these currents should twine in subtlest links, each day, each hour, nay, each minute, yet never blend,—the lovely creations of fancy still rising in their bright profusion, unsoiled and immaculate, the low and worldly calculations of the same mind, now the schemer for advancement or gain, mingling through that crowd of glorious thoughts unabashed and unrebuked by the high presence in which they move! And then the fearful facility with which the habit is acquired; the rapidity with which the

divorce is accomplished between the winged imagination and the creeping life, and the arrangement decorously effected that each shall vigorously pursue its own business, in its own proper element, and neither disturb the other.

But to our task from this too sad digression!

We are not, then, to wonder that Hood's web of humorous fancies should be interwoven with its thread of pensive thought at times. The peculiar tone of many of his serious poems is, however, worthy of special note. Those who chiefly know him by his *Comic Annuals*, and those flashes of occasional mirth with which he was accustomed to illumine the public dullness, will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that his more deliberate genius was mainly conversant with the gloomy and terrible; it is there that Hood showed his real mastery. Yet, after all, reflective readers will not see any absolute novelty in this combination, though it be not often witnessed. Not to speak of instances that readily suggest themselves in poetical history, a curious analogy is furnished by a sister art; for the natural analogies of the different spheres of Art are innumerable; the same imaginative faculty speaks in them all, though it speak different *languages*. Consider, then, the Gothic Architecture. There we see, in a palmary instance, how kindred are the grand and the grotesque—how the curious extravagance of detail is quite compatible with awfulness of general effect, and even blends with it in heightening harmony. Those hideous gurgoyles—those monsters that grin in everlasting stone, uncouth as if the old bloody idolatry had left its traces in the majestic faith that supplanted it, and the grim genius of Thor and Odin would not be wholly cast out from even the Christian temples of the Teuton; how does this deformity mingle with no unpleasing discord in the visible music of these great creations of mediæval art! how does the impassive, immutable ugliness of these forms—hard and horrible as Fate—help out the complete impression of stern, resistless power that speaks in the whole mighty edifice! There is, then, no essential disconnection between the quaint and the terrible—rather some deep internal sympathy, when the former is kept within its due limits as an accessory. We see them again in close combination, in the supernaturalisms of popular *romance* in the same regions where Gothic architecture

first rose and was matured; its Spirit of the Mine and the Mountain, its Walpurgis Night,—the very personification of the arch-Fiend himself in our northern fancies—has a sort of horrible drollery. But indeed, to pass from special instances to human nature itself, there is a border-land in all our experience which seems the chance possession, as our fancies alternate, of the ludicrous and the terrible. Nay, there is a laughter appropriate to wretchedness itself; "moody madness laughs wild amid severest woe." That resolution of the system which belongs alike to extreme joy and extreme misery utters itself alike in both cases; the diapason of human feelings begins and ends on the same note.

With this prelude our readers may set themselves to "The Dream of Eugene Aram," which stands the first poem in the collection. The murderous tutor records his own nightmare to one of his pupils:—

"'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

"Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

"Like sportive deer they cours'd about,
And shouted as they ran—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can:
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

"His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze:
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees!

"Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanc'd aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-ey'd.

"At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp:
'Oh, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!'

"Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took—

Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book!

“My gentle lad, what is't you read,
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page
Of kings and crowns unstable?
The young boy gave an upward glance,
‘It is “The Death of Abel.”’

“The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

“And long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

“And how the sprites of injur'd men
Shriek upward from the sod—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod:
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

“He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

“‘And well,’ quoth he, ‘I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought last night I wrought
A murder in a dream!’

“‘One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old;
I led him to a lonely field—
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!’

“‘Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone—
One hurried gash with a hasty knife—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!’

“‘Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill:
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still:
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!’

“‘And, lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame!
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:

I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name!

“‘Oh, God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain!
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out again!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!’

“‘My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart was solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price;
A dozen times I groaned—the dead
Had never groaned but twice!’

“‘And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite—
‘Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!’”

“‘I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!’

“‘Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleans'd my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school.

“‘Oh Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd
Mid holy Cherubim!’

“‘And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!’

“‘All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!’

“‘All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!’

“‘One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave!’

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing!

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where:
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now—
The fearful boy look'd up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

"That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn.
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist."

Those who have fittingly read this impressive ballad, will admit that a spark of the old Macbeth inspiration was not wholly wanting to its author.

The "Haunted House" is even more characteristic of Hood's talent for heightening the undefined sense of the mysteri-

ous by those small details which give reality to fancy, as well as of his command of a very original and expressive poetic dialect. The poem is too long to quote the entire. It has little or nothing of human incident, but embodies, with wonderful force, the vague impressions of awe that belong to old deserted mansions.

"With shatter'd panes the grassy court was
starr'd;
The time-worn coping-stone had tumbled after;
And through the ragged roof the sky shone,
barr'd
With naked beam and rafter.

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted!

"The flow'r grew wild and rankly as the weed,
Roses with thistles struggled for espial,
And vagrant plants of parasitic breed
Had overgrown the Dial.

"But gay or gloomy, steadfast or infirm,
No heart was there to heed the hour's duration;
All times and tides were lost in one long term
Of stagnant desolation.

"Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dreamed—
Which slowly, slowly gaped—the hinges creak-
ing
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed
That Time himself was speaking.

"But Time was dumb within that mansion old,
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners,
That hung from the corroded walls, and told
Of former men and manners.

"Those tattered flags, that with the opened door,
Seem'd the old wave of battle to remember,
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor
Like dead leaves in December.

"The startled bats flew out, bird after bird—
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,
And seem'd to mock the cry that she had heard
Some dying victim utter!

"A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof
And up the stair, and further still and further,
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof
It ceased its tale of murder!"

And when the visitor ascends "the gloomy stairs and lonely:"—

"Those gloomy stairs, so dark, and damp, and
cold,
With odors as from bones and relics carnal,
Deprived of rite, and consecrated mould,
The chapel vault, or charnel.

"Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding
stress
Of ev'ry step so many echoes blended,

The mind, with dark misgivings, fear'd to guess
How many feet ascended ;"

And reaches the upper apartments,

"Yet no portentous shape the sight amazed :
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid ;
But from their tarnish'd frames dark figures
gazed,
And faces spectre-pallid.

"Not merely with the mimic life that lies
Within the compass of Art's simulation ;
Their souls were looking thro' their painted
eyes,
With awful speculation.

"On every lip a speechless horror dwelt ;
On every brow the burthen of affliction ;
The old Ancestral Spirits knew and felt
The House's malediction.

"Such earnest woe their features overcast,
They might have stirr'd, or sigh'd, or wept, or
spoken ;
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,
The stillness was unbroken.

At last, in one of these dim, forsaken cham-
bers—

"One lonely ray, that glanced upon a bed,
As if with awful aim, direct and certain,
To show the BLOODY HAND in burning red
Embroider'd on the curtain.

"And yet no gory stain was on the quilt,
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted ;
The floor alone retain'd the trace of guilt,
Those boards obscurely spotted.

"Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—
Oh, what a tale they told of fear intense,
Of horror and amazement !

"What human creature in the dead of night
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel dis-
tance ?
Had sought the door, the window in his flight,
Striving for dear existence ?

"What shrieking Spirit in that bloody room
Its mortal frame had violently quitted ?
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,
A ghostly shadow flitted."

These are but portions of a sketch which,
in a few masterly pages, gives us more than
the quintessence of all the terrors of Anne
Radcliffe, and almost of Maturin himself.

But we must find room, at whatever cost,
for the "Bridge of Sighs," which follows
this dreary vision. We well remember our
not dishonorable weakness when first it
met our eyes years since ; and we will beau-
tify our pages by enshrining in them this

gem of perfect purity—this crystallized
tear :—

"One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

"Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

"Touch her not scornfully ;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her ;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

"Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

"Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammyly.

"Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses :
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home.

"Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other ?

"Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful,
Near a whole city full,
Hence she had none.

"Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence ;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

"Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,

With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

"The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

"In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

"Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

"Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

"Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

"Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!"

To what we have now transcribed, and to the still more celebrated "Song of the Shirt," which succeeds it, belongs the solemn praise of tending to truly better mankind, of chastening and exalting the tone of public feeling in matters, homely indeed, but on that very account of every-day interest and importance. The pulpit can do much; the poet can at times do more; his audience is less limited; he can appeal to some feelings to which the pulpit can

scarcely address itself, without hazarding its necessary dignity; he gains access among those on whom religious appeals have unfortunately little influence; and his moral medicine is administered (if the physician be indeed a master of his healing art) in forms at once more pleasing and more condensed. You will not readily forget that "Bridge of Sighs," and its poor victim; "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" and when next misery of that class appeals to your compassion, or vice in that department would proffer its temptations, the work of a higher power may be aided by the picture a true poet has just unveiled to your fancy.

Indeed it is a very happy thing for Hood's many friends to think that the impulse which created those exquisite things cannot have passed unnoticed or unrecorded by the Dispenser of everlasting recompense; and that they may in humble hope rejoice that one who thus, in his own department, helped to carry on the great divine work of human amelioration (and how many temptations had a genius so sensitive to all absurdity to turn traitor to the cause of mankind, and sour into the profitless disheartening scolder!) is now in a world where such labors are not forgotten. The effect produced by the famous "Song of the Shirt" (as in his own quaint spirit of parody he styled and moulded that thrilling appeal on behalf of female poverty and wretchedness) few of us can forget. It shook the public heart to the core. We trust that stirring of the waters has not subsided; that the charity it aided to arouse and to fortify is still busy and unrelaxing in its generous efforts to alleviate surely the most miserable and inhuman bondage—the more miserable because overlooked, and therefore uncompassionated—that the dread of hunger and of nakedness ever forced its victims to endure.

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work.

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream.

"O! Men, with Sisters dear!
O! Men, with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stich—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grizly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh! God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!"

But we had best pause at once, or we should be won to insert the whole. Buy the book itself, fair daughter of fashion, or borrow it from some accommodating neighbor, in order patiently to transcribe those eleven stanzas in the clearest of Italian hands, and learn, as you ponder their melancholy meanings, to look tenderly on your woe-worn sister, and reflect, that even for your own gentler sex, life—the very spring-time of its years—has other scenes than the evening *salon* and the morning *fête*. Alas! these poor slaves of the toilet are the very Helots of haughty Fashion; the basis of its gorgeous structures are laid in these unseen, untold miseries; the bright consummate flower of the ball-room parterre has grown from this tear-bedewed root; not a fold in the *crêpe lisse* of that exquisite drapey—in the point lace of those irresistible flounces—in the *tulle illusion* (most imaginative of textures!*) of those graceful skirts—in the golden blonde of that inimitable berthe—but has been the creation of weary vigils and fevered pulses. A Hamlet, "considering it too curiously," might raise strange sermons on this topic.

The same lesson is pressed forcibly by our poet in another of these touching compositions, the "Lady's Dream." In the dread midnight the vision of all the unmarked sorrows of the working world

* The poetry of Parisian millinery has never yet obtained its due praises as one of the great departments of æsthetic science. How bold, for example, is the figure, when silks are described as "*d'un véritable couleur de succès!*" The fancy of a new Parisian bonnet was objected to by a fair purchaser: "Madame," was the reply of indignant genius, "*parole d'honneur, il m'a coûté trois nuits d'insomnie pour l'imaginer!*" Still better was the solemn "not at home" of the porter of one of the greater artists—"Monsieur n'est pas visible, il compose!"

passes before the eyes of a child of pomp and luxury.

"And oh! those maidens young,
Who wrought in that dreary room,
With figures drooping and spectres thin,
And cheeks without a bloom;
And the voice that cried, "For the pomp of pride,
We haste to an early tomb!"

"For the pomp and pleasure of pride,
We toil like Afric slaves,
And only to earn a home at last,
Where yonder cypress waves;"
And then they point-d—I never saw
A ground so full of graves!"

"I dress'd as the nobles dress,
In cloth of silver and gold,
With silk, and satin, and costly furs,
In many an ample fold;
But I never remember'd the naked limbs
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have heal'd!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it was never in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart!"

Listen to the champion of the poor again, when he paints the melancholy march of the tenants of the poor-house to their gloomy home, at the "setting of the work-house clock."

"Onward, onward, with hasty feet,
They swarm—and westward still—
Masses born to drink and eat,
But starving amidst Whitechapel's meat,
And famishing down Cornhill!
Through the Poultry—but still unfed—
Christian charity, hang your head!
Hungry, passing the Street of Bread;
Thirsty, the Street of Milk—
Ragged, beside the Ludgate Mart,
So gorgeous, through mechanic art,
With cotton, and wool, and silk!

"At last, before that door
That bears so many a knock,
Ere ever it opens to sick or poor,
Like sheep they huddle and flock—
And would that all the good and wise
Could see the million of hollow eyes,
With a gleam derived from hope and the skies,
Upturned to the workhouse clock!

"Oh! that the parish powers,
Who regulate labor's hours,
The daily amount of human trial,
Weariness, pain, and self-denial,
Would turn from the artificial dial
That striketh ten or eleven,
And go, for once, by that older one
That stands in the light of Nature's sun,
And takes its time from Heaven!"

A moral not unlike the bearing of these, is contained in the strange extravaganza of "Miss Kilmansegg," which occupies nearly half of the first of these volumes. The fiction is scarcely a happy one; but the execution is, in some parts, admirable, and there is a sort of droll pathos in the fate of the unfortunate heiress, scurvily treated by her magnificent count, and slain at last by the symbol and instrument of her own wealth. The ode to Mr. Rae Wilson, full of witty retort, has the disadvantage of treading upon the most delicate and dangerous of all the fields of satire. Mr. Wilson had been pleased to comment somewhat severely upon an innocent expression of our Thomas the Rhymer, and the wit takes ample vengeance on the critic, and in him on—as he considers—all the exhibitors of ostentatious sanctity. "Man," declares Hood—

"may pious texts repeat,
And yet religion have no inward seat;
'Tis not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,
A man has got his belly full of meat,
Because he talks *with victuals in his mouth!*"

Again, on Sir Andrew Agnew's Sabbath Bill, and other compulsory religious enactments, the poet's opinion is—

"Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow with more zeal than knowledge,
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,
Should *nail* the conscious needle to the north?"

He declares that he abhors the partiality of schemes—

"That frown upon St. Giles' sins, but blink
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly;"

as if

"the rich by easy trips
May go to heaven, whereas the poor and lowly
Must *work their passage*, as they do in ships."

Neither is the angry bard needlessly complimentary to Mr. Wilson, in his character of Oriental Traveller:—

"You have been to Palestine—alas!
Some minds improve by travel, others,
rather
Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther!"

The argument is capable of being dangerously and extravagantly misapplied: but

no one can well deny the *fact* embodied in the following lines, and the legitimacy of the application as long as it is urged to the enforcement of individual humility and universal charity:—

"Gifted with noble tendency to climb,
Yet weak at the same time,
Faith is a kind of parasitic plant,
That grasps the nearest stem with tendril-rings;
And as the climate and the soil may grant,
So is the sort of tree to which it clings.
Consider, then, before, like Hurllothrumbo,
You aim your club at any creed on earth,
That, by the simple accident of birth,
You might have been High Priest to Mumbo Jumbo."

We pass on, however, without much delay from this branch of our task of criticism. The light-armed troops of wit and humor, powerful as they are at times to scatter the pompous columns of sanctimonious pretence, are seldom a perfectly safe auxiliary to the cause of sincere religion. They are Swiss, "who fight for any God or man." Wit has no time and no solicitude to make distinctions; and those who most enjoy its sallies are usually just as little inclined to do so. Hence it is constantly made to do a work its authors never intended; and Tartuffe and Hudibras are formed into standing arsenals of artillery against sincere profession no less than false. While the very connexion of ludicrous associations with even corruptions and spurious imitations of religion cannot be easily severed from religion in its purity and truth; the very language of hypocrisy and sincerity must, from the nature of the case, be the same; and the ridicule that is blended with that phraseology in its false, will adhere to it in its upright use. Men are unconsciously betrayed to pass the shifting barrier that divides them. The warfare against hypocrisy becomes thus too often a discipline for the warfare against sincere belief; the laughter which derides superstition saps the bulwarks that defend against infidelity. Like the dragon fight of the knight in Schiller, the assailants are trained upon the false to attack the true. We are not sorry to see our man of pun and poesy safe out of this dangerous region.

For Hood's gift as a poet of pure fancy—a dreamer in the visionary world of flowers and fairies or in that ideal elder world of Greek mythological heroism near akin to it, the reader may be referred to

those ethereal imaginings, "The Two Swans," "The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," "Lycus, the Centaur," "Hero and Leander"—for Hood, too, has versified that immemorial tale. This brings us to his love verses, which have much of the delicate beauty of the early English school. The lines—

"Lady, would'st thou heiress be
To winter's cold and cruel part?" &c.

might be a veritable relic of George Withers. The following, too, have much feeling in their prettiness:—

"TO —.

"Still glides the gentle streamlet on,
With shifting current new and strange;
The water that was here is gone,
But those green shadows never change.

"Serene or ruffled by the storm,
On present waves, as on the past,
The mirror'd grove retains its form,
The self-same trees their semblance cast.

"The hue each fleeting globule wears,
That drop bequeaths it to the next;
One picture still the surface bears,
To illustrate the murmur'd text.

"So, love, however time may flow,
Fresh hours pursuing those that flee,
One constant image still shall show
My tide of life is true to thee."

Thomas Hood was the son of a bookseller—of the Mr. Hood whose name was usually entwined in bibliopolic matrimony with Verner—the firm of "Verner and Hood." He began as a probationer in the world of commerce; a clerk in a counting-house; and doubtless even then at times "penn'd a stanza when he should engross." His doom, however, was not to resemble that of his friend Charles Lamb in the continued drudgery of the desk; the young scribe's cheek began to pale, and his pulse to quicken; and he was sent for change of air to Scotland—to Dundee, where some relatives of his father's resided. At a later period, on his return to London, he was apprenticed to an engraver, where he learned the cunning of those droll etchings with which he was afterwards accustomed to adorn his publications. This too mechanic art did not long detain him from his early and abiding bent; and he became connected with the *London Magazine*, a periodical of high repute in those days through all the borders of Cockaigne. The public are familiar with his subsequent lit-

erary labors—his "Comic Annuals," his "Whimsicalities," his "Up the Rhine" (that volume of irresistible humor), his "Tylney Hall," a fiction of the standard three-volume dimensions, and written with much power. The present volumes are, however, the best guarantee of Hood's fame; they, perhaps, alone convey an adequate impression of his great and original powers. They are a real gift to the lovers of genuine poetry; and we shall be happy to pay our critical respects with equal courtesy to that other volume promised in the preface to the present collection, "composed of the more thoughtful pieces in his poems of wit and humor."

Hood's latter years were years of slow and wasting illness, borne with great cheerfulness, and presenting, as far as his friends could observe, many unobtrusive traces of those deeper feelings which even the most mirthful of his joyous effusions discover, and which, indeed, make much of the charm of all that this kind-hearted and accomplished man gave to the world.

B.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF DR. ZSCHOKKE.

A FEW snatches which have been published in this journal from time to time, together with an abridgment of the diary of a poor Wiltshire vicar, issued in our "Miscellany of Useful and entertaining Tracts," have rendered the name of Zschokke not unfamiliar to our readers. No one who has fallen in with any of his writings, but must desire to know something of the man; and, fortunately, the spirited proprietors of the Foreign Library place means at our disposal to present an outline of the life of one of the most interesting characters of the present age.*

A variety of circumstances renders this, with scarcely any exception, one of the best autobiographies ever published. The author kept a diary regularly from twelve years of age, noting down events at the time they occurred to him with all the vigorous earnestness of youth. The work

* Autobiography of Heinrich Zschokke, forming the 33d part of the Foreign Library. London: Chapman and Hall. Reprinted in Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.

was not, however, prepared for the press until he had reached the advanced age of seventy. Thus the exuberance of immature enthusiasm is toned down by the sober experience of age. From a neglected orphan, Zschokke had meanwhile been a teacher, lecturer, dramatist, poet, historian, traveller, diplomatist, stadtholder, newspaper editor, popular instructor, and, added to all these characters, always a reformer and philosopher.

Heinrich Zschokke was born in the year 1770 at Magdeburg, in Lower Saxony. His father—a clothmaker and *oberältester*, or deacon of his guild—was his only guardian, for his mother died seven weeks after his birth. “I, his youngest child,” says the writer, “became, like most Benjamins, the darling of my father’s heart;” whilst the young favorite looked up to his father as “the chief and king of his childish world.” The rule he was subjected to was extremely indulgent, and the young adventurer soon made himself an adept in all manner of gymnastic exercises and boyish games, before he acquired any useful accomplishments. At the age of nine, however, his play-days were interrupted by the death of his father, and he was entrusted to the care of an elder brother. This new protector tried to turn the young harum-scarum into a gentleman. Tailor and hairdresser were set to work upon him; but the fine clothes and his brother’s regulations deprived him of his ragged street companions and their rough pastimes; and being much confined at home, he took a great dislike to the well polished floors and gilded panels of his fine brother’s fine house. When sent to school, the wayward pupil neglected accident and grammar for the more fascinating study of the Arabian Nights and the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. The latter took such a firm hold on his imagination, that he resolutely determined to shipwreck himself some day on a beautiful desert island, but to prepare himself better beforehand than did the unfortunate Robinson Crusoe.

Such was young Zschokke’s waywardness, that his friends considered him a wrong-headed fellow, who would never come to any good; as an untaught, idle, untidy little vagabond, given to laughing and crying at improper times and places; now credulous even to silliness, now mistrustful to his own detriment; sometimes obstinate, sometimes foolishly docile. Beneath all these failings, however, there ran

a copious stream of pressed affection. He was coldly and carelessly treated, thrust about from one member of his family to another as a useless incumbrance, and forced into a kind of antagonism with them, or thrown back upon his own impulses. “I was obliged to accustom myself to my solitary condition, and to seek my best enjoyment in the delusions of imagination. Thus forsaken by all, I first began clearly to understand that I was an orphan, supported indeed by the interest of my paternal inheritance, but the most useless and superfluous being upon earth. This estranged mankind from me, and me from mankind: I was alone in the world. The consciousness of my separation from others only increased and embittered my intense longing for sympathy and affection. Without jealousy, yet not without a certain secret bitterness of feeling, have I often stood by when one of my companions enjoyed the praises and smiles of a father, or the embraces and kisses of a mother. Me no one pressed to his bosom; my tears were dried by no loving hand; and every reproach, which to other children is sweetened by the consciousness of their parents’ affection, fell upon me with unmingled bitterness. Now first the death of my father became to me a quite infinite loss. I eagerly endeavored to recall to my memory his slightest actions, his most insignificant words and looks. I longed to die, and be with him once more. Often I left my bed at night, and lay weeping on my knees, imploring my father to appear to me at least once again. Then I waited with breathless awe, and gazed around to see his spirit; and when no spirit came, I returned sobbing inconsolably to my bed, while I murmured reproachfully, ‘Thou, too, best darling father, dost not care about me any longer!’”

No one can peruse the account given of the sorrows of orphanhood without being affected by it; and at the same time acknowledging it to be a faithful record of the sorrows of an abused and parentless child.

Amidst all his eccentricities, he possessed an unusual aptitude for learning, as the way in which he acquired the rudiments of Latin will show. At a school to which he was sent, the only pupil who studied that language was the pedagogue’s favorite. “Whenever there was any thing to be seen in the streets—rope dancers, soldiers, puppet-shows, dancing bears or monkeys—this

favorite alone was invariably allowed to leave the school-room, on asking permission in Latin. I, who had not yet got beyond the catechism, could not resist this powerful attraction, and resolved to become master of the magic spell. Its little possessor in vain represented to me the length and difficulty of the way, through an endless wilderness of declensions, adjectives, pronouns, and conjugations. Undaunted, I traversed the hard and thorny path from *Mensa* to *Audio*, and, at the first opportunity, not without fear and trembling, I stammered out my conjuring formula. The school-master, amazed at my sudden learning, examined me incredulously in various ways; at length, satisfied of my acquisition, he praised my perseverance, prophesying that something might be made of me, and formally declared me his second *Lateiner*, with all rights and privileges thereunto appertaining."

Like the greater number of youths of his temperament, Zschokke was passionately fond of reading, and of acquiring knowledge; but as he chose to arrive at it by more erratic paths than are beaten out for the schools, he went to live with an old rector, who was, moreover, a hack-author. This prolific writer gave him, besides plenty of employment in transcribing and translating, unrestrained access to his large and varied library. Into the sweets of this treasure Zschokke dipped during several years, till, at the age of seventeen, he panted to "see the world." But where to go? He conned over a map to fix his choice; and after a little consideration, determined to choose Schwerin, in Mecklenburg, for no other reason than because a former school-fellow had settled there as a court actor. He suddenly conceived a passion for the stage, packed up his little property, and without more ado set off. It was on a cold, foggy, but snowless morning, the 22d of January, 1788, that the young adventurer gaily approached the frontiers of the old Obotritenland, and with a light free heart, like a bird escaped from its cage, followed the impulses of youthful activity, and wandered freely over hill and dale. His native city, with its heavy girdle of walls and moats, and its towering spires and gables, grew smaller and smaller, and vanished in the gray mist far behind him. Unknown landscapes, unknown villages, trees, and cottages, all silvered over with morning rime, rose one after another out of the misty air before him. He sang, he

danced, he shouted with joy; he longed to embrace every peasant that he met. Voices of sweet prophecy made the air ring wildly around him. He was not superstitious; but there are times when wiser men than he have dreamt of intercourse with future events and unseen powers.

"The pleasantest of my omens," says he, "occurred on the second day of my Hegira. As night drew on, I stopped at an inn in the village of Grabow. As I entered the parlor, darkened by the evening twilight, I was suddenly wrapt in an unexpected embrace, and pressed to a warm female heart; while, amid showers of kisses and tears, I heard these words—'Oh, my child, my dear child!' Although I knew, of course, that this greeting was not for me, yet the motherly embrace seemed to me the herald of better days, the beautiful welcome to a newer, warmer world. Let my reader put himself in my place, and imagine the feelings of a poor young orphan, who had never been folded to one loving heart since his father's death, and to whom, for ten long melancholy years, caresses and tender words had been utterly unknown! A sweet trembling passed over me, as I felt myself folded in that warm embrace. The illusion vanished when lighted candles were brought into the room. The modest hostess started from me in some consternation; then, looking at me with smiling embarrassment, she told me that my age and height exactly corresponded to those of her son, whom she expected home that night from a distant school. As her son did not arrive that night, she tended and served me with a loving cordiality, as if to make amends to herself for the disappointment of her son's absence. The dainties which she had prepared for him with her own hands she now bestowed upon me, and my healthy boyish appetite did ample justice to their merits. Nor did her kindness end here. She packed up a supply of dainty provisions for me the next day, procured me a place in a diligence to Schwerin, wrapt me up carefully against frost and rain, and dismissed me with tender admonitions and motherly farewells. She refused to impoverish my scanty purse by taking any payment for my night's lodging, but she did not refuse a grateful kiss, which at parting I pressed upon her cheek. Yet all this kindness was bestowed not on me, but on the image of her absent son. Such is a mother's heart!"

His friend at Schwerin received him

coldly, and laughed at his projects; but a third person who was present at the interview followed him out of the house as he left it disappointed and hopeless, and did him the kindness to introduce him to a printer, partly as tutor, and partly as literary assistant. With this person he was extremely happy; but the restless spirit of change, after a time, overcame him.

Zschokke left all his happiness at Schwerin, to carry out his still existing dramatic predilections; for, becoming acquainted with the manager of a theatre—a decayed nobleman—he joined his corps, which was bound for Prenzlau, on the Uckermark. Here his duties were sufficiently varied. He “curtailed the trains of heroic tragedies; altered old-fashioned comedies to suit modern taste; mutilated and patched all sorts of pieces to suit the wants of the company; wrote, on my own account, a few *raw-head and bloody-bone* pieces; rhymed prologues and epilogues, and corresponded with the most worshipful magistrates and grandees of various small towns, exhorting them to ennoble the taste of their respective small publics, by liberal encouragement of our legitimate drama.” When tired of the vagrant life and miscellaneous employments of a dramatic author, Zschokke determined to enter a university, for which he had never ceased to qualify himself. That which he chose was at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. He wrote home for some of his patrimonial funds, much to the surprise of his guardians at Magdeburg, who had heard nothing of him for ten years, and it was supposed that he had perished somehow or other during his vagabondizing. The requisite cash was, however, remitted. The biographer’s description of his matriculation is highly characteristic. “As the ‘Rector Magnificus’ of the high-school at Frankfort, the venerable Professor Hausen, was about to inscribe my name in the list of academical citizens, he asked ‘What do you wish to study?’ I could not tell, and replied, ‘Allow me to keep for a while my freedom of choice among the nine muses.’ He looked at me in amazement, and said, ‘You must belong to one of the faculties, and can take only one of the nine sisters for your lawful spouse. That does not hinder you from flirting a little with each as you go by. I stood irresolute for a few moments; for I only desired to gather together at this public market place of the sciences a miscellaneous treasure of learning, for use or

ornament, and still more to rid myself, once for all, of my religious doubts. I at length threw the handkerchief to theology, and thought with satisfaction of the approval this choice would meet with from my pious relatives at Magdeburg.”

Here Zschokke made up for lost time, and, abstracting himself from the companionship and vagaries of the *Burschen*, employed his whole time in reading. He had scarcely studied a year, when he was called on to make a funeral oration over a deceased class-fellow. This he did with so much effect that he suddenly became the pet of the professors, and the friend and confidant of all the Frankfort sons of the muses.

Soon after, he wrote a melodrama called *Abellino*, “which soon flew on the wings of the press into almost all the theatres of Germany. It procured for the beardless author, among other honors, a formal invitation from a company of merchants near Stettin, to witness, as their guest, the triumphant representation of the piece. My modesty could hardly have resisted so tempting a harvest of laurels, had not a most untimely deficit in my finances—deficits are apt to be untimely—compelled me to shun the trifling but unavoidable expenses of the journey.” This was no affectation of modest self-denial. Zschokke expresses, a few pages further on, but little respect for the taste of a public which could so highly applaud his “schoolboy melodrama. And although,” he adds, “the love of fame had always appeared to me scarcely less contemptible than the love of money, literary celebrity had never appeared so thoroughly despicable in my eyes as now, when I learnt *who* could obtain it, and for *what*.” Surely this is a rare instance of an author criticising himself and his muse so severely. But he wished, and determined, to rest his fame upon higher things.

After a visit home—where he was received with enthusiasm by the very relations who had previously driven him away by their unsympathizing coldness towards him—he was, on his return to Frankfort, dubbed doctor, and became a tutor and extra-academical lecturer. His classes were always full, and his fame was much increased during the three and a half years he was thus employed, when he aspired to become a “professor extraordinary;” but his political principles stood in his way, and the government refused him the office. Disgusted with this, his old travelling desires re-

turned, and one morning in May, 1795, he mounted the stage on his way to Switzerland.

At Zurich, Zschokke made the acquaintance of the patriot Paul Usteri, Henry Pestalozzi the celebrated and pure-minded educational reformer, and Nägeli, the inventor of the system of national singing which has been so successfully followed by Wilhelm and Mainzer. Paris was his next destination, and he entered France while the effects of the terrible revolution were still visible. "Is this *la belle France*?" I involuntarily exclaimed. Oelsner [his companion] smiled, and replied, "*La belle France* means Paris; that is, the mansion, of which the whole country, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, is but the courtyard, with the barns and outhouses;" and this is true of France to this day.

Paris had few charms for the practical philosopher, and he soon left it to see Rome, proceeding on his journey by way of Switzerland, a country with which he was already in some degree acquainted.

He arrived in the latter part of the year 1796. While at Berne, he was unexpectedly attacked by fever, which confined him three months, and left him in a feeble state of bodily health. On his recovery, he made a pedestrian journey to Chur, a pretty town, the capital of the Grisons. Before setting out, he sent on his baggage from Berne, but on getting to Chur, found he had arrived before it, and was consequently obliged to wait its appearance. This trifling event proved to be the turning-point of his history. To pass away the time, he called on the only two men of eminence belonging to Chur whose names he knew. These were the poet Salis-Seewis and Director Nesemann, conductor of an educational institution, which had once attained great celebrity, but appeared to be now verging towards its decline. It was situated at the castle of Riechenau, and contained now only fifteen scholars. Nesemann was the head master, but the owner of the whole was the head of the republic of the Grisons, the President Baptista von Tschanner. This was not the first time that Riechenau had received and given shelter to a wandering gentleman and scholar. It was here that, towards the end of October, 1793, a certain young Monsieur Chabas of Languedoc arrived, weary and penniless, with all his worldly goods upon his back, and presently threw himself for refuge on Tschanner and Nesemann, by

imploping their protection—a boon instantly conceded. This humble stranger, who resided for some time as a teacher in the establishment, is now, as we all know, Louis Philippe, king of the French.

Zschokke was, after a few days, asked to take the sole management and direction of the declining school; and he accepted it. "Thus were my wanderings, by a very agreeable and unexpected occurrence, brought to a sudden termination. The delay of a lazy courier had changed the course of my life. Farewell now, Florence and Rome, palette and brush! A school-master's vocation was now to be my sphere of action, and no fairer or wider had I ever desired; mine was a home in the rock fortress of the Alps, a more delightful one than I had ever dreamt of in the gardens of the Tuileries. The spacious castle, with its adjacent buildings, only two miles from Chur, was flanked by an extensive garden, against whose rocky terraces foamed the impetuous waters of the Rhine. On the opposite shores, bordered by green meadows and clumps of larches, the landscape opened into a beautiful wilderness, beyond which the mighty Alps rose range after range, peak into peak melting away in the blue distance, round the snow-capped summit of St. Gothard." The establishment revived and flourished. "Yet," says Zschokke, lamenting the deficiency of a *merely* classical education, "with secret shame I soon discovered my ignorance of much which it most behoved me to know; of matters which all children inquire after, and concerning which, when a boy, I had myself vainly endeavored to obtain information. I understood neither the stones under my feet, nor the stars over my head, nor the commonest flower that blossomed in forest or meadow. In this I was probably in the same predicament with most of our pedagogueish hirelings, who, in spite of all their Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and Sanscrit, are unable even to name the objects that lie around them in daily life. They study every thing except the realities which lie at their feet. In these branches of learning, I and my adopted children became, therefore, fellow-pupils; and the innumerable universe was our schoolroom. It was now that I first discovered how much more a teacher may learn of children, than children can of a teacher." The English reader will remember Wordsworth's lines—

"Dear little boy, my heart
For other lore would seldom yearn,

Could I but teach a hundredth part
Of what from thee I learn."

Zschokke set about conquering his deficiencies by studying natural history where it ought to be studied—in the fields and forests. On one occasion, his ardent pursuit of this sort of knowledge saved his life.

The French army having overrun Switzerland, revolutionary troubles followed, and Zschokke, taking part with the patriots, was obliged to dismiss his school, and keep himself closely confined to his castle. One day he had the imprudence to visit a friend, Professor Bartels, who lived opposite the city of Chur, at the foot of Mount Calanda. "I spent a delightful afternoon with him, in company with the beautiful Baroness Salis-Hadelstein, and some young friends of hers. We sang, played, conversed, and told stories, until the evening began to close in. They then all accompanied me back as far as a hill, commanding a glorious prospect of the valley and the river, where we sat down and ate some fruit together before parting. The last glimmer of day had departed when I reached Reichenau; for, on my return, I had wandered far out of my way, into various sequestered byways and forest nooks, in search of the summer offspring of the woodland Flora. In the courtyard of my own house, I found the whole population of Reichenau assembled together. They rushed towards me with shouts of joy, and, surrounding me, besieged me with a hundred questions as to 'how I had escaped the murderers?' A messenger from Haldenstein had brought to Reichenau the most alarming intelligence. A letter from Bartels was now handed to me, which contained a few hasty and tremulous lines, as follows:—'If this messenger finds you safe and uninjured, send word directly, for God's sake. We are all in the greatest anxiety on your account. When, after leaving you, we were walking down the hill, a party of armed peasants met us, and asked with threatening gestures after you. It is said that you are outlawed, and a price is set upon your head. In vain we adjured the rascals to give it up for to-day, and go back. They went off, on the way you had gone, cursing and swearing at you. The ladies screamed and implored, and the baroness nearly fainted. If you are still alive, fly the country, and save yourself.' My little favorites of the forest had, by drawing me far out of my direct way, saved me from my

pursuers." It was now quite time that Dr. Zschokke should speedily retire from his adopted country, which he lost no time in doing. He flew across the Rhine, and was informed that a price was set on his head; a portrait of which, together with his name, was affixed to the public gallows of Chur. His offences seem to have been, publishing a liberal history of the Grisons, and penning a patriotic address, previous to a small and unsuccessful revolutionary outbreak.

Dr. Zschokke now threw himself wholly and ardently into the political strifes of the time. His talents always aided the cause he espoused; and on the union of the Grisons with the Swiss republic, he was taken into official favor, and appointed proconsul of the Unterwalden districts. Amidst the struggles and vicissitudes which befell Switzerland, Zschokke's prudence, benevolence, and energy, were of the utmost service; and other important offices were intrusted to him in succession. At the age of thirty-one he was appointed governor of Basle.

The political part of his career we purposely pass over, as being uninteresting to our readers. All, however, find some interest in tracing the history of a great man's courtship. It began thus:—"One day, whilst I was riding through the streets of Basle with my chasseurs, (citizens' sons from the best families in the town,) I noticed a group of ladies at a window, who were pressing forward, curious perhaps to see the new young governor. He, on his part, was no less curious to see them; and looking up, while returning their salutation, beheld a lovely youthful face, worthy to belong to those winged forms which hover round the Madonnas of Raffaele. Willingly, had etiquette permitted it, would I have made a halt under the window—a proceeding which doubtless would have been just as agreeable to my warlike escort as to myself. As we rode on, the fair one was mentioned among us; it was said she must be a stranger in Basle, and the pleasure of the moment, like many others, was forgotten."

Not long after this trifling event the governor resigned and retired into private life; and it happened that, at Aarau, he went to a concert, and there, as his eye ran over the parterre of assembled beauties, his attention was arrested by one half-opened rose—a flower of Eden. "Who is she?" he inquired of a neighbor. "The daugh-

ter of the pastor of Kirchberg," was the answer; and a faint recollection came across his mind of a clergyman who had once visited him in Basle, and that the damsel was the same whose smiles had gone straight to his heart when they beamed from the window at Basle. Of course it immediately occurred to him as a most urgent duty to return her father's visit as soon as possible. The doctor did so, and repeated his calls; but merely as a good neighbor, once or twice a week, and resolved when there, to keep a strict watch on his behaviour. He adhered to his resolution, and did not betray himself by word or look, more especially when he perceived, even before the innocent creature herself, that Anna's inclinations corresponded with his own.

After a few more struggles, he determined that Anna, or no one, should be the companion of his life. The doctor was saved the trouble of asking the important question, by the intervention of no less an agency than that of—a thunderbolt! "One evening, after a hot summer's day, I was sitting at a table in my bedroom with a book before me, when suddenly the light of the candle was extinguished, and in its place appeared a ball of fire, which darted down from the iron of the window-shutter, and remained visible for some seconds. It soon became evident that the lightning, attracted by the high metallic ornaments of the roof, had struck the building, rending not only the wainscot, but even the thick wall of the castle, and shattering the two windows, so that the floor and furniture were covered by splinters of glass. As for me, although the fiery visitant had left its marks on my neck and on my side, I neither felt any shock nor heard any very loud report, and, in fact, was so little disturbed, that I had leisure to observe with curiosity and admiration the splendor of the fire-ball. Cautiously feeling my way through the darkness that succeeded, I left the chamber; but I believe my composure was rather to be ascribed to the rapidity of the phenomenon, than to any particular presence of mind. Fortunately, the house was not set on fire, but several persons were struck down in the hall. In the course of two hours, however, before the arrival of the surgeon whom I sent for from Aarau, I succeeded in restoring them by the use of the means customary in such cases. It was neither the first nor the last time in my life that the lightning did me the honor of a visit. This occurrence threw the family at the parson-

age into far greater consternation than it had occasioned me, and in her agitation, Anna betrayed the secret that her life hung upon mine." In a short while Anna became Mrs. Dr. Zschokke. "From this time forward," says the autobiographer, the "stream of my life, which, near its source, had to force its way, foaming and struggling, over a rocky bed, flowed on in a calm and tranquil course. There are no more striking adventures or wonderful vicissitudes, and I may therefore comprise the history of a long series of years in a very brief space. I was no longer a young man; and with the deep experience of life through which I had attained to manhood, I had gained also a nobler and more extensive sphere of action." He revived a publication, which he had started at the suggestion of Pestalozzi, soon after his exile from Chur, and which he quaintly called "The honest, truth-telling, and well-experienced Swiss Messenger, who relates, in his own plain-spoken way, all that goes on in our dear native country, and what the wise folks and the fools are doing all over the world." This weekly messenger, once more set on foot, had a vast circulation, being read wherever German was spoken, and even in Italy, France, and America. It was revived in 1804, and went on prospering for thirty years. He also organized a "Social Instruction Society" at Aarau, where he still resided, and assisted in forming other such institutions in various parts of Switzerland and Germany. Several sums of money which he had given up for lost since the revolution, including arrears of his income as stadtholder of Basle, were fortunately paid to him; and in 1814 he built a beautiful villa on the left bank of the Aar, on a sunny elevation at the foot of Mount Jura, and opposite to the town. In this residence, which he called *Blumenhalde*, Zschokke has resided ever since in happy retirement, surrounded by an estimable family.

We must not conclude our notice of this most interesting of autobiographies without affording an account of a remarkable faculty Zschokke possesses, and which he calls his "inward sight." "I am," he remarked, "almost afraid to speak of this, not because I am afraid to be thought superstitious, but that I may thereby strengthen such feelings in others. And yet it may be an addition to our stock of soul-experiences, and therefore I will confess! It has happened to me sometimes on my first meeting

with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and as it were dream-like, yet perfectly distinct, before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown, wherein I undesignedly read, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served in some measure as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture, and other accessories. By way of jest, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchberg, related the secret history of a sempstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life; people were astonished, and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke; for what I had uttered was the *literal* truth: I on my part was not less astonished that my dream-pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and, when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.* I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. So often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—'It was not so.' I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before they spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which preëminently astounded me. One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered an inn, (the Vine,) in company with two young student-foresters; we were tired with rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous society at the *table-d'hôte*, where the guests were making very merry

* "What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the *spirituel* Johann von Riga, when, in the first hour of our acquaintance, I related his past life to him, with the avowed object of learning whether or no I deceived myself. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it."

with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, &c., &c. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery, begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite us, and who had allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was at that moment presented to my mind. I turned to him, and asked whether he would answer me candidly, if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going little further, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant: his school years, his youthful errors, and lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong-box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money box, &c., &c. A dead silence prevailed during the whole narration, which I alone occasionally interrupted, by inquiring whether I spoke the truth. The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched with his candor, I shook hands with him over the table, and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. He is probably still living!"

Any explanation of this phenomenon, by means of the known laws of the human mind, would, in the present confined state of our knowledge, assuredly fail. We therefore simply give the extraordinary fact as we find it, in the words of the narrator, leaving the puzzle to be speculated on by our readers. Zschokke adds, that he had met with others who possessed a similar power.

In gentle alternation of light and shade, years rolled over the head of the good philosopher. He wrote copiously, and his works have enjoyed a degree of popularity few authors can boast of. He was moreover, intrusted with many civil offices by the Swiss government, only one of which he consented to be paid for, and that yielded scarcely £50 per annum.

Heinrich Zschokke still lives amidst the

beautiful lawns and groves of Blumenhalde, the living representative of a sound, benevolent, practical philosophy. No one can read his autobiography without being a wiser, perhaps a better man. The lessons of wisdom which he inculcates win their way to the mind, because they are not formally or dictatorially conveyed, but are put forth with a playful kindness, and a graceful ease, which are more impressive than the haughty solemnity of less sympathizing moralists.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE YOUNG PRETENDER AND THE REBELLION OF FORTY-FIVE.

Memoirs of Prince Charles Stuart, (Count of Albany,) commonly called the Young Pretender; with Notices of the Rebellion in 1745. By Charles Louis Klose, Esq. 2 Vols. London: Colburn.

ABOUT one hundred years have passed away since our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, in the midst of their steady, quiet, prosperous, though somewhat common-place avocations; in the midst of their formal tea-drinkings, and sober club-meetings; in the midst, alas! even of their boasts of 'liberty and property,' of 'Protestant ascendancy,' 'our glorious constitution,' and the undoubted right of Britannia to rule the waves—were startled by the incredible intelligence, that the young Pretender, had not only landed in Scotland, and been received by the Highland clans with enthusiasm, but had actually crossed the border, and was marching, with no one could tell how many thousand wild Highlanders, direct upon London! It is indeed curious, and to those who at the distance of a century view the progress of the rebellion of 1745, even amusing, to observe how, after determinately refusing to believe that there was the slightest truth in the existing rumors, the good people of England, when convinced, though bitterly against their wills, of the contrary, starting up in a paroxysm of terror so great as almost to prevent their helping themselves, passed within the short space of two or three days, from the one extreme of confirmed skepticism, to the opposite one of indiscriminate belief.

When a short time since we passed some

pleasant mornings turning over several volumes of the leading papers of the long-remembered 'year forty-five,' we were forcibly struck with this. At the very period of the young Pretender's landing—even a fortnight later, when the Duke of Newcastle was sending the most urgent letters into Scotland, and his brother Henry Pelham—the actual prime minister, remarked in a confidential note to Lord Hardwick, 'I never was in so much apprehension as at present,' the leading papers still keep on prying about 'the balance of power in Europe'—that darling topic of our great-grandfathers—about 'reasons why Marshall Saxe should not have won the battle of Fontenoy,' with eulogies on the Queen of Hungary, and occasional grumblings about Hanover. Even when the fact that the heir of the Stuarts had actually landed could no longer be unknown, the whole newspaper press with perverse unanimity agree in viewing the account as apocryphal, and as being doubtless one of those convenient falsehoods, which the Jacobites were accustomed from time to time to put forth. The truth really was, that, thanks to Walpole—who of all men was most indebted to the Pretender, for the good service his dreaded name had done, as 'a word of fear,' both to a stubborn king, and a timid parliament,—the cry of 'wolf' had been raised so often, that, just as in the fable, when he was actually at the door, no one believed it. It was this perverse popular disbelief which added so largely to the anxieties and responsibilities of the ministry, and doubtless, greatly encouraged the hopes of the young adventurer as to a re-action throughout England in his favor.

At length—'a change comes o'er the spirit' of those daily papers; and they all suddenly find that the country is likely to fall a prey to 'a horrid popish, devilish, Jacobitical plot,' as one of them expresses it, for the second city of the empire is actually in possession of the young Pretender, and 'James VIII. of Scotland, and III. of England, has been proclaimed king at the Cross of Edinburgh! And now, most curious and amusing is the change of tone and feeling. The 'Daily Advertiser,' the 'General Evening Post,' the 'Westminster Journal,' leave, with one accord, the balance of power, the Queen of Hungary, even Hanover, to shift for themselves, and forthwith flaming letters, brimful of loyalty, from some half dozen Juniuses and Scævolas appeared, intermixed with wretched doggrel set-

ting forth the pleasure of dying for 'Great George our King,' and our 'glorious constitution;' and exhibiting historical parallels about as veracious as many of those of the British Reformation Society. Among the minor papers this newly awakened enthusiasm displays itself most laughably, sometimes by stirring addresses to all 'beef-eating Britons,' sometimes by pathetic exhortations to 'Protestant boys,' or 'jolly tars,' while the 'London Penny Post,' forthwith places in bold type at the foot of the first page, 'No wooden shoes,' 'No arbitrary power.'

Happily for our forefathers, indeed, even for us, this violent re-action saved our country from a third infliction of the house of Stuart; for these extravagant fears did good service by their very violence, in thoroughly arousing the public mind, which in those quiet and prosperous days had slumbered so soundly as actually to require being most vigorously awakened. But the shock of this awakening was long felt, and some of our readers can doubtless remember the solemn earnestness with which old men would relate their reminiscences of 'the forty-five.'

The work before us, which, as we learn from the preface, is translated from the German, appears to have been published a few years since: though neither the place where it was published, nor the time, are told us. It is on the whole a well written and tolerably correct work; but it aims rather at being a biography of the last prince of the Stuart race, than an historical memoir of that stirring episode, which forms the only portion, worthy of record, of a life lengthened out to almost fourscore years. In the career of Charles Edward, except as connected with his wild and romantic expedition to England, our readers can feel little interest; we shall, therefore, confine our attention chiefly to this event, correcting or supplying in the course of our narrative the occasional mistakes or deficiencies of the author, by notices drawn from more authentic sources.

To any one who looks over the history of our country from the time of the Revolution to the period we are now entering on, the utter want of principle in successive ministries must excite the utmost disgust. When we read,—not in histories written to subserve the purposes of a party, but in letters, never intended to meet any eye but that for which they were written,—the shameless bargainings for places and pen-

sions; the undisguised contempt of high principle, even of truth; the constant coquetting, nay, sometimes actual collusion with the family to whose expulsion these very men owed their places of trust and responsibility, we can with difficulty believe that scarcely two—in the earlier instances, but *one* generation, separated these degenerate Englishmen from the noble spirits of the Commonwealth; and we feel half angry at the eulogies pronounced on such a state of things, by a Watts, a Doddridge, and even by a Bradbury. It is, therefore, most important when viewing this period, not only to bear in mind the outrageous tyranny of the two later Stuarts, from which, with all its imperfections, the Revolution of eighty-eight delivered our fathers, but also the *general* character of the succeeding governments. While the *men*, Whig and Tory, with scarcely a single exception, may be most justly denounced, many of their *measures*—in their *home* policy, especially—are deserving of much praise. Commerce, which under the Stuarts had always languished, received a fresh impulse from the period of the Revolution; and under the protection of our triumphant navy, our merchant vessels swept from Hudson's Bay to the Spanish Main, and visited the farthest East, laying the foundation of that mightier empire than the sons of Timour could ever establish. Trade too, was protected, for there were few vexatious imposts—the excise laws not having been passed until 1742, and manufactures were greatly encouraged; so that with the exception of the crisis denominated the 'South Sea Bubble,'—in itself a proof of prosperity, since it is only where money is abundant, that such wild speculations have any chance of success—England may be considered to have been gradually rising to wealth and importance, hitherto unattained. Indeed some political economists incline to view the earlier half of the last century as the most *steadily* prosperous period of our history.

As a natural consequence, the mercantile interest rose in importance, and even in documents of Queen Anne's days, we can perceive the growing attention paid by each ministry to 'the merchants and bankers,'—the attention to the latter class, probably, however, growing out of the circumstance of the national debt.

Meanwhile, many of the ancient nobility, and the country gentlemen generally, found themselves comparatively neglected; and

as a matter of course directed their anxious thoughts 'over the water.' Now although the ministers might occasionally cast a glance thither themselves, this was not to be allowed to others, and the very men therefore who were engaged in secret correspondence with St. Germain, exhibited the most patriotic activity in arresting some junior branch of an old Catholic family, or in sending some Jacobite gentleman to the Tower. We, who have the advantage of comparing their private thoughts with their public conduct, are naturally indignant at such treason,—not against reigning families, or governments, as such,—but against truth and principle; yet to our forefathers, who could only judge of these men by their overt acts, we may easily imagine that they appeared true patriots. They protested their interest in the prosperity of the country, and England certainly was prosperous; they reiterated their professions of attachment to religious liberty, and those who had been years ago imprisoned for nonconformity, looked complacently on their commodious meeting-houses, and admiring a King who received their addresses with his own hand, and gave them that hand to kiss, naturally believed all that was told them.

Nor are we inclined to believe that *all* the protestations either of king or minister were hollow. The house of Brunswick from its accession stood pledged in the eyes of Europe to the two grand principles of civil and religious liberty—the right of a people to choose its own rulers, and the right of every subject to choose his own religion. With many 'short comings' on these all-important subjects, they were still in the main adhered to, during the reigns of the first two Georges; and that it was indispensable thus to adhere, seems to us emphatically proved by the whole career of that minister of thirty years' standing,—Walpole, who though he scrupled at few things, never dared to attack these.

Although it would be asserting too much to say that the first two Georges were *popular*, still, we are inclined to believe that they were more so than either Charles or James. The merchants, traders, and manufacturers, together with their numerous dependents, were wholly in their favor. The old Whig nobility and their tenantry were also; while that large class of gentry, or small land-holders who had no violent political predilections, would quietly fall in with the system of 'things as they are, as

a matter of course.' The strong hold of Jacobitism in England, was, therefore, among those few noblemen, who though they had not risked the forfeiture of their estates, still professed sympathy with the exiled family; among the Roman Catholic families and their tenantry in the north, and north-western parts of England, and among that certainly too numerous class of country gentlemen, whose pleasant occupation under the Stuarts had been to hunt hares and nonconformists, but who being now strictly confined to the smaller game, were loud in their abuse of 'Hanover rats.'

Such, we think, was the state of parties in England about the period we have now to consider. In Scotland, however, the case was widely different. Ever since the Restoration, the majority of the Scottish nobility had adhered to the Stuarts, not only from political predilection, but from national feeling. They were 'their ain kings,' and with the spirit of clansmen they followed their banner. The inhabitants of the whole of the Highlands were at this period considered by the Lowlanders as a different race; but these were all bound to the house of Stuart, not only from the principle of clanship, but by the stronger bond of a similar religious faith. Among the inhabitants of Scotland, the house of Brunswick could count, therefore, upon few beside the Lowland gentry and the traders in the towns. These might have done much as a counterbalance; but the Act of Union, which deprived Scotland of her ancient parliament, and which after violent opposition was passed in 1707, greatly alienated the minds of this class from England. By them, no less than by the decided Jacobites, it was viewed as a degradation; and the very protection which it afforded appeared only as part of a deeply-laid scheme to deprive them of their liberty.

The first attempt to re-establish the Stuart dynasty, grew out of the general discontent expressed at the Union, and it failed rather from bad management than from want of encouragement, so far as Scotland was involved. Thirty years passed ere a second attempt was made, and then the grandson of James II., the eldest son of the Pretender, was the leader.

Charles Edward, the Young Pretender, as he was generally called, was born at Rome on the last day of the year 1720, amid the thunders of artillery of the castle of St. Angelo, and the gratulations of the Pope and Cardinals; the former presenting

the father and mother, each, with 10,000 scudi. The infant, immediately after his birth, was exhibited to a crowd of Italian prelates and nobles, among whom mingled a few Scotch and English, upon a state-bed, under a splendid canopy, while in the pope's own chapel, and in his presence, a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted. All this was, we think, sufficiently un-English; nor was the education of the young prince conducted in a less foreign manner. His first instructors—if by such a name they could be called—were the Earl and the Countess of Inverness, the openly avowed mistress of his father, and a Miss Sheldon. Subsequently he was taken under the care of his injured mother, a princess descended from John Sobieski, and by her committed to the superintendence of the Chevalier Ramsay, and afterwards of one Thomas Sheridan. The writer of the work before us complains of Lord Mahon's remark that Charles Edward was 'deficient in the most common elements of knowledge,' but he altogether fails to disprove it. In 1735, Charles lost his mother, and the father now led a more retired life than ever,—spending his mornings in prayers at the tomb of a wife, whose days had been shortened by his infidelity, and then partaking dinner 'with ten persons attached to his court,' whom he left early in the evening. This mode of life must have been sufficiently monotonous and wearisome to a spirited boy; but in his fourteenth year he was sent, under the protection of the Duke of Berwick, in order that he might be initiated into the art of war, at the siege of Gaëta. Before his departure, Charles had an interview with Pope Clement xii., by whom he was always recognized as heir-apparent of the British throne, and as such honored with an arm-chair; and from the hands of the ruler of papal Christendom, the young aspirant, on whom the eyes of so many episcopalians were fixed in longing affection, received the payment of his military outfit.

That a 'true prince,' even at the age of thirteen and three-quarters, should exhibit marvellous wisdom and marvellous intrepidity, was a matter of course: but that his cousin Don Carlos, of Spain, should have presented him with a valuable jewel, and saluted him by the title of 'Prince of Wales,' shows, we think, that the boy, even at that early age, possessed an energy of character which the enemies of England rejoiced to behold.

In September young Charles returned to Rome, waited on the pope, and on this occasion received from him a 'special bull, declaring him qualified to enjoy all spiritual benefices, and conferring on him the general expectancy of the same.' The wording of this is very obscure, probably arising from a double translation; still it shows plainly enough by how many links the Pope sought to bind the aspirant to the British throne to him. A second time young Charles 'smelt gunpowder,' during the campaign of the allied army in Lombardy. The time, however, approached, when it was resolved that he should make a tour through the principal cities of Italy. This took place in 1737; when he adopted the title of Count of Albany, and set out with a suite of about ten persons.

'With this view he left Rome on the 29th of April, and passed through Loretto, Bologna, Parma, Genoa, Milan, and Venice. At the last named city he made some stay, and returned by Padua, Bologna, and Florence, to Rome, where he arrived again on the 9th of July. During this tour the young prince had been the object of much respectful attention. In Bologna, the Cardinal Legate and a deputation of four senators, came to wait upon him; in Genoa, the same compliment was paid him by the Spanish envoy and the heads of the noble houses; and at Milan he was visited by the aged General von Traun, then governor of Lombardy. In Venice, he was not only invited to the senate, but the seat was assigned to him that had usually been reserved for crowned heads when they visited the city. At Venice also he had an opportunity of conferring, for about an hour, in the Church of St. George, with the young Elector of Bavaria, who afterwards wore the imperial crown of Germany, under the title of Charles vii. In Florence a variety of balls and entertainments were given in honor of the Count of Albany's visit; and at the court he would likewise have been an object of the most marked attention, had it not been for the jealous interference of the English minister. This interference was perfectly in accordance with the steps to which the prince's Italian tour gave rise in London. The British government, without the least reserve, required of Guastalli, the Genoese resident secretary at London, that he should intimate to the authorities of the republic, that its interests would be better consulted by showing respect to the reigning dynasty in England than to the family of the Stuarts; and the reception which Charles had met with in Venice was taken so much amiss, that Businiello, the Venetian resident in London, was directed, without ceremony, to leave England within three days.'—vol. i. pp. 112—114.

The conduct of the British administration on this occasion was, however, strictly in accordance with international law.

Our author, on this part of his subject, indulges in much sentimental twaddle, such as the eager glances of his hero 'toward the open sea,' and his anxiety to 'distinguish the British flag.' Now these are no proofs of his love for England. Indeed, for her, her institutions, and her people, how *could* he have any? The resident at Rome from his earliest years, the favorite *protégé* of the Pope, the son of a foreign mother, of a foreign-born father—surrounded, too, by friends who viewed the restoration of his family as a conquest, what sympathy could he possibly have with England?

We have thus minutely traced the early career of Charles, because, for want of contemplating their hero before he appears on the stage of public life, many historians have altogether mistaken his character, and consequently his motives. It has been forgetfulness of this, that has exhibited Cromwell as the *personal* enemy of the king; whereas a reference to his early history will prove, that of all the agents in the great civil war, he stands freest from such a charge. It has been forgetfulness, or neglect of this, that has, in the case before us, induced many writers to believe that the young Pretender actually felt a love for Britain; whereas, from the circumstances of his early years, he must have felt quite as much love for Sweden or Denmark. That he was anxious to become king of Great Britain is evident, and the reasons are evident also; but as to true English feeling, the young Pretender, and the 'wee German lairdie,' might just shake hands about it.

Up to 1741 Europe had enjoyed tolerable repose. At this period the war of the queen of Hungary, as it was in England popularly called, began. In 1743, England took the part, and it certainly was the side of justice, of Maria Theresa; and France of the king of Prussia. To take advantage of this war, to advance the claims of the Stuarts, seemed to the Scottish Jacobites most desirable; and they accordingly formed an association for the purpose. Almost simultaneously an association of English Jacobites was formed; and both the Scotch and English urged upon the old Pretender the necessity of securing the aid of France. Cardinal Fleury, in answer to James's application, promised 13,000 men to be landed in the Scottish Highlands, and 10,000,

under Marshal Saxe, to be landed near London. We think this alone sufficient to throw discredit on the Jacobite statement, that the country was ready to hail the return of the Stuarts. Preparations went on, young Charles was invited to France, and the old Pretender put forth two proclamations appointing his son regent, and calling on the people of the United Kingdom to take up arms. These proclamations are not given; but they should have been, since to us their animus is certainly that of a man who considers himself robbed of his property, and determined to recover it by all means.

Early in 1744 Charles set out for Paris. Fifteen ships of the line and five frigates soon after made their appearance in the Channel; and a message from the king to the parliament, and addresses from both houses full of loyalty, showed that the nation was aware of the enterprise. By a singular intervention—may we not call it—of Providence, this fleet was dispersed by a violent storm, in which several transports with troops were lost, many vessels dismasted, and the project was abandoned. War was now declared against France; the alarm at the intended invasion subsided; and, occupied in the queen of Hungary's war, as it was called, all expectation of a renewal of the attempt seems to have passed away.

Not until the next spring did the young adventurer make his second attempt; and then, wearied at the delays of the French government, he actually embarked without their aid. For the necessary expenses he pawned his jewels, which seem to have been very valuable; two of his adherents raised him 180,000 livres; and Anthony Walsh, a Jacobite settled at Nantes, and one Rutledge, supplied the two vessels, together with arms and powder, in which he was to sail for Scotland. Again delays took place, but at length, about the middle of July, they left Belle-Isle. On the fourth day of the voyage the two vessels fell in with the *Lion*, a fifty-eight gun ship, commanded by the gallant Captain Brett, well known to the readers of Anson's Voyage. The larger vessel engaged the *Lion*, but was compelled to put into Brest; while the *Dentelle*, on board which Charles was, escaped. The following day, however, the little vessel was chased by an English man-of-war; but at length it safely anchored in the small island of Erisca, one of the Hebrides, on the 2nd of August.

'On the following morning, Charles sent a messenger to Macdonald of Clanranald, the proprietor of that and the neighboring islands, and whom he knew to be devoted to his cause. Clanranald happened to be absent on the mainland; the prince, therefore, despatched a second messenger to Clanranald's uncle, Macdonald of Boisdale, who chanced at the time to be in the vicinity, and whom he invited to repair immediately on board of the *Dentelle*. Boisdale appeared, but only to express his firm conviction that the enterprise must necessarily end in disaster; without the least reserve, he called it one verging on insanity; assured the prince that, as he had arrived in Scotland without French aid, he must neither reckon on Clanranald, nor on Alexander Macdonald, nor the Laird of MacLeod, two chiefs on whose devotion to his cause Charles had placed the firmest reliance. The old man urged the immediate return of the whole expedition, as the only course that remained open. It was in vain that Charles employed all his powers of persuasion to represent his affairs in a more favorable light to the ancient partisan of his family; Boisdale remained inflexible, and went back to his isle in a boat.'—*ib.* p. 182.

The little vessel, bearing what the Jacobites fondly called 'Cæsar and his fortunes,' next anchored on the coast of Inverness, and a messenger was sent to Clanranald to invite him on board, but he declined taking any part in the coming contest.

'During their conversation, Charles and the chiefs had been walking up and down the deck. A Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, according to the custom of the country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come into the vessel without the slightest knowledge as to who was on board. The conversation, however, to which he had been a witness, had made him aware of the truth, and had evidently thrown him into the greatest agitation. When he gathered from the discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales, and when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms for their rightful sovereign, as they believed him, his color went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and instinctively grasped the hilt of his sword. Charles observed the excitement of the young mountaineer, and suddenly turned upon him with the words, "Will you, at least, assist me?" "I will, I will!" cried Ranald; "though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword for you, I am ready to die for you." Charles eagerly thanked the warm-hearted youth, saying that he only wished all the Highlanders were like him. The implied reproach was scarcely needed. The enthusiasm of Ranald immediately communicated itself to the chiefs. The voice of prudence was no longer listened to. They at once de-

clared themselves ready to make every sacrifice, and to use every exertion to arm their countrymen once more for the house of Stuart, if the prince was not to be shaken in his resolution to hazard every thing on a desperate throw.'—*ib.* pp. 184—186.

Charles now landed. He was conducted to Borodale, and was entertained with his followers by Angus Macdonald. While here the highland chieftains flocked to him; and when he went on to Kinloch Moidart, he was met by Murray of Broughton, the chief agent of the Lowland Jacobites. The time had now arrived for a more open manifestation, and accordingly, on the 19th of August, Charles unfurled his father's banner in the vale of Glenfinnan.

Meanwhile, it may be well asked what was doing in England, and the answer must be, just nothing at all. The case was, that although Henry Pelham and his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, were leaders of the ministry, they were far from possessing even the usual power, much less that power which was necessary for men with such responsibilities, and at such a crisis. It was only in the spring that they had been able to surmount the opposition of Lord Granville, and his party; but although in the House of Commons they were triumphant, it was well known that the king viewed them with absolute hatred. Although, too, on the whole, they had a majority among their colleagues, still there were some that hampered them greatly. One of these was Lord Chesterfield, who it was believed would willingly give in his adhesion to 'James III. of England,' for a due 'consideration;' and the Marquess of Tweeddale was another, a warm friend of Lord Granville, and of course a bitter opponent of the Pelhams, and he held the important office of secretary of state for Scotland.

From the Pelham correspondence we learn that Mr. Trevor, minister at the Hague, sent notice to the Duke of Newcastle, even at the time of the young Pretender having set sail; and in consequence, the proclamation, offering £30,000 for him if he should land, appeared. But the proclamation excited no attention, and a fortnight passed away, in which nothing was done save an urgent message to the king, who was in Hanover, entreating his return. This message the king seems to have viewed as some official trick—Walpole had sufficiently accustomed him to such—and he therefore did not hurry himself to comply. In the mean time, the Duke of Argyle was

in daily correspondence with the ministers, praying for a greater military force to be sent to Scotland. This was ridiculed by the Marquess of Tweedale; and about this time Mr. Pelham writes, I am not so apprehensive of the zeal and strength of our enemies, as of the inability or languidness of our friends.' The first news of the young Pretender's landing does not seem, indeed, to have awakened fear in any part of the country. Meanwhile, the Highland clans were flocking to the adventurer, and his army was daily increasing: and at length King George, on the 31st, returned from Hanover. He received the Pelhams very coldly, expressed his disbelief of the extent of the rebellion, and it was with the greatest difficulty they could obtain his consent to the return of four regiments from Flanders.

On the 3rd of September part of the Highland army entered Perth, and proclaimed the old Pretender king at the cross, and his son regent; and the news of this seems at length to have convinced the king that the Pelhams had not been alarmed without cause. From Perth, the young Pretender's progress toward Edinburgh was unopposed. He proceeded, crossing the plain of Bannockburn, to Falkirk, and thence to Linlithgow. To Edinburgh his march was now directed, and the magistrates who only ten days before had sent up a most loyal and dutiful address to the king, saw the city gates opened, and the troops of the Pretender quietly admitted. 'It passed as quietly,' says Home, 'as when one guard relieves another.'

At day-break, the Camerons marched up to the cross, and there they remained until mid-day.

'At noon another striking spectacle was presented to the inhabitants of Edinburgh. At the old cross, already so renowned in Scottish annals, the heralds and pursuivants, in their ancient and gorgeous official costume, came forward to proclaim King James VIII., and to read the royal declarations and commissions of regency, which were received by the populace with the loudest acclamations. The wild music of the Pibrochs mingled with the shouts of the crowd; a thousand fair hands waved with white handkerchiefs in honor of the day, from the neighboring windows and balconies; and Mrs. Murray of Broughton, a lady of distinguished beauty, sat on horseback near the cross, with a drawn sword in one hand, and with the other distributing white cockades, the symbol of attachment to the house of Stuart.

The excited multitude, however, had not yet beheld the hero of the day. It was not till noon that Charles set forth to take possession of Holyrood House, the palace of his ancestors. To arrive there, it was necessary to make a considerable round, in order to avoid the guns of the castle. He entered the King's park by a breach which had been made in the wall, and proceeded towards the palace by the Duke's Walk, so termed because it had been the favorite resort of his grandfather, James II., when he resided in Scotland, as Duke of York, some years before his accession to the throne. Thus far Charles had proceeded on foot, but the gathering and impatient crowd pressed around with such eagerness, to kiss his hand or touch his garments, that he was forced to mount on horseback, when he continued his way with the Duke of Perth on one side, and Lord Elcho, who had joined him the preceding night, on the other. His noble mien and his graceful horsemanship, says Mahon, could not fail to strike even the most indifferent spectators; and they were scarcely less pleased at his national dress—a tartan coat, a blue bonnet with a white cockade, and a star of the order of St. Andrew. With sonder partiality, the Jacobites compared his features to those of his ancestor, Robert Bruce, or sought some other resemblance among the pictures of his ancestors that still decorate the gallery of Holyrood. The joy of the adherents of his house knew no bounds. The air resounded with their acclamations; and as he rode onward, 'his boots were dimmed with their kisses and tears.' The palace of his ancestors was found by Charles nearly in the same condition in which his grandfather had left it, with the exception of the Catholic chapel, which had been destroyed by the populace in 1688. The long deserted chambers were that evening enlivened by a ball; and as on the eve of another great battle,

"The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake
again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

'The fatigues of the preceding days, and the anxiety that could not but be felt with respect to the coming battle, were alike unable to depress the buoyant spirits of Charles, or to impair his natural vivacity and power of pleasing. The enthusiasm of the ladies was unbounded, and many a fair waverer was perhaps confirmed in her devotion to the house of Stuart, by the graceful dancing of so handsome a representative of Scotland's rightful kings.'—*ib.* pp. 262—265.

On turning to the newspapers of the period, it is curious to see how rapidly the

fears of all classes in England now increase. Advertisements from the different London parishes appear, offering bounties of five pounds a head for each able-bodied man who will enlist; the train bands are summoned to attend, that the oath pledging them to a war *à l'outrance* against popery and Jacobitism may be duly administered; the address of the Corporation of London denounces in good set terms, 'this unnatural rebellion, and the Archbishop of York urges the gentry throughout his diocese to form an association, not only to withstand the pope, and the pretender, but 'to uphold our rights and liberties against the encroachments of arbitrary power'—rare words these, from an archbishop! And influential words were they, for £90,000 were soon subscribed by the gentry, in support of the government.

A more important aid was offered by the London merchants, who consented to take bank notes instead of specie; and when on the 26th of September the agreement was prepared for signature, no less than *eleven hundred and forty** signed, in the short space of *three hours*. All these names are given in the Gazette, and on looking over them, we were struck with the number of 'old familiar names' that appear. Full half, we should say, on the most moderate computation, are still well known names in the city. It has been traditionally asserted, that this was arranged by the leading dissenters, and from the anxiety with which they naturally viewed the invasion of a Stuart, we think it probably was the case.

But their anxieties were to be farther awakened, and their indignation raised to the highest point, when the rumor that a battle had been fought, and that English soldiers had actually fled, was confirmed by the extraordinary Gazette of September 28th, and the name of Colonel Gardiner appeared in the list of the slain at Preston-pans. Colonel Gardiner, long recognized as one of the most gallant veterans in the English army, was claimed as the peculiar property of the dissenters, and the death of the disciple of Dr. Calamy, and the warm friend of Doddridge, was viewed as a martyrdom. Many were the funeral sermons preached on the occasion in the meeting houses of London, and earnest were the exhortations of the ministers to

their flocks to act worthy of their forefathers. The cry through all London now seems to have been 'to arms.' Troops of horse were raised, volunteer companies formed, the trained bands were regularly drilled, and while exhortations to loyalty in papers, and speeches and pamphlets abounded, due care was taken to denounce the principles of the Stuarts; and once more, even in the government papers, the names of Pym, Hampden, nay of Cromwell himself, were pronounced with warm eulogy.

Among those who particularly distinguished themselves at this crisis, were the Spitalfields silk manufacturers, who, grateful for the protection afforded them, not only entered into a liberal subscription, but 'considering the great and many blessings we enjoy under his most sacred and illustrious majesty,' agreed to raise, and arm at their own cost, a body of soldiers, from among their own workmen. The French extraction of these worthy men may be recognized in the reverential terms in which they approach the throne. In their address there is no mention of liberty, or of rights secured by the English constitution. For the religious freedom they enjoyed, they appear most grateful; but of civil freedom, the only basis of the other, they seem to have no idea. They raised, however, nearly *three thousand* men, who, if ignorant of *civil* liberty, would assuredly have stood fast against the encroachments of that religion, which had murdered their pastors, burnt their dwellings, and cast them forth as homeless exiles. On the 2nd of October the bishop of London, and the clergy of his diocese, went up with an address to the king at Kensington palace. In this address, although there is much rigmarole about popery and church and state, they declare 'that there is no safety for the religion and liberties of this country, but in the protestant succession.' It was certainly almost worth the fears of a rebellion, to find the established clergy taking the name of liberty on their lips.

In far better style is the address of the three denominations of protestant dissenters, which was presented by the Rev. Joseph Stennett at the same palace the following day. Our limits will not permit us to copy the whole of this well written address, in which neither the contemptible phrase 'sacred majesty,' nor the degrading word 'toleration,' find a place; but we must give the concluding paragraph:—'As the religious

* The whole number of signatures was more than fifteen hundred.

and civil liberties, the happiness and honor of the nation, have been always your unwearied care, we cannot but detest and abhor the present unnatural and rebellious attempt, nor shall we ever cease to offer our fervent prayers for the preservation of your majesty's invaluable life, the tranquillity of your reign, and the conveyance of our liberties under the protection of your royal house to the end of time.'

The king's answer is short;* it might, we thought, have been more courteous; but on turning to his answer to the address of the university of Cambridge a few days before, we found that with the exception of 'constitution in church and state,' it is almost the same. We learn from the papers of the day, that the deputation was most courteously received, and introduced into the king's presence by the Duke of Newcastle. The numerous accounts which now filled the papers of the disastrous defeat at Preston-pans, still farther increased the feeling against the young Pretender. Was England to be invaded by troops of barbarians, who rushed to battle with savage yells, and armed with scythes and pitchforks? Was the crown of the Plantagenets to be placed on the brow of him who had marched at their head in Highland brogues, dressed in tartan, and wielding a Highland broadsword? We cannot indeed wonder that the circumstances of this first battle should strike men's minds forcibly, for Colonel Gardiner received his death wound from a scythe; and this dwelt upon the minds of the troops even at the battle of Culloden, and many a Highlander was there sacrificed to the memory of that gallant leader.

The exultation of Charles and his followers was excessive. Messengers were despatched to France and to Rome with the tidings, and preceded by a hundred pipers, playing that peculiarly Cavalier air, 'The king shall enjoy his own again,' he made his triumphal re-entry into Edinburgh. While here, he exercised every regal function. He gave patents of nobility, issued proclamations, and among others, one denouncing 'the pretended parliament of the Elector of Hanover,' and warning the English not to attend it. He also issued another, arguing with the people upon their

hostility to the Stuarts, and promising 'full enjoyment of their laws and liberties!' This, in time of need, had too often been done by his great-uncle and grandfather, for any one to believe it.

The stay of Charles at Edinburgh continued until the 31st of October. This was partly owing to the defection of many of the Highlanders, who, loaded with plunder after the battle of Preston, returned to the Highlands to secure it; but we think it was much more owing to the unwillingness of his Scottish adherents to advance into England, until the Jacobites there had committed themselves with the government, by some overt act. Meantime the popular feeling against the Pretender deepened in England; while not improbably, the partiality he expressed for the Highlanders, and his willingness to play the king at Holyrood, rather than advance, damped the ardor of his English adherents.

On the 9th of October, the city trained bands were ordered to mount guard at the Royal Exchange, St. Dunstan's in the West, St. Sepulchre's, and Devonshire Square; and the Tower Hamlets were ordered out for the same duty, along the eastern boundary. Money from various associations, and from the city companies, was poured into the Treasury, and even the Quakers, precluded by their religious tenets from directly aiding warfare, raised a subscription to supply the troops with 'flannel waistcoats for the winter.' That the writer of the work before us should believe that, had Charles boldly pressed on, London might have fallen into his hands, may be excused; but that Lord Mahon, accurate and well informed as *he* is generally, should think so, is to us astonishing, and could, we think, only arise from his not having sufficiently examined those ephemeral documents, which, far beyond every other, give 'the very form and pressure' of the passing day. Let the reader take up the newspapers of this period, and read not merely the letters and addresses, but the short bits of information, and the advertisements, and he must be convinced that the general popular feeling, even had the Pretender penetrated so far, must have been an effectual barrier.

At length, at the head of Scottish troops, furnished with money from France,—at this period a hostile country—supported and surrounded by a staff of Highland, Irish, and French officers, the most conspicuous among the latter being the Marquis d'

* 'I thank you for your loyal address, and have a firm dependence on your steady attachment to my person and government. You may be assured of the continuance of my protection.'

Eguilles, who had been sent expressly from Louis xv. with a letter of congratulation, Charles, on the 31st of October, at six in the evening, quitted Holyrood, to achieve the conquest of England :—

‘He slept the first night at Pinkie House, as on the night after the battle of Preston, and on the following morning the two columns parted. The whole army consisted of scarcely 6,000 men, including 500 cavalry, well clothed and equipped, and furnished with provisions for four days; but many superstitious notions that prevailed among his troops made the common men as much averse as their leaders to the English campaign, and many of the Highlanders quitted their ranks during the march. According to some, the deserters amounted to no fewer than a thousand men, and one morning it cost Charles a parley of nearly an hour and a half to prevail on his troops to move forward. The weather too was so unfavorable that any troops but Highlanders would have been completely discouraged by it. After a halt of two days at Kelso, orders were sent to Wooler to prepare quarters for his troops, by which the intended effect was produced of alarming Wade, and drawing off his attention from Carlisle. This having been done, Charles suddenly marched westward and down Liddisdale, entering Cumberland at the head of his troops on the evening of the 18th of November. As the clans crossed the border, they drew their swords, and raised a loud shout of exultation; but in hastily unsheathing his claymore, Lochiel accidentally cut his hand, which was immediately looked upon as an unlucky omen, and spread consternation throughout the whole column. On the following day, however, the two divisions effected their intended junction, and marched forward immediately upon Carlisle.’—*ib.* pp. 322, 323.

Carlisle, which was only guarded by a garrison of invalid soldiers, capitulated; but it was here that differences first broke out between the rival parties in the young Pretender’s little army. Hopes of the landing of French troops, alone prevented a portion of his followers from returning to Scotland, and it was not until the 20th that they set out for Penrith, through Shap, Kendal, and Lancaster, to Preston, where they arrived on the 26th. It was here that he first received a welcome; the people hitherto having either fled away, or gazed with stupid surprise on a prince, who, in his Highland costume, and with his target slung across his shoulder, usually marched at the head of one or other of the clans.’ Surely the perverse obstinacy of the Stuarts must have been strong in their descendant, to induce him, even when on English ground,

to persist in wearing a dress, and adopting habits, which proved he could have no sympathy with his English subjects.

At Wigan and Manchester, he is said to have been received with acclamations; but, as very few joined his standard, we may well doubt whether these acclamations were called forth by aught but personal fear. At Manchester, however, two hundred men were persuaded to enlist, under the command of the unfortunate Colonel Francis Townlèy. These received for their uniform, blue coats, with a tartan sash, and the white cockade. What had English soldiers to do with tartan? This was given evidently in compliment to the Highland clans; but it must have emphatically proved to the English who were willing to join the Stuart banner, that they were to be considered but as subordinates in the great enterprise.

Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales, were the strong holds of the English Catholics, and consequently of the Jacobites. As the invading army, therefore, moved onward, it was welcomed with somewhat approaching to enthusiasm. They forded the Mersey near Stockport, and,—

‘On arriving at the other side of the river Charles witnessed a scene characteristic of the enthusiasm and devotion of the adherents of his house, which is thus described by Lord Mahon, on the authority of the late Lord Keith:—“On the opposite bank of the Mersey, Charles found a few of the Cheshire gentry drawn up ready to welcome him, and amongst them Mrs. Skyring, a lady in extreme old age. As a child, she had been lifted up in her mother’s arms, to view the happy landing at Dover of Charles the Second. Her father, an old cavalier, had afterwards to undergo not merely neglect, but oppression, from that thankless monarch; still, however, he and his wife continued devoted to the royal cause, and their daughter grew up as devoted as they. After the expulsion of the Stuarts, all her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers, were directed to another restoration. Ever afterwards, she had with rigid punctuality laid aside one-half of her yearly income, to remit to the exiled family abroad, concealing only what, she said, was of no importance to them—the name of the giver. She had now parted with her jewels, her plate, and every little article of value she possessed, the price of which, in a purse, she laid at the feet of Prince Charles, while, straining her dim eye, to gaze on his features, and pressing his hand to her shrivelled lips, she exclaimed with affectionate rapture, in the words of Simeon, ‘Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!’ It is added that she did not survive the shock,

when a few days afterwards, she was told of the retreat.'—*ib.* pp. 331—333.

Happily for the honor as well as the safety of England, such instances of enthusiasm in a worthless cause, were rare.

The government, meanwhile, directed a large force of horse and foot, under Sir John Ligonier, to march direct into Lancashire, which was followed by the Duke of Cumberland, who put himself at their head. The weather had now set in most severely; the flannel waistcoats, therefore, the gift of the kind Quakers, and which were sent after the army to Coventry, were most acceptable. Fearing lest these forces might fail to intercept the rebel army, the government proceeded to direct a camp to be formed on Finchley Common, consisting of the guards, part of Ligonier's regiment of horse, Sir Robert Rich's dragoons, and the 'associated regiment,' made up of barristers, under the command of Chief Justice Willes—another proof, and a rather singular one, of the general feeling against the Pretender—and a park of artillery, under the direction of the oldest and most experienced officers. In the midst of all their anxieties, the capture in the Downs of the *Soleil* privateer, with the Earl of Derwentwater, his son, and several French officers, gave them cause for rejoicing. Derwentwater's son, on his arrival in London, was mistaken by the mob for the younger brother of the Pretender, and was with difficulty rescued from being torn in pieces.

Nearly every day now produces an extraordinary Gazette; and interesting is it to follow in them the progress of these exciting events. On the intelligence being received that the rebel army are advancing into Derbyshire, the panic became great, and when the news actually arrived that the young Pretender had entered Derby, all business was at a stand, the shops were closed, and the orders issued to the train bands and to the regular troops that guarded the metropolis, proved that the citizens viewed themselves almost as the inhabitants of a besieged city.* On Friday the

news reached London, and the day was henceforward called 'Black Friday.'

Great was the panic among the inhabitants of those towns which lay nearest the rebel army. All valuables and money were buried, the few clothes that could be most easily conveyed away were packed in bundles; and horses and carts stood ready, even through the night, to convey the affrighted inhabitants to some more distant asylum. In Leicester, as we have heard from those among the recollections of whose boyhood 'the rebellion' occupied the foremost place, the confusion was extreme. Not only were valuables, even to the silver spoons, buried, but the pewter also; and but for the wooden trenchers and horn spoons, the good people would have been reduced to eat their dinners in a most primitive manner.

As far as we can judge, the followers of the young Pretender seem to have behaved themselves better than might have been expected from half-clothed savages, who until this, their first campaign, had never seen a watch, or a looking-glass. Still, surrounded by so many luxuries, and certainly under a discipline much less strict than that of the English troops, that they made free with most articles which on their march they took a fancy to, is tolerably certain. Indeed, it is to the position occupied by the Highland clans, that we are inclined to believe the reluctant aid of the English Jacobites must after all be attributed. In London the eye of the government was indeed upon them; but in the north of England, where town after town opened its gates to the young adventurer, what was to prevent them from joining his banner, even as their grandfathers had joined that of Charles I.? What could it be? save that while in the latter case they saw a king, bred, although not born in England, surrounded by English gentlemen, and supported by English yeomanry; in the present case they saw, not only a foreign prince—for this they were prepared—but one, un-English in his manners, tastes, and very dress; and he, encompassed, not by bold English yeomen, but by foreigners who looked upon England as a field for plunder, and were alike ignorant of her language and her history.

Two days Charles remained at Derby, exulting in the success that had hitherto attended him; and on the first night, 'turning his whole conversation to the triumphal entry into his father's capital, and deliberating whether he should appear in an *En-*

* The story told by Horace Walpole that a severe run on the Bank was the consequence, and that to gain time, payments were made in sixpences, we disbelieve. That the London Jacobites some days before, attempted to create a run on the Bank, is certain, and Sir John Hinde Cotton is alluded to in the papers, as being the most active.

glish or a Highland dress.' (!) But even at that moment his adherents were determining on an immediate retreat to Scotland.

'Lord George Murray put himself forward as spokesman for the rest. He began by observing that the English Jacobites had displayed none of the zeal that had been expected from them; that the looked-for landing of a French corps had not taken place, that longer to act upon the hope of either of those events would be inconsistent with their own safety, as Marshall Wade was already marching through Yorkshire, to occupy their rear, while the Duke of Cumberland was before them at Lichfield; that, in case of a farther advance, they would have to encounter a third army, assembled at Finchley: that the prince had only five thousand fighting men to oppose to these three corps, whose joint force could scarcely fall short of thirty thousand; that the army at Finchley, formed of the guards and new levies, was said to consist of twenty thousand men, and that, however exaggerated such an estimate might be, yet, even supposing the prince could break through it and enter London, his own force was too small to enable him to assume a commanding position there, or to afford protection to his own friends. He next endeavored to show how much more might even yet be hoped for from a retreat to Scotland, than from a rash and hopeless march to London. "Already," continued Lord George, pointing to the despatches which the prince had received that morning, "we learn that Lord John Drummond has landed at Montrose, with the regiment of Royal Scots and some piquets of the Irish brigade, so that the whole force under Lord Strathallan, ready to join us from Perth, is not less three or four thousand men."

'It was in vain that Charles, after having listened impatiently to these arguments, still sought to encourage his followers with the hope that his English friends would all declare themselves as soon as he arrived in London, and that a landing of French troops would still take place on the coast of Kent or Essex. He held out the prospect of mutiny and desertion among the troops at Finchley, and reminded his friends that bold measures had often made up for the numerical inferiority of an army. He bade them remember in how marked a manner Providence had so far blessed his enterprise, and, repelling all considerations of personal security, he cried, "Rather than go back, I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!" The other members of the council assented to the arguments of Murray, either in words, or by a not less expressive silence. Charles summoned all his powers of eloquence to make his friends view the case in this light; and, when he saw his arguments of no avail, he had recourse to entreaties, conjuring first one and then another not to desert his prince at his utmost need. He is even

said to have shed tears of vexation on finding himself unable to overcome the repugnance of his followers to a farther advance; and at last, after a stormy discussion of several hours, the council broke up without coming to any determination.

'During the afternoon, Charles endeavored vainly to induce individual chiefs to come over to his views, and in the evening a second council was held, when not one voice was raised in support of the prince's views, and even his proposal to march into Wales, that the numerous Jacobites of the principality might have an opportunity to declare themselves, was unanimously disapproved of. O'Sullivan and Secretary Murray pointed out to him that the army would never fight well, if all the chiefs acted with unwillingness; and, finding that he could not prevail upon one of his officers to yield to his wishes, he at length reluctantly consented to a retreat, adding, that in future, as he was accountable for his actions only to God and his father, he would call no more councils of war.'—*ib.* pp. 337—341.

Deeply mortified, the young adventurer had now to retrace his steps. He quitted Derby on the 6th of December for Ashbourn, and thence proceeded through Manchester to Carlisle. The Highlanders were violent in their expressions of anger and disappointment; and even Tory writers are forced to confess, that on their retreat they not merely spoiled, but attempted to set fire to some villages. Justice demands that this should be borne in mind, when the conduct of the victorious army at Culloden is considered. At Penrith the little army had a narrow escape from the Duke of Cumberland's dragoons, who overtook the rear. In the conflict, however, the dragoons were defeated, and Charles arrived at Carlisle on the 17th. Quitting Carlisle on the following day, he crossed the Esk with some difficulty, and re-entered Scotland, closely followed by the Duke of Cumberland's forces. As soon as the troops found themselves on Scottish ground, they rent the air with their cheers—cheers that smote like a knell on the ear of the young adventurer.

The news of the retreat of the rebel army seems scarcely to have been believed in London. It is first mentioned in the Gazette, as a rumor; and the extraordinary Gazette, published the next day, hardly takes the tone of certainty. Meanwhile, whether to reassure their friends, or to intimidate the government, the Jacobites appear to have been very active. Copies of the Pretender's proclamation were dropped about in various parts of London; and ru-

mors of a French fleet having appeared off the coast, and of a plan to set fire to London, agitated the public mind. Even when the young Pretender had actually retreated to Manchester, we find orders, 'that alarm posts should be appointed, and proper signals for the several guards'—the signal of danger being, 'seven cannon are to be fired every half minute at the Tower, and to be answered by the same signal from St. James's park.'* At length, the certainty of the retreat was made known; and on the fast-day, appointed for the 18th of December, thanksgivings were mingled with the service.

The progress of the young Pretender in Scotland was disastrous. Unable to return to Edinburgh he proceeded to Glasgow, a city which having found the benefits of the union, was indisposed to hail the representative of the Stuarts. The inhabitants were, therefore, amerced £10,000, chiefly in clothing for the troops, who then marched onward to Stirling, where the siege of the castle under the direction of French engineers, was commenced. In order to raise the siege General Hawley was despatched from Edinburgh (which was now wholly in the hands of the government), to give battle. This was fought on the 17th of January, and Charles, who had partly recovered from his disappointment, rode through the ranks, with the Marquis d'Eguilles, addressing words of encouragement to the troops, among whom were some French regiments. In this battle the English were defeated, chiefly in consequence of the fatiguing march which they had undergone, and the hopes of the Jacobites were in England, almost revived again, when news was brought of the victory of Falkirk. This triumph was however disastrous in its results. The Highlanders, who had been stimulated by hopes of plunder, after having loaded themselves with the spoil, set off in crowds to their native mountains; while an unfortunate occurrence, which forcibly exhibits their semi-barbarous character, still farther reduced the numbers of the rebel army.

* A clansman of Clanranald's was examining a musket, part of his booty, at an open window, when the piece went off, and killed a son of Glengarry, who was passing through the street. The prince, conscious of the unla-

vorable effect likely to be produced by this unfortunate accident, neglected nothing that might serve to soften the anger of the offended clan. The body of the slain man was placed in the same vault in which reposed the body of John Graham, who died in battle under Wallace, and Charles himself attended the funeral as chief mourner. The tribe of Glengarry were not, however, appeased, but, in the spirit of feudal vengeance, demanded life for life. Clanranald reluctantly yielded up his follower, who was taken out and shot, his own father joining in the fire, that the youth's sufferings might be the sooner terminated. Even this wild act of vengeance did not satisfy the Glengarry men, the greater part of whom abandoned the prince's standard and returned to their mountains.—*ib.* pp. 382, 383.

Soon afterwards, the siege of Stirling Castle was raised, and greatly against the wishes of Charles, the remains of his army retreated northward. Irritated at the defeat of Hawley, the Duke of Cumberland, offered to take chief command of the army in Scotland, and on his appointment he set out at one in the morning, and never stopped day or night until he arrived at Edinburgh.

Respecting this young prince, great difference of opinion has, as our readers are aware, prevailed. We have too far exceeded our limits, now, to enter on the question. The same want of space compels us to pass over the progress of the young Pretender, until his hopes were finally crushed on the 16th of April, at the battle of Culloden. His subsequent escapes, and vicissitudes, until he at length embarked for France, are well known. As a romantic portion of history, they possess much interest, but for the purposes for which history ought to be written, the period to which we have directed the attention of our readers, is the most important.

In tracing the course of English history, it is very interesting to observe, how, from time to time, circumstances have arisen, which have compelled our countrymen to take their stand on the great principles of liberty. Sometimes a political revolution has been the result; sometimes the effects can only be traced in the firmer stand and bolder tone that has been taken; and the actual, tangible issue has, perhaps, not appeared until the next generation, or even the next century. Such, unquestionably, was the case with the rebellion of 1745. Men had almost settled on their lees, and finding rest pleasant, began to lose sight of those great principles for which their fore-

* London Gazette, Dec 14th. This Gazette contains eight pages closely filled with proclamations and military intelligence.

fathers had battled and died. The approach of a descendant of the Stuarts, compelled them to call to mind what Stuart principles were, and although in their denunciation of those principles, they were far from taking the lofty ground which might justly have been taken, still a 'movement, which set quiet citizens talking of the patriotism of Hampden, and the public spirit of Cromwell, and which made even deans and prebendaries, 'abjure and abhor'—in their addresses to the throne at least—arbitrary power, was not without its use. The arousing of an indolent age by the stirring watchword 'civil and religious liberty,' produced an important effect upon the youth of that period, and gave an impulse to many noble spirits. The speeches of Chatham, the letters of Junius, and many a less-known, but influential work, were the result—even those importunate yearnings for political reform,—which, though deriving fresh impulse from the French Revolution, had originated long before,—may all be traced to 'the forty-five.

Alas! for our non-conforming forefathers! they knew not their day! Influential as they were found to be in town and country—courted as they were by king's ministers and church dignitaries, what prevented them from demanding, and from obtaining too,—perfect religious freedom? What, but that strange fatuity, which, with the failures at the Restoration, at the Revolution, and at the accession of the house of Brunswick, before their eyes—made them fall into the self-same snare, and with suicidal liberality, postpone insisting on their claims until that 'more convenient season,' which 'Church and State' determined should never arrive. What a picture of almost childish trustfulness does the history of our people present; and yet, untaught by the four times repeated lesson, some, even now, in this age of fierce and eager conflict—of violent and persisting demands, would have us sit quiet, and again await the 'more convenient season.' But let us prove that we have not read our history in vain. Let us be wiser!

From Tait's Magazine.

IMPRESSIONS OF FRANCE.

Impressions and Observations of a Young Person, during a Residence in Paris.
Third edition. Paris: Galignani.

THIS small volume consists of detached sentences or short paragraphs, extracted from the diary of a girl of sixteen; who, though of English parentage, passed her earliest years in Paris and different parts of France; and was, till past childhood, a stranger to her own country. With England, when she did see it, she was charmed. Her impressions and observations indicate, however, that she is not insensible to those points, especially in the economy or philosophy of daily life, in which the French excel the English. A few of the paragraphs will give a clear idea of the work, about which there is nothing juvenile save the years and fresh-mindedness of the writer.

PEWS.—Until I visited England, I had never seen church-pews. Their exclusiveness, and the variety of colors with which they are lined, has a strange effect after foreign churches, where every person, in whatever station of life, enters and takes a chair indiscriminately; the rich and the poor, the high and the low, are all considered equal before our Heavenly Father.

FETES.—The French are so fond of *fêtes*, that they have one for the dead, *fête des morts*; and even one for the Deity, *fête Dieu*.

DRESS.—At theatres and other public places in France, except at the Italian Opera, which is usually resorted to, previously to balls and other *réunions*, young ladies are seldom seen *décolletées*; the exposure of the neck and shoulders is not considered good taste; when the dress is low, the neck is usually covered by a scarf or collar. Children, too, are generally more warmly clad here than in England; the French attributing the cause and prevalence of consumptive complaints to the want of sufficient clothing in childhood.

French ladies, although plainly dressed, have so much good taste, that their apparel is always elegant and sits well. English *Marchandes de modes* and *Couturières* are apt to overload with ornament, or, as the French so well express it, *chargent*; they will not understand that a really well made dress rather loses than gains by their favorite "trimmings," and with them there is no end to the feathers, flowers, and ribbons.

The French, on the contrary, seek to combine the greatest elegance with the greatest

possible simplicity; every thing must be rich and good, but never overloaded.

VILLAGES.—“Oft in those pleasant villages of France” reads very prettily in poetry, but I have never had the good fortune to see one. There are no pretty cottages overrun with wild flowers, no village green with its pond, its ducks, and chubby little children, so prettily described by Miss Mitford; no howling-green road running through it; the whole has an air of *malaise*.

A HINT.—Many parasols and purses are forgotten in public carriages; this has probably given rise to a very good practice adopted in Paris for their restoration. The coachman, on your entering, gives a card with the number of his carriage, thus enabling you to reclaim any forgotten articles at the office where the coach is known.

THE WINDOWS of English houses have one advantage over those in France; they can be opened without disturbing any thing placed before them, and without risk of tearing the curtains. The quantity of air required, can be admitted into the room, whilst at least half of the French window must be opened for this purpose. The French window has, however, an appearance of greater freedom in summer, which is the reason probably for its being adopted in English country houses, and at watering places.

ARTISTS form a very numerous and distinct class in Paris; they wear a peculiar dress *en Raphael*, and affect a sort of contempt for the more useful, but, as they consider, less refined pursuits of commerce.

DESIGN.—The French excel in handsome patterns; however coarse the material, the *dessin* is sure to be bold and striking. There appears no profession in England answering to the *dessinateur* who traces patterns; a French lady in London, wishing to embroider a handkerchief, asked me to take her to a *dessinateur*, but, upon inquiry, I was unable to find one.

The want of fountains in London appears strange; the French are very fond of them; Paris abounds in them; and the *Place de la Concorde* owes its chief beauty to them. They give the capital an air of coolness and gaiety, particularly in summer. The French excel in out-door ornaments.

FOGS.—A Parisian fog is vapory, and looks like the ghost of a London one; it does not give the same melancholy appearance to the town.

DEW.—One of the delights of the country in England is the refreshing dew. English persons are generally quite afraid of walking at night on account of the dampness: to me it is

delightful. The climate of France is so dry, that dew is nearly unknown. The evenings of summer are not relieved by any damp, and are often more oppressive than during the day.

To the effect of dew may possibly be attributed the *fraîcheur*, as the French call it, of the English complexion, that beautiful union of red and white, so much more pleasing than the dead white admired in the Parisian cheek. A French lady, Madame de G—, née Princesse de B—, has been heard to say, that whenever there was a *brouillard*, she either walked in the open air, or put her head out of the window, in the hope of catching some English *fraîcheur*.

A stranger in London is struck with the number of provision shops. In Paris, those for dress and ornaments are most numerous; the public markets may partly account for this; for the sight is not here so frequently offended by raw meat hung out for sale at the butchers' shops. In the *boutiques de charcuterie* it is reflected by handsome mirrors; the shops are generally ornamented with flowers, and at one season of the year, the *charcuterie* is dressed out like twelfth-cakes.

SHOPKEEPERS.—The English shopkeepers appear in an unfavorable light after the French; their civility amounts to servility; they thank you so much for nothing, and offer so many things which you do not want, that to enter a shop in London becomes disagreeable.

NURSEMAIDS.—It has often surprised me never to have seen noticed by an older observer, or an abler pen, the vast difference between French and English nursery-maids, and *bonnes d'enfants*. In England, it is not uncommon to see young children left to the care of girls from fifteen to seventeen, the most thoughtless age in life; to whom, to trust one's property would be considered almost madness; whilst the most precious of all treasures, young children, are freely confided to them: indeed it would seem that girls disqualified by youth and inexperience for any other service, are best suited for this. A woman who would not dare to offer you her daughter as a cook, house, or laundry-maid, will freely do so for a place in the nursery. In France, there is no sight more agreeable than the respectable, matronly-looking *bonnes d'enfants*, who are seen in the costumes of their province, attending their young charges either in the Tuileries garden, at Paris, or in the shade of the *promenade publique* which generally surrounds every French country town.

In quitting France I should miss three things: shoes, stays, and chocolate bonbons.

INNS.—French inns, although less clean and comfortable, appear to me to have this superiority over those in England; in France, the

rooms are generally *en suite*, so that one is more at home; in England, with a sitting-room on one floor, bed-rooms are frequently given on another; and besides the annoyance of being continually on the staircase or in the corridor, mistakes might arise, unless the exact number and position of the rooms are recollected. I have seldom met with the same good bed at an English inn which is always found in the most indifferent hotel in France.

DEVOTION.—Many a servant or peasant, in going to market, many an artisan in going to his daily work, enters a church, and remains there in some corner unobserved; this must arise from piety of the heart; nobody perhaps thinks better of them for doing it, nor would think worse of them if they did not. The cold stone replaces the cushioned *prie-Dieu* among the poor, nor appears too hard to those who enter the church to pray unobserved.

..... The ceremony of the *Première Communion*, or confirmation, is very pretty in France, particularly among girls. They are dressed in white with long veils, which give them a very pleasing and modest appearance. Eleven is the usual age for confirmation; but if a little girl is diligent, and well conducted, and is capable of passing the general examination before that age, she is confirmed, and held up as an example to her young friends and school-fellows. She wears on the day of the ceremony a wreath of white roses as a distinctive emblem of her diligence, purity, and innocence.

Enough of this clever little book, which we introduce both as a companion to ladies going to France, and also for the indirect lessons which it conveys on the great art of "*How to Observe*."

From the Edinburgh Review.

LORD BACON AND SIR THOMAS MORE.

[In the principal article of the last Edinburgh Review, which is an eloquent and lively analysis of Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England*, there occur the two following graphic sketches of two of the most eminent men in the history of English law or literature—Sir Thomas More, and Lord Bacon. We should reprint the entire article, but having published one already on the general subject; and what is here selected is the most that possesses particular value. The facts in Bacon's history are not generally known, and will be read with a painful in-

terest—not, we trust, without at the same time a grateful recollection of the invaluable service he has rendered to the learning of all time. ED.]

UNDER Lord Campbell's first division, among all the figures who have passed before us, there is only one upon whose character, as a character, we have a wish to dwell. The exception, of course, is Sir Thomas More. With regard to the others, and indeed with regard to almost all who are to follow them, the skill of their biographer cannot keep down the feeling, that their lives are either commonplace, instructive, or entertaining, as the case may be; but that, as to their true selves, we either do not get sufficiently intimate with them to know them, or that, in fact, there was nothing very original about them—nothing really characteristic. Over one, over Francis Bacon, we sit down and mourn! For the rest, they may raise sometimes our respect, sometimes our curiosity; nothing higher or beyond.

One of the marvels in More was his infinite variety. He could write epigrams in a hair shirt at the Carthusian convent; and pass from translating Lucian to lecturing on Augustin in the Church of St. Lawrence. Devout almost to superstition, he was lighthearted almost to buffoonery. One hour we see him encouraging Erasmus in his love of Greek and the new learning, or charming with his ready wit the supper-tables of the court, or turning a debate in Parliament. The next, at home, surrounded by friends and familiar servants, by wife and children, and children's children, dwelling among them in an atmosphere of love and music, prayers and irony—throwing the rein, as it were, on the neck of his most careless fancies, and condescending to follow out the humors of his monkey and his fool. His fortune was almost as various. From his utter indifference to show and money, he must have been a strange successor to Wolsey. He had thought as little about fame as Shakespeare; yet, in the next generation, it was an honor to an Englishman throughout Europe to be the countryman of More.

Nature had made him all things to all men; in the only way that the experiment can ever prosper—by giving him a part of what was best out of every disposition. And so he was an universal favorite. His simplicity and frankness set a window in his bosom. Men saw in, and at once re-

conciled in his favor contradictions, such as would have been the ruin of less open natures; but for which, in his case, they only loved and trusted him the more. Austerity, purity, and festive levity—the self-denial of the monk, the facility of the courtier, the tenderness of the good man of the house—were virtues which he was clothed with as with a garment, the many-colored vesture that he daily wore: to put off which would have been to put aside himself. In him the lion and the lamb lay down together. Righteousness and peace met upon his threshold, and kissed each other.

It has been conjectured that an angel, coming among us, could take interest in nothing. More was wiser than this abstracted angel of the philosophers. He was not only human both in head and heart, but eminently practical. He grew kindly towards every thing he touched, almost entwining himself around it. He made all kinds of interest equally welcome and familiar. The height from which he had looked on life, only served as a proper distance that he so might judge more truly of its realities; and blend into a softer harmony the chafings of the surge below.

More did not wait; and throw the different periods of his life into contrast with each other, as ardent natures are apt to do. No sudden conversion, like that of Becket from ostentatious vanities into Trappism; nor those by which the greatest saints are made out of the greatest sinners. He brought the opposite elements at once into presence: controlling and combining them with a light hand, but a decided will. He had learned what life is made of, without the necessity of going out with Lear into the storm to learn it. The extremes of circumstance and condition, which seem to stand as far asunder as the heavens are from the earth, were in his eyes but the accidents of things; and, except they could approve themselves to be means of happiness or of duty, were hardly worth the trouble of a choice. The earnestness of this exception saved him, not only from the neutrality of the Epicurean angel we were just mentioning, but from a temptation, to which, by his own disposition, he was more exposed—the temptation of standing with Democritus* in the market-place,

* Soles hujus generis jocis impendio delectari, et omnino, in communi mortalium vitâ, Democritum quendam agere.—ERASMUS'S *Letter to More*, with his *Morie Encomium*.

the laughing spectator of a masquerade. This exception might bring all things to a level, or tend to do so; but it was only by including all, and from that natural equality which is in all things except the mind. 'The mind is its own place, and of itself can make'—whatsoever life is capable of being made.

There is a kind of wit as sparkling as the diamond, and as hard: humorists by profession often finish by making merely a mock of life. Not so More. He had a jest, it is true, wherewith to turn the sharpness of the headsman's axe, or to parry his wife's impatient tongue. (By the by, we must do Mrs. Alice Middleton the justice to allow, that, to a managing or aspiring wife, he must have been a most provoking husband.) But the serious part of his nature was a security that he would be sure to be in earnest, when to be in earnest could be of any use. He was no idle wit about town. He had worked hard and long at the world's work; at the toughest part of it, in which men put out their strength. His father, in the first instance, had made him a lawyer—as the King afterwards forced him to court, and made a statesman of him—in both cases against his will. Erasmus testifies to his friendship having been the friendship of all friendships—the salient overflowing of his abounding heart. These would probably have proved securities enough against being carried down the stream with the jesting Pilates. But their was a security behind, greater still. His confidence in the dignity, after death, with which Religion has invested man.

More was in his lifetime reputed witty, in the ancient sense of wise. His wisdom, however, was at fault on some great occasions, public and private. His two marriages were equally unworthy of him. By the most rational account of them, they belong to the leaden age of the profession,—when lawyers, it is said, employed their clerks to choose their wives. But there are happy natures which cannot be made unhappy; and, as More's Socratic tranquillity stood the test of Alice Middleton, we can believe in all that is reported of his happiness with Jane Colt. We recommend our friends, however, rather to trust to his verses—*qualis uxor deligenda*—than to his example. He paid dearer for his other folly,—that of allowing himself to be made Chancellor while the King's divorce was yet unsettled. It imposed on him the

painful necessity of being chairman to the committee, where the frivolous charges against Wolsey were prepared. All the worse because Wolsey, having feared him always more than loved him, had yet told the King that he was the only proper person to succeed him. We do not believe that More spoke both the speech at his installation, where he is made to compare himself, coming after Wolsey, to 'the lighting of a candle when the sun is down,' and also the speech, a few days afterwards, at the opening of Parliament, where he calls Wolsey 'the great wether, lately fallen, who had juggled with the king, so craftily, scabbedly, and untruly!' Lord Campbell, we are afraid, is right in thinking that the first of these speeches is the one which he did not speak. To be sure, one of his epigrams is addressed to Wolsey, the contradiction of which is quite as great. It was sent together with a copy of Erasmus's New Testament; and Wolsey is described in it, not only as the generous patron of men of letters, but as a perfect Christian and perfect judge! We had rather, that More should not have had to plead the privilege of a poet. But what was more purely and personally rash in him, was the dilemma, the inextricable dilemma, in which he now involved himself respecting the divorce. Four years before, he had evaded the question put to him by the King; and had referred him to divines. During the interval he had observed a prudent silence; so much so, that both parties are said to have reckoned upon his support. Within a few months of his appointment, he gave way a little. We find him submitting to subscribe a letter to Pope Clement in the name of the nation, complaining of his partiality, and threatening to apply the remedy without his interference. Nearly two years afterwards, (a few weeks only before his resignation,) he went down to the House of Commons with the box of foreign opinions, which declared the marriage void. Upon the authority of these opinions, he desired all 'of the Common House to report in their counties, that the King had not attempted this matter of will or pleasure; but only for the discharge of his conscience, and the security of the succession of his realm.' After this faint-heartedness, no wonder he welcomed his fortitude on the question of the supremacy with the joyful exclamation, (which the weaker Cranmer might afterwards have echoed after worse misgivings,) 'I thank

God, the field is won!' More's zeal against the Reformation was now rising. We hope that he may not have been considering it a solemn duty to accept an office, where, according to his own account of their position to his son Roper, 'we sit high upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants.' Erasmus had foreseen the danger; and had grieved, therefore, at his friend's promotion. Under these feelings he congratulated him on his resignation, and trusted that he had now escaped.

More's personal religion had been marked by so much enthusiasm and singularity from his youth upwards, that we would have rather trusted his judgment, and even his temper, on any other subject. He carried the cross himself in the religious processions of the parish; and while he was Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, coming to dine with him at Chelsea, found him at church with a surplice on his back, singing among the choristers! When the Reformation, 'with the ungracious heresy against the blessed sacrament of the altar,' &c., appealed from the priesthood to the people, and with confidence and insults presumed to desecrate the most reverent feelings and habits of his life, the outrage on the very sanctuary of his nature was more than he could bear. His animosity to the Reformers has been half excused on the supposition that it was principally political, and was grounded upon apprehensions for the public peace. This was true of the timid Erasmus; who had no turn for enthusiasm or martyrdom. Not so More. Quite the contrary. The degree in which his animosity can be fairly called political, is only an aggravation of the bigotry which made it so; for it made him first believe, that no one could connect himself with these new sects of error, (especially after reading his answers to their books,) without having beforehand determined to be bad! (*Sed isti generi hominum quibus malos esse libido est, nullâ ratione satisfeceris.*) This to be said of the good men, then alive, of whom this world was not worthy! In the epitaph which he drew up for himself, immediately after resigning, he acknowledges by the gentle word *molestus*, that he had made himself disagreeable 'to thieves, murderers, and heretics.' Writing to Erasmus, he repeats this avowal, justifies it, and glories in it. *Quod in epitaphio profiteor, hereticis me molestum fuisse, ambitiosè feci.* For, he

adds, he so hated that race of men, that he was desirous of being thoroughly hated by them in return; his experience of them satisfying him every day more and more, how much there was to fear from them for the world. The nature of these fears, as elsewhere stated to his son, came very much to this,—the probability, that the day might come when he would gladly wish to be at league and composition with them; for those of the old religion to let the heretics have their churches, so that the heretics would be contented to let those of the old religion have also theirs.

Of course, we accept at once More's own account of the extent of the severities by which he labored the suppression of heretics. If a man of his sweetness and moderation can have thought nothing of the severities he owns to, the more the pity. It is clear to us from his own language, that he did not shrink from the responsibility of putting heretics into bonds; and that he would not have sought shelter under the pretext, that to imprison them was a legal obligation, from which he could not escape. The letter, in which Erasmus first notices the report of More's removal from the Chancellorship, mentions that his successor was said to have immediately set at liberty the prisoners whom More had put in confinement for differences of faith, (*protinus liberos dimiserit quos Morus ob contentiosa dogmata conjecerat in vincula.*) More openly rejoiced at the deaths of Zwingle and Cæcolampada. The very best of the Reformers, it is true, were either the doers or the advocates of much worse things. Peter Martyr adjured all magistrates to take up the persecuting sword as one of their most solemn duties. Bullinger applauded Calvin for murdering Servetus by the hands of the Senate of Geneva, both before and after that savage deed. Nor was the voice of the gentle Melancthon wanting to this chorus-cry for blood. *Affirmo etiam vestros magistratus justè fecisse, quòd hominem blasphemum, re ordine judicatò, interfecerunt.* Nearly a hundred years afterwards, Ellesmere, indifferent enough himself, gave his official sanction to the burning of two Arians, Legate and Wightman, in honor of the polemics of King James. Later still: the Commonwealth Parliament had to thank Whitelock for saving it from the infamy of having put to death Naylor, the Quaker. These men knew not what they did. They had never thought of toleration but as a sin. It was

More's distinction that he had seen a light which was hid from others, and had held it up as a beacon to the world. How came the light in him—the light of reason and of mercy—to go out?

More had only a short time—two years and a half—in which to terrify heretics, as Chancellor. Comparing the principles of toleration on which he professed to govern his Utopia, with those on which he afterwards governed England, it is difficult to believe, that, in his character of philosopher, he had really changed at fifty, the opinions which he had deliberately formed and published at thirty-six. It is equally difficult to believe, that any thing had occurred in the conduct of the reformers at home, or even abroad, between 1516 and 1529, (the dates in question,) by which More could justify, in his character of statesman, a different method of proceeding with regard to religious differences at the two periods. The passage in the *Utopia* is too just and too remarkable, not to be set out at length on this occasion. A sentence or two from Erasmus's account of More's *Utopia*, written two years after its publication, will be sufficient to establish that it was intended, at the time, by its author, for a more practical purpose than a philosophical romance. 'More published his *Utopia* with this object, (says Erasmus,) to show how commonwealths might be better managed. But he had England principally in his eye, which he knows thoroughly.'—(*Letter to Hutten.*) Let us see, therefore, what was the counsel which More tendered to his countrymen in 1516. We wonder whether, in 1530, he ever thought of it; and in what way (we have no doubt an honest one) he reconciled to himself this, the most painful of all the contradictions of his many-sided life. The following passage contains the substance of More's legislative creed, in nearly his very words:—'The founder of the commonwealth of Utopia enacted, that every man might be of what religion he pleased, and that whosoever should use any other force but that of persuasion against the opinions of others, was condemned to banishment or slavery. This law was made, not only for preserving the public peace, but because he thought the interest of religion itself required it. He seemed to doubt whether those different forms of religion might not all come from God, who might inspire men differently, he being possibly pleased with a variety in it; and so he

thought it was a very indecent and foolish thing for any man to frighten and threaten other men to believe any thing, because it seemed true to him. There were, accordingly, many different forms of religion among them, which, however, agreed so entirely in the main point, (worshipping the Divine essence,) that while every sect performed the rites which were peculiar to it in their private houses, there was nothing to be seen or heard in their temples in which the several persuasions might not agree. They offer up there, both priests and people, very solemn prayers, in which they acknowledge God to be the author and governor of the world. And, in particular, they bless Him for his goodness in ordering it so, that they are born under a government which is the happiest in the world, and are of a religion that they hope is the truest of all others. But if they are mistaken, and if there is either a better government or a religion more acceptable to God, they implore his goodness to let them know it, vowing that they resolve to follow Him whithersoever He leads them. But if their government is the best, and their religion the truest, then they pray that He may fortify them in it, and bring all the world both to the same rules of life, and to the same opinions concerning Himself, unless, according to the unsearchableness of his mind, He is pleased with a variety of religions.*

We wish that our readers, before they pass on from the character of More, might be persuaded to turn to a most beautiful application of it: we mean the wise and affecting words with which Sir James Mackintosh has concluded his life of More—one of the most charming pieces of biography in any language. We have only one thing further to request of them. When they come to Lord Campbell's life of Stephen Gardiner, we would have them remember, that for the present purpose he may be considered as contemporary with More. If, on the one hand, there is more (much more) to be set against Gardiner out of Fox's *Martyrs* than against More; yet, on the other hand, Gardiner had a deep injury to resent—the injury of his own cruel imprisonment—while More had none. More, also, had once known better. Gardiner was probably no wiser than his age. There is one other distinction.

* Bishop Burnet's *Translation of More's Utopia*.

We know at present of no such interpositions by More on behalf of heretics, as are commemorated of Gardiner both by Harrington and Ascham. It is good for the austere man's acts of mercy to be followed by their reward. The Protestant schoolmaster of Jane Grey and of Elizabeth was protected by the Popish Chancellor of Mary; and the grateful testimony of Ascham in memory of his protector, who in days of danger had guarded 'the Muses' Bower,' is recorded in a spirit which Milton would not have disdained.

Lord Campbell's second volume carries us from the Reformation to the civil wars; from our first effectual movement towards Religious Liberty—in which we had much encouragement from abroad—towards the first free development of the English Constitution, where we had every thing to do at home. In the first of these movements the nation had no assistance from its Ecclesiastical Chancellors. Its Civilian Chancellors were not of much more service to it in the second. There is not the name of a Chancellor among the signatures to *Magna Charta*. The cause of this continued to the end.

The period now in hand embraces only a hundred years, and some twenty Chancellors. Yet what a pregnant and momentous period! It brings us in immediate contact with causes and effects; and with grave historic names, with all of which we are, more or less, familiar. There are Gardiner, Bromley, and Hatton; Ellesmere, Williams, and Coventry. A fourth of the space is occupied by one family—father and son. The prudent Nicholas Bacon, Keeper to Queen Elizabeth, (a Queen wise and heroic, notwithstanding all her transgressions and failings,) sat in the judgment-seat of Chancery upwards of twenty years. Four short years were all too long for his imprudent, unheroic, yet immortal son! We have room to speak only of that son; and only of his faults. Since, for his genius, and for the glory of it, the world is not large enough to contain them.

'A fairer person lost not heaven: he seem'd
For dignity composed and high exploits . . .
His tongue dropt manna.'

Clarendon and Bacon have both left us a comparison between a contemplative and active life. Men born *rebus agendis*, full of outward movement, have seldom time to raise these questions unless in intervals of compulsory retirement. But to men

born for contemplation, the comparison is constantly recurring. To nobody oftener than to Bacon; and nobody was more conscious that he had chosen wrong. It was an evil day for him when, on his being taken as a marvellous child to Queen Elizabeth, she called him, in compliment to his father, (one of those compliments by which she paid all services, and yet won all men to her service,) her young Lord Keeper. We never think of these ill-omened words but as of a spell uttered over him by a perverse fairy, who, in uttering them, had read backwards the natural history of his life—had poured in at his dreamy ear the fumes of a poor ambition—and beckoned him on, by the delusive seals floating in the perspective, into the way he certainly should *not* have gone. He was painfully aware that it would have been well for himself, and for mankind, if he had never exchanged the Court of Trinity for that of Greenwich. He was dedicated by nature a High Priest of knowledge, human and divine; and he turned himself into a Crown Lawyer! She designed him for the rival of Aristotle, not Coke—not to be directing the torture of wretched suspected traitors, but to interrogate herself on the kindly rack of wise Experiments. The noble task even of historian or legislator for England was below his calling. He was to be the reviser and reformer of her own great laws, made dark and of small effect through men's traditions. And for what was it that he broke his vows, and laid aside, or grievously interrupted 'his vast contemplative ends,' during the drudgeries of Term and Parliament? He left it for a life truly much more alien and debasing than the most humbling legends concerning his immortal contemporary—that contemporary, whom perhaps he never saw, except it might be (as the legends go) holding gentlemen's horses at the playhouse door, or acting the Ghost in his own Hamlet. Yet how really kin to him was Shakspeare? Much more so than Robert Cecil, the cousin-german, whom he sought in vain to wheedle, by affecting that he had ever thought there was some sympathy of nature between them, though accidents had not suffered it to appear! How much farther even than generous and surly Ben, would Shakspeare have seen into the only greatness Bacon could never want—that of the philosophy and the poetry of their common genius! He was, as he said, a man of books; and in all that concerned

states or greatness few cases might be new to him. But it is evident that Elizabeth was right, when he grew to manhood, in regarding him as incapable of turning his speculations to profitable actions. Her successor also found out, and told him, that 'he was not made for small matters.' Yet small matters make up ninety-nine parts out of a hundred of public life as well as private. What the world may have lost by so misplacing Bacon, the world will never know. We only know it got little in return. While, alas for himself!—in all he did to be made Chancellor, and in what he did when made so—the loss to himself was *total*—the loss of happiness and of honor!

Our knowledge of Bacon—of all that is most fatal to his character, up to the time of his Chancellorship,—is derived from his own Letters. But for them, the gossip of his contemporaries would have been unheard of or disbelieved. On asking the name of the cruel adversary who discovered and betrayed them, what is our astonishment at finding, that, as through life he had been a friend to nobody but himself, so on this occasion it was he himself who had been his greatest enemy! Among his very latest letters is one to his successor, by this time Ex-Keeper Williams, (he had been just turned out by Buckingham,) addressed to him for the purpose of depositing them with him for posterity; since many of them, as touching on late affairs of state, might not be fit to be published yet. Here we see him in a succession of begging letters, (such letters as can seldom push their way to any other secretary but that of a mendicity society,) begging for place or for promotion, as men starving beg for bread. We put our hand over the page at last, as much from being sick of its monotony, as from a sense of shame. The importunity is the more degrading, since he could not possibly suppose that he had been passed by unintentionally. It is here that we see him false to the generous Essex, the only friend he ever had; and base to Buckingham, 'the matchless friend,' who knew him and despised him; as pedantic and as cowardly as the sovereign whom he corrupted by his adulation; and even as arrogant and insolent to Coke, in cold blood and bitter spirit, as was ever Coke himself to Raleigh and the other unhappy men whom that most savage of Attorneys insulted, hacked, and mangled, before he turned them over to the halter or the axe.

The debasement of the marriage institution by the sale of infant wards, was one of the most corrupting consequences of the feudal system. But the evil habits it introduced, can be no excuse for the marriage brocage correspondence of a grown-up man;—not even of Francis North, much less of Francis Bacon. He seems to have got on as ill with his wife almost as Coke; and has immortalized their quarrels in his Will. Coke was too stout-hearted, we should think, to have transferred his hatred of Lady Hatton into this solemn instrument. But the government, upon his death, carried off his Will with his other papers; and it was no more heard of.

On reading Bacon's Letters, we feel that, for the first time, we are learning from them his true nature. It is now, too, we first can understand how it was, that the Cecils would never take to heart the interests of a relation of whom they would be naturally so proud. What alone, for instance, after all that had passed betwixt them, could Lord Salisbury have thought of the looseness and absurdity of his 'protesting before God, that if he knew in what course of life to do him best service, he would take it, and make his thoughts, which now flew to many pieces, to be reduced to that centre.' Literary vanity (like other vanities) must be paid for. But the vanity of following the example of Cicero and Pliny, was dearly purchased by the scandal of the revelations which are laid open in these Letters. It cannot have been insensibility to shame: it looks more like an unconsciousness of any thing deserving blame. All people are proverbially unfair judges in their own cause. With most, however, this is an unfairness of degree. Yet instances arise, from time to time, in which extreme selfishness appears to have absolutely destroyed, wherever the parties themselves are interested, the optic nerve on which our moral perceptions depend for light. Such people may be the best advisers in the world for other persons; yet, nevertheless, they may exemplify to perfection the prudent maxim of the courts, that he who is his own counsellor has a fool for his client. Montesquieu's striking character of Cicero—*Un beau génie, mais une âme souvent commune*—applies still more strikingly to Bacon. For we are afraid, if Bacon's genius was of a higher order than Cicero's, his spirit was proportionally lower; and that he was much

more constant in consulting his spirit, not his genius, in every thing that concerned himself.

The evil habits which led to Bacon's fall, and his conduct on his impeachment, are in keeping with his former life; only that, to our own mind, they are far from being as dishonorable—bribery and all—as the greater part of it. He said, and we have no doubt truly, that he had never been reputed avaricious. The jackdaw taste for hoarding was not among his weaknesses. But he was expensive beyond his means; and it is the empty bag which finds it hard to stand upright. Where the fund was to come from for defraying these expenses, was not thought of at all, or not in time. The pressure came—a pressure to be met only by stern, inviolable principles; by that kind of instinct in practical virtue which Bacon never had. The vague way in which he generalized over his affairs, is singularly illustrated by the provisions of his will. He is founding Lectureships in the Universities; when, if he had looked back upon his most recent Letters, he would have learned that his honest debts were ill provided for. His difficulties, and finally his disgrace, were probably very much contributed to by his careless government of his dependents. It was quite in character that he should let them have things their own way, and leave them to themselves. When his grateful servant, Meautys, put up that most interesting of all monuments, '*Franciscus Bacon sic sedebat*,' it was not only from reverence;—we doubt not but that the recollection of many kindnesses brought tears, at the time, into his eyes. But other men, whose lives will bear as little examining as Bacon's, have been soft and indulgent masters. Persons, not strict themselves, cannot easily be strict with others; and the false indulgence which corrupts and ruins, is neither a virtue nor a kindness. There is, indeed, a strange anecdote told of Bacon; and (stranger still) we have seen it cited as a favorable instance of his charity. According to the story, when he was informed that his servants were robbing him, taking money from his closet, all he said was, 'Ay, poor men, that is their portion.' A pretty school this, truly, for the servants of a Judge, presiding in a court of arbitrary equity, with no precedents and few rules! What chance, in that case, of protection for a suitor against harpy hands? We know from Norburie, that annuities and

pensions were made out of *the favors* of the Court, such as fixing days of hearing, &c. The credit of the story may probably be reducible to the inference which bystanders would draw, of the uselessness of remonstrance with a master so careless or corrupt, that the liberties which he allowed his servants to be taking with other people, were only those which they were taking with himself.

The narrative of Bacon's behaviour on his impeachment lies in small compass. At the first news of the accusation he is full of confidence—'desiring no privilege of greatness.' He is 'as innocent as any born upon St. Innocent's Day.' Before the week is over, however, he 'flies unto the King's Majesty with the wings of a dove, which once within these seven days he thought would have carried him a higher flight.' Though still, 'on entering into himself, he cannot find the materials of such a tempest as is come upon him.' A month passes. He has by this time understood the particulars of the charge, not formally from the House, but enough to inform his conscience and his memory. Upon which he suddenly falls back upon 'the justification of Job:' confesses his sin 'without fig-leaves!' and moveth their Lordships to condemn and censure him; only begging of them 'charitably to wind about the particulars of the charge, here and there, as God shall put it into their minds—and so submits himself wholly to their piety and grace.' The utmost of his desire is, now, that his penitent submission might be his sentence, and the loss of the Seals his punishment. At the same time, like a good citizen, he professes to find gladness in the reflection, that 'the greatness of a magistrate hereafter will be no sanctuary for guiltiness; which, in few words, is the beginning of a golden world.' It is melancholy to see him in this extremity, when 'prostrating himself before the mercy-seat' of James, take credit with his master for not moving him to interpose his absolute power of pardon between the sentence of the House; and reserve for the royal ear the pitiful palliation of a courtier—that he 'was still a virgin for matters which concerned his crown or person.' He is even playful with his disgrace: 'Because he that hath taken bribes is apt to give bribes, I will go further, and present your Majesty with a bribe. For, if your Majesty give me peace and leisure, and God give me life, I will present your Majesty with a

good History of England, and a better Digest of your laws.' Strange levity at such a moment, on such a subject!—a levity as impossible for Sir Thomas More, as More's own jesting on the scaffold was unintelligible to Lord Herbert;—more inconsistent and perplexing than even the boisterous pleasantries of Cromwell to the placid taste and judgment of David Hume. Bacon calls upon the King with his accustomed eloquence, and with all the freedom of truth and virtue, to go on with the good work. How little did he foresee that, within twenty years, the civil reformation, of which he considered himself to be, as it were, the first martyr, would have destroyed his favorite Star-Chamber as well! 'Your Majesty's Star-Chamber, next to your court of Parliament, is your highest chair. You never came upon that mount but your garments did shine before you went off. It is the supreme court of judicature ordinary; it is an open council. Nothing, I could think, would be more reasonable than that your Majesty would be pleased to come thither in person, and make there an open declaration that you purpose to pursue the reformation which the Parliament hath begun.' What innocent person could advise more coolly? To the day of his death, Bacon seems to have been unable to see his own offence as he must have seen it in any other person. How differently had he seen it, from the heights of his lofty speculation upon human life, and the 'Colors of good and evil,' when, in his noble 'Essay upon Judicature,' he had proclaimed to Judges, that, 'above all things, integrity was their proper virtue; that the place of justice was a hallowed place; that not only the bench, but the footpace and purprise thereof ought to be preserved from scandal; for justice cannot yield her fruit with sweetness among the brambles of catching clerks.'

In accordance with his blindness to his real position, there are found among these later Letters, much sorrow for himself on thinking over 'from what height fallen;' much vain sawing also upon Buckingham, who had not forgiven his interference about his brother's marriage, and was now only scheming to extort from him, in his calamity, the surrender of York House. 'God above,' he supplicates to him, 'is my witness, that I have ever loved and honored your lordship, as much, I think, as any son of Adam can love or honor any thing that is a subject; so yet I protest, that at this

time, low as I am, I had rather sojourn the rest of my life in a college of Cambridge, than recover a good fortune by any other means than yourself.' His frequent tentatives upon the coxcomb heart of James were long as fruitless. 'I have been ever your man, and counted myself but an usufructory of myself, the property yours.' Mean time the King and Favorite were only thinking of getting him down to Gorbambury out of sight;—plainly telling him, that 'any longer liberty for him to abide in London was a great and general distaste, as he could not but easily conceive, to the whole state.' It was only after the return of the Prince and Buckingham from Spain, that Bacon at last succeeded with the King to pass his pardon. 'I have been somebody by your Majesty's singular and undeserved favor, even the prime-officer of your kingdom; your Majesty's arm hath been often laid over mine in council, when you presided at the table, so near I was. I have borne your Majesty's image in metal, much more in heart. I was never, in nineteen years' service, chidden by your Majesty, but, contrariwise, often overjoyed when your Majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business, *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart; and other most gracious speeches of affection and trust, which I feed on to this day.' These most humiliating entreaties prevailed at last. Yet to the last we see no contrition—no feeling of moral degradation. His imagination is satisfied by making out a difference of shades,—'a difference not between black and white, but between black and grey,'—between his own offence and that of Sir John Bennet; and he writes under the strange impression, that the ignominy of his condition was not in the offence which he had committed, but in the punishment awarded to it. 'I prostrate myself at your Majesty's feet, I, your ancient servant, now sixty-four years old in age, and three years five months old in misery. I desire not from your Majesty means, nor place, nor employment; but only, after so long a time of expiation, a complete and total remission of the sentence of the Upper House, to the end that blot of ignominy may be removed from me, and from my memory with posterity; that I die not a condemned man, but may be to your Majesty, as I am to God, *nova creatura*.'

On this, a pardon of his entire sentence was made out; and he was summoned to Parliament, on the accession of King Charles, the succeeding year.

Our reverence for the genius of Bacon is so great; we have that sense of what we owe him for the delight and profit mankind have reaped from his immortal writings; we feel so deeply what it is we lose in hope and glory, and how all that is most magnificent in the prospects of human nature is clouded over by that melancholy antithesis which holds forth Bacon as at once 'the wisest and the meanest of mankind,' that nothing can be thought of in the way of monument or reward which ought not to be gratefully bestowed, not only by fellow-countrymen, but by fellow-men, for a nobler restoration of attainted blood than ever fell to the office of any herald, upon the man who should indeed remove 'the blot of ignominy' from that still most resplendent name. But, unfortunately, the facts, and the one rational construction of them, admit of neither gloss nor question. By attempting to disturb the verdict of his contemporaries, we could not hope to make the least impression upon any one acquainted with the subject; whilst we should disqualify our judgment, prove ourselves disloyal to the truth of History, and rub out the line between right and wrong which it is the very province of History and of virtue to preserve. We know there is a silly notion, that Bacon made his submission to oblige and cover James. Nothing is less true. His disgrace, as well as that of Middlesex soon afterwards, were serious embarrassments to the government, and were personally grave annoyances to the King.

To rush to the conclusion, that, because Bacon was corrupt, all lawyers were rogues, was a vulgar generalization, natural enough to James; but it would not be less absurd to suppose that Bacon was sacrificed from any Court intrigue, or from any love for Bishop Williams, or from any abstract wish for a Churchman as Lord Keeper. Many witnesses might be called. We will call only one; but that one shall be Hale. He was the friend and executor of Selden. Selden was compiling his *Treatise on the Judicature of the Lords* during the time that Bacon's impeachment was going forward. He glanced at the impeachment in its proper place, and passed on. Hale in a similar work, nearly fifty years afterwards, had occasion to explain the circumstances under which the House of

Lords had first obtained jurisdiction over Appeals from the Court of Chancery. In doing this, he was compelled to refer to the case of Bacon. And he refers to it in language which must dispose, we fear for ever, of Bacon's last subterfuge, that he had sold justice, not injustice. 'The Lord Verulam, being Chancellor, made many decrees upon most gross bribery and corruption, for which he was deeply censured in the Parliament of 18 *Jac.* And this gave such a discredit and brand to the decrees thus obtained, that they were easily allowed; and made way in the Parliament of 3 *Car.*, for the like attempt against decrees made by other Chancellors.* Hale objected strongly to this innovation, on reasons both of policy and law; but nobody will suspect him, on that account, of misrepresenting the Chancellor, through whose corruption the appellate jurisdiction had happened to get in.

Perhaps no two men ever stood so long and so near together, who were in greater contrast than Bacon and Coke—the one the master of universal philosophy and reason—the other the oracle of the English common law. It is difficult to conceive two men more unlike in their intellectual and moral natures—in what was good or bad in them. What one had, the other wanted—what one wanted, the other had. Bacon was misled by his easy nature and ordinary moderation—by the consciousness of genius, as well as by the flattery, whether of silent wonder or tumultuous applause, which, amidst all his mortifications, must have often followed him. He was not aware that he had offended any one; he concluded, therefore, that he had no enemies. It never occurred to him that he had loved nobody at all; that he had never obliged a human being by opening out his heart to him, or by any testimony of true affection! And that, therefore, though he might have dependents, or, in our homeliest Saxon-English, might have hangers-on, he could scarcely hope to make a friend: certainly could not keep one. He thought himself a general favorite—was ostentatious in discourse on the popularity he presumed upon—and he was only roused out of the pleasant dream by the sudden storm under which he reeled for a moment, and then fell. The situation of Coke was precisely opposite. His forbidding manners were made still more repulsive through his wear-

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* The noblest passage in all Ben Jonson's writings is his protest in defence of Bacon. What would we not give, that we could see in it proof of any thing but that every faculty belonging to its writer was overwhelmed, subdued, and dazzled by a genius, which some have conjectured that most of his countrymen were slow in apprehending? 'My conceit towards his person was never increased toward him by his place or honors; but I have, and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever by his work one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity, I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.'

* Hale's *Jurisdiction*, c. xxxiii.

From Tait's Magazine.

BELL'S LIFE OF CANNING.

"The Life of the Right Hon. George Canning." By Robert Bell, author of *"The History of Russia," "Lives of English Poets," &c. &c.* Post octavo, pp. 368. Chapman & Hall.

THE deep and almost universal regret felt for the premature loss of Canning, though it may in part be ascribed to the liberal views of policy which distinguished the last years of his public life, was, we think, not a little honorable to the naturally generous sentiments of the British people, who had something both to forgive and forget in the past history of the most brilliant of modern political adventurers. This appellation is applied with no purpose of disparagement, but solely as the only term which may properly describe the early position and lucky star of a friendless young man, who, among ten thousand blanks, drew the great prize; and who rose into eminence as much from a combination of fortunate accidents, as by the native force of his character and vigor of his intellect. How Canning made the first great step remains a mystery, which Mr. Bell has not satisfactorily cleared up. The solution may probably be simple: Mr. Pitt, in a pressing emergency, was sorely in want of aides-de-camp in the House of Commons, and of subordinates and useful auxiliaries in the government; and here, ready at his beck, was a young man of brilliant talents, and of great future promise,—not the worse for being crimped from the enemy's ranks; and who, called into public life by himself, and unfettered by either party or family connexions, might be moulded to his purposes, and relied upon in every exigency, as a loyal, and perhaps an unscrupulous adherent. The career of Canning went far to justify the sagacity of Mr. Pitt in his choice of an instrument; though, if the statements of Lady Hester Stanhope are to be received without question, it must be believed that the declining chief became, at last, somewhat jealous of the man whom he had elevated. However all this may be, it is not a little singular that, in this writing and publishing age, no personal memoir of a statesman so remarkable in his fortunes, so distinguished by accomplishments, and latterly so popular with the nation, should have ap-

peared for a quarter of a century after his decease. Many must have been ready and willing for the task; but a great want existed, which, we fear, is not yet supplied,—namely, the want of materials.

The family and friends of Mr. Canning may either think that the time has not yet come for laying his personal history beneficially before the world; or reasons may exist, though they can hardly be good reasons, which make them dislike to recur to his early connexions and adventures. This much is certain,—that though Mr. Bell has turned accessible materials to the best possible account, and spared no pains in research, he has produced little that is at once new and valuable in the biography of Canning. Wishing posterity much good of the treasures in store for it in the private papers and familiar correspondence of Canning, which will come to light one day, we must meanwhile make the best of what we have here obtained.

Mr. Bell possesses one quality which, if not essential, yet, where it is unaffected, ever lends a grace to the biographer—sincere admiration of his hero. To him, Canning is a great statesman, as well as a consummate orator, and a highly accomplished and virtuous man. The mantle of his love is even lapped over the failings of those of Canning's near relatives, to whom the world will be much more niggard of its charity. Not content with tracing his descent to the Cannings of Garvagh, a family of Irish gentry, and also finding for him an English descent from the Cannings of Foxcote, his immediate ancestor, his father, the eldest son and heir of Garvagh, who appears to have been not a little of a scapegrace, is made out to have been an ill-used and unfortunate young gentleman of liberal sentiments, persecuted by a tyrannical father for presuming to differ with him in politics. The facts are, that from some low or indiscreet amor, or other misconduct left in obscurity, the son and heir was cast off, and, with an annuity of £150, came to London, where he studied law, as many gay young Irishmen then studied law, wrote fugitive verses and articles for the miscellanies of the day, of a character which procured him the friendship of Wilkes, and, according to Mr. Bell, a victory over Smollet. The case made out for this gentleman is but lame. After hanging loose on London society for eleven years, he got rid of his debts, by consenting to cut off the entail of the estate, and was

soon again as deeply in debt as ever. To mend his condition, he at this time married a young Irish lady, a Miss Costello, very pretty, and as poor as himself. Mr. Canning now became a wine-merchant, and tried different plans to maintain his family, but failed in them all, and died upon the first anniversary of the birth-day of his distinguished son. This was the 11th of April, 1771. His allowance of £150 a-year was immediately stopped, as Mr. Canning's marriage had been a fresh offence to his family. How his young widow and her child were supported after his decease, is unknown. After an interval of some years, Mrs. Canning appeared on the London stage, under the auspices of Garrick, and with the advantage of high patronage; but wanting talent and experience, she failed, and sank into an inferior provincial actress. Nor was this her worst misfortune. In this wandering and exposed condition, the friendless young woman formed a connexion with a drunken and thoroughly profligate actor, named Reddish, who was in the habit of producing different young actresses under the equivocal character of "Mrs. Reddish." Mr. Bell regards the legal claim of Mrs. Canning, to the name of Reddish, as good; and she, at all events, paid the full penalty of connecting herself with this infamous and worthless person, who, after lingering out several years in the Lunatic Asylum of York, died there.

"Mrs. Reddish" was still playing in different provincial theatres. When at Plymouth she captivated a Mr. Hunn, a stage-struck silk-mercator, who failed in business shortly after his marriage; and attempting the stage, failed there too. He, however, obtained some other employment, and died leaving his wife with two daughters and a son. Whatever may have been the imprudences of Mrs. Reddish, or Mrs. Hunn, she must have possessed some good, and many engaging qualities; for under the most trying circumstances, she retained the respect and warm affection of her gifted son. As a child, and a very young boy, he had shared her evil fortunes, when at their lowest ebb; and though early estranged from her care, nothing ever lessened Canning's devoted and heartfelt attachment to his unfortunate mother. Let us look for an instant at the childhood of the future leading boy of Eton, and Prime Minister of England.

The childhood of George Canning was

passed under the inauspicious guardianship of Mr. Reddish, whose disorderly habits excluded the possibility of moral or intellectual training. The profligacy of his life communicated its reckless tone to his household, and even the material wants of his family were frequently neglected to feed his excesses elsewhere. Yet amidst these unpropitious circumstances, the talents of the child attracted notice; and Moody, the actor, who had constant opportunities of seeing him, became strongly interested in his behalf. Moody was a blunt, honest man, of rough bearing, but of the kindest disposition; and foreseeing that the boy's ruin would be the inevitable consequence of the associations by which he was surrounded, he resolved to bring the matter at once under the notice of his uncle, Mr. Stratford Canning. The step was a bold one;—for there had been no previous intercourse between the families, although the boy was then seven or eight years old. But it succeeded. Moody drew an indignant picture of the boy's situation; declared that he was on the high-road to the "gallows" (that was the word;) dwelt upon the extraordinary promise he displayed; and warmly predicted, that if proper means were taken for bringing him forward in the world, he would one day become a great man. Mr. Stratford Canning was at first extremely unwilling to interfere; and it was not until the negotiation was taken up by other branches of the family, owing to honest Moody's perseverance, that he ultimately consented to take charge of his nephew, upon condition that the intercourse with his mother's connexions should be strictly abridged.

Having undertaken this responsibility, Mr. Stratford Canning discharged it faithfully.

There are varying accounts of whence the funds came, which supported young Canning at school and the university. His first school was that of Hyde Abbey, near Winchester, on the master of which he afterwards bestowed a prebendal stall in Winchester Cathedral; and by the advice, it is said, of Mr. Fox, he was sent to Eton.

At the house of his uncle, a zealous Whig, George Canning was early introduced to Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and the other leading Whigs, among whom he became a favorite. He was speedily distinguished at Eton, where he had for contemporaries the Marquis of Wellesley, and the late Earl Grey. They, with others, were also his associates in a kind of debating society, or mimic parliament, where unfledged orators and politicians tried their powers, and impeded their wings for higher flights, and where, it is said, "he soon won distinction by the vigor and clearness of his speeches, anticipating, upon the themes of the hour,

the larger views of the future statesman." Already the staid, serious, and studious lad, appeared to be forecasting his future career. In the diary of Wilberforce, it is said, "Canning never played at games with the other boys; quite a man; fond of acting; decent and moral." His conduct to his mother all this while, is yet better evidence of his ripe and noble character, and sound heart.

He made it a sacred rule to write to her every week, no matter what might be the pressure of private anxiety or public business. His letters were the charm and solace of her life; she cherished them with proud and tender solicitude, and always carried them about her person to show them exultingly to her friends. In his boyhood, his correspondence treated upon every subject of interest on which his mind was engaged—his studies, his associates, his prospects, his dream of future distinction, nourished in the hope that its realization might enable him, at last, to place his mother in a position of independence. And when he finally reached the height of that dream, he continued to manifest the same earnest and faithful feelings. No engagements of any kind were ever suffered to interrupt his regular weekly letter.

When Mrs. Hunn was performing at Plymouth, he would sometimes leave his studies at Lincoln's Inn, to comfort her with his presence; and whenever he came it was a Saturnalia! Shortly before her final settlement at Bath, in 1807, she resided at Winchester, where she had some cousins in an inferior walk of life; and when her son—at that time the centre of popular admiration wherever he moved—used to visit her there, it was his delight to walk out in company with these humble friends, and with them to receive his "salutations and greetings in the market-place." One recognizes a great man in such behaviour.

It had always been an object of paramount anxiety with him to take his mother off the stage; and the first use he made of the first opportunity that presented itself, was to carry that object into effect.

On retiring with Mr. Pitt, in 1801, from the office of under-secretary of state, Canning was entitled to a pension of £500 a-year, which he requested to have settled on his mother. There have surely been worse acts of public men than this, for which Canning was reviled by party-writers, through half his remaining life.

While Canning was at Eton, and still under seventeen, *The Microcosm*, a small weekly paper, of which a great deal has been said, was projected by him and a few of the more accomplished Etonians, and

obtained a degree of celebrity 'which would, we apprehend, be looked for in vain in these days of penny literature,—when every manufacturing town annually produces more good verse and prose, than all the great schools and universities put together. Every subsequent imitation of *The Microcosm*, has failed, though some of them do not fall much short of the original. It was a lucky hit, and Canning, its principal supporter, also gained the largest share of its laurels. He was at this time, and while at Oxford, an ardent Whig, and was confirmed in this political bias, not only by his uncle, but by intercourse with the great Whig leaders.

Canning's university vacations were usually spent at some of their seats, where the sprightly talents of the young and well-conducted Oxonian, and his facility in verse-making, a mighty accomplishment in those days, ensured his social success. This profitable kind of relaxation did not lessen his diligence in study. His persevering industry at all times equalled his sparkling brilliancy. He had early learned the important lesson of relying upon himself, and of exactly measuring and estimating his own position. Canning left Oxford with a high reputation, sustained both by solid acquirements and literary achievements; and went to study at Lincoln's Inn. This step affords Mr. Bell an opportunity of describing the political and social state of the two great parties of the day; that of Fox, and the Prince of Wales, with the Whig Clubs and Devonshire House in the back-ground; and that of Mr. Pitt, with George III., the Court, and the Tory aristocracy, at his back. This was, perhaps, the most brilliant era of party in this country; the period when wit, beauty, rank, and talent, lent their blended fascinations to secure recruits into the rival camps. Thus Mr. Bell ascribes the accession of the late Earl Grey to the liberal party, not to his own earnest convictions, nor to the love of freedom, but to the influence of the Duchess of Devonshire, who won "this jewel of price" from Pitt and Toryism, to which he was then inclined, to Fox and Liberalism. The real influence of such fair auxiliaries as the Duchess of Devonshire, or of Canning's early patroness, the beautiful Mrs. Crewe, and the syren Mrs. Sheridan, it is not easy to calculate; and it is probably over-rated by Mr. Bell, who takes a wider and more correct view of the excited state of popular feeling, at the

momentous crisis of the French Revolution, and just when Canning was launched upon public life. Among those, either inspired by the example of the Republicans of France, or who, through the press or the debating societies, at this period canvassed public affairs and public men, was one—

A student of pale and thoughtful aspect, who brought to the nightly contests unusual fluency and grace of elocution. He, too, along with the rest, had been inspired by the heroic spectacle, had pondered upon its causes, and exulted over its prospects. His head was full of constitutions; for his studies lay amongst the elementary writers, rather than the special pleaders and form-mongers of the law. And after a morning of close reading and severe reflection, he would wend his way in the evening to one of these debating-rooms, and taking up his place unobserved, watch the vicissitudes of the discussion, noting well its effect upon the miscellaneous listeners; then, seizing upon a moment when the argument failed from lack of resources, or ran into sophistry or exaggeration, he would present himself to the meeting. A figure slight, but of elegant proportions; a face poetical in repose, but fluctuating in its expression with every fugitive emotion; a voice low, clear, and rich in modulation; and an air of perfect breeding, prepares his hearers for one who possesses superior powers, and is not unconscious of them. He opens calmly—strips his topic of all extraneous matter—distributes it under separate heads—disposes of objections with a playful humor—rebukes the dangerous excesses of preceding speakers—carries his auditors through a complete syllogism—establishes the proposition with which he set out—and sits down amidst the acclamations of the little senate. Night after night witnesses similar feats; at length his name gets out; he is talked of, and speculated upon; and people begin to ask questions about the stripling who has so suddenly appeared amongst them, as if he had fallen from the sky.

But he does not confine his range to the debating societies, which he uses as schools of practice, and as places in which the nature of popular assemblies may be profitably observed. He is frequently to be found in the soirées of the Whig notabilities, where the aristocracy of his style is more at home than amongst the crowds of the forum. Here his cultivated intellect and fastidious taste are appreciated by qualified judges; and these refined circles cry up his accomplishments as eagerly as the others have applauded his patriotism. Popularity besets him on both sides. The societies look to him as a man formed expressly for the people; and the first Lord Lansdowne (stranger still!) predicts to Mr. Bentham that this stripling will one day be prime minister of England! He is plainly on

the high road to greatness of some kind; but how it is to end, whether he is to be a martyr or a minister, is yet a leap in the dark. The crisis approaches that is to determine the doubt.

What follows is, we apprehend, somewhat apocryphal, but we give it as we find it.

While he is revolving these auguries in his mind, and filling his solitary chamber with phantoms of civic crowns and strawberry-leaves, flitting around his head in tantalizing confusion, a note is hurriedly put into his hand, with marks of secrecy and haste. It is from one of whom he has but a slight personal knowledge, but whose notoriety, if we may not venture to call it fame, is familiar to him. The purport of the note is an intimation that the writer desires a confidential interview on matters of importance, and will breakfast with him on the following morning. The abruptness of the self-invitation, the seriousness of the affair it seems to indicate, and the known character of the correspondent, excite the surprise of the law-student, and he awaits his visiter with more curiosity than he chooses to betray.

A small fresh-colored man, with intelligent eyes, an obstinate expression of face, and pressing ardor of manner, makes his appearance the next morning at breakfast. The host is collected, as a man should be who holds himself prepared for a revelation. The guest, unreserved and impatient of delay, hastens to unfold his mission. Amongst the speculators who are thrown up to the surface, in great political emergencies, there are generally some who are misled by the grandeur of their conceptions; and who, in the purity and integrity of their own hearts, cannot see the evil or the danger that lies before them. This was a man of that order. He enters into an animated description of the state of the country, traces the inquietude of the people to its source in the corruption and tyranny of the government, declares that they are resolved to endure oppression no longer, that they are already organized for action, that the auspicious time has arrived to put out their strength, and ends by the astounding announcement, that they have selected *him*—this youth who has made such a stir amongst them—as the fittest person to be placed at the head of the movement. Miracle upon miracle! The astonishment of the youth who receives this communication may well suspend his judgment; he requires an interval to collect himself, and decide; and then, dismissing his strange visiter, shuts himself up to think. In that interval he takes a step which commits him for life. It is but a step from Lincoln's Inn to Downing Street. His faith in the people is shaken. He sees in this theory of regeneration nothing but folly and bloodshed. His reason revolts from all participa-

time, low as I am, I had rather sojourn the rest of my life in a college of Cambridge, than recover a good fortune by any other means than yourself.' His frequent tentatives upon the coxcomb heart of James were long as fruitless. 'I have been ever your man, and counted myself but an usufructory of myself, the property yours.' Mean time the King and Favorite were only thinking of getting him down to Gorbambury out of sight;—plainly telling him, that 'any longer liberty for him to abide in London was a great and general distaste, as he could not but easily conceive, to the whole state.' It was only after the return of the Prince and Buckingham from Spain, that Bacon at last succeeded with the King to pass his pardon. 'I have been somebody by your Majesty's singular and undeserved favor, even the prime-officer of your kingdom; your Majesty's arm hath been often laid over mine in council, when you presided at the table, so near I was. I have borne your Majesty's image in metal, much more in heart. I was never, in nineteen years' service, chidden by your Majesty, but, contrariwise, often overjoyed when your Majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business, *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart; and other most gracious speeches of affection and trust, which I feed on to this day.' These most humiliating entreaties prevailed at last. Yet to the last we see no contrition—no feeling of moral degradation. His imagination is satisfied by making out a difference of shades,—'a difference not between black and white, but between black and grey,'—between his own offence and that of Sir John Bennet; and he writes under the strange impression, that the ignominy of his condition was not in the offence which he had committed, but in the punishment awarded to it. 'I prostrate myself at your Majesty's feet, I, your ancient servant, now sixty-four years old in age, and three years five months old in misery. I desire not from your Majesty means, nor place, nor employment; but only, after so long a time of expiation, a complete and total remission of the sentence of the Upper House, to the end that blot of ignominy may be removed from me, and from my memory with posterity; that I die not a condemned man, but may be to your Majesty, as I am to God, *nova creatura*.'

On this, a pardon of his entire sentence was made out; and he was summoned to Parliament, on the accession of King Charles, the succeeding year.

Our reverence for the genius of Bacon is so great; we have that sense of what we owe him for the delight and profit mankind have reaped from his immortal writings; we feel so deeply what it is we lose in hope and glory, and how all that is most magnificent in the prospects of human nature is clouded over by that melancholy antithesis which holds forth Bacon as at once 'the wisest and the meanest of mankind,' that nothing can be thought of in the way of monument or reward which ought not to be gratefully bestowed, not only by fellow-countrymen, but by fellow-men, for a nobler restoration of attainted blood than ever fell to the office of any herald, upon the man who should indeed remove 'the blot of ignominy' from that still most resplendent name. But, unfortunately, the facts, and the one rational construction of them, admit of neither gloss nor question. By attempting to disturb the verdict of his contemporaries, we could not hope to make the least impression upon any one acquainted with the subject; whilst we should disqualify our judgment, prove ourselves disloyal to the truth of History, and rub out the line between right and wrong which it is the very province of History and of virtue to preserve. We know there is a silly notion, that Bacon made his submission to oblige and cover James. Nothing is less true. His disgrace, as well as that of Middlesex soon afterwards, were serious embarrassments to the government, and were personally grave annoyances to the King.

To rush to the conclusion, that, because Bacon was corrupt, all lawyers were rogues, was a vulgar generalization, natural enough to James; but it would not be less absurd to suppose that Bacon was sacrificed from any Court intrigue, or from any love for Bishop Williams, or from any abstract wish for a Churchman as Lord Keeper. Many witnesses might be called. We will call only one; but that one shall be Hale. He was the friend and executor of Selden. Selden was compiling his Treatise on the Judicature of the Lords during the time that Bacon's impeachment was going forward. He glanced at the impeachment in its proper place, and passed on. Hale in a similar work, nearly fifty years afterwards, had occasion to explain the circumstances under which the House of

Lords had first obtained jurisdiction over Appeals from the Court of Chancery. In doing this, he was compelled to refer to the case of Bacon. And he refers to it in language which must dispose, we fear for ever, of Bacon's last subterfuge, that he had sold justice, not injustice. 'The Lord Verulam, being Chancellor, made many decrees upon most gross bribery and corruption, for which he was deeply censured in the Parliament of 18 *Jac.* And this gave such a discredit and brand to the decrees thus obtained, that they were easily allowed; and made way in the Parliament of 3 *Car.*, for the like attempt against decrees made by other Chancellors.*' Hale objected strongly to this innovation, on reasons both of policy and law; but nobody will suspect him, on that account, of misrepresenting the Chancellor, through whose corruption the appellate jurisdiction had happened to get in.

Perhaps no two men ever stood so long and so near together, who were in greater contrast than Bacon and Coke—the one the master of universal philosophy and reason—the other the oracle of the English common law. It is difficult to conceive two men more unlike in their intellectual and moral natures—in what was good or bad in them. What one had, the other wanted—what one wanted, the other had. Bacon was misled by his easy nature and ordinary moderation—by the consciousness of genius, as well as by the flattery, whether of silent wonder or tumultuous applause, which, amidst all his mortifications, must have often followed him. He was not aware that he had offended any one; he concluded, therefore, that he had no enemies. It never occurred to him that he had loved nobody at all; that he had never obliged a human being by opening out his heart to him, or by any testimony of true affection! And that, therefore, though he might have dependents, or, in our homeliest Saxon-English, might have hangers-on, he could scarcely hope to make a friend: certainly could not keep one. He thought himself a general favorite—was ostentatious in discourse on the popularity he presumed upon—and he was only roused out of the pleasant dream by the sudden storm under which he reeled for a moment, and then fell. The situation of Coke was precisely opposite. His forbidding manners were made still more repulsive through his wear-

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THE deep and almost universal regret felt for the premature loss of Canning, though it may in part be ascribed to the liberal views of policy which distinguished the last years of his public life, was, we think, not a little honorable to the naturally generous sentiments of the British people, who had something both to forgive and forget in the past history of the most brilliant of modern political adventurers. This appellation is applied with no purpose of disparagement, but solely as the only term which may properly describe the early position and lucky star of a friendless young man, who, among ten thousand blanks, drew the great prize; and who rose into eminence as much from a combination of fortunate accidents, as by the native force of his character and vigor of his intellect. How Canning made the first great step remains a mystery, which Mr. Bell has not satisfactorily cleared up. The solution may probably be simple: Mr. Pitt, in a pressing emergency, was sorely in want of aides-de-camp in the House of Commons, and of subordinates and useful auxiliaries in the government; and here, ready at his beck, was a young man of brilliant talents, and of great future promise,—not the worse for being crimped from the enemy's ranks; and who, called into public life by himself, and unfettered by either party or family connexions, might be moulded to his purposes, and relied upon in every exigency, as a loyal, and perhaps an unscrupulous adherent. The career of Canning went far to justify the sagacity of Mr. Pitt in his choice of an instrument; though, if the statements of Lady Hester Stanhope are to be received without question, it must be believed that the declining chief became, at last, somewhat jealous of the man whom he had elevated. However all this may be, it is not a little singular that, in this writing and publishing age, no personal memoir of a statesman so remarkable in his fortunes, so distinguished by accomplishments, and latterly so popular with the nation, should have ap-

peared for a quarter of a century after his decease. Many must have been ready and willing for the task; but a great want existed, which, we fear, is not yet supplied,—namely, the want of materials.

The family and friends of Mr. Canning may either think that the time has not yet come for laying his personal history beneficially before the world; or reasons may exist, though they can hardly be good reasons, which make them dislike to recur to his early connexions and adventures. This much is certain,—that though Mr. Bell has turned accessible materials to the best possible account, and spared no pains in research, he has produced little that is at once new and valuable in the biography of Canning. Wishing posterity much good of the treasures in store for it in the private papers and familiar correspondence of Canning, which will come to light one day, we must meanwhile make the best of what we have here obtained.

Mr. Bell possesses one quality which, if not essential, yet, where it is unaffected, ever lends a grace to the biographer—sincere admiration of his hero. To him, Canning is a great statesman, as well as a consummate orator, and a highly accomplished and virtuous man. The mantle of his love is even lapped over the failings of those of Canning's near relatives, to whom the world will be much more niggard of its charity. Not content with tracing his descent to the Cannings of Garvagh, a family of Irish gentry, and also finding for him an English descent from the Cannings of Foxcote, his immediate ancestor, his father, the eldest son and heir of Garvagh, who appears to have been not a little of a scapegrace, is made out to have been an ill-used and unfortunate young gentleman of liberal sentiments, persecuted by a tyrannical father for presuming to differ with him in politics. The facts are, that from some low or indiscreet amor, or other misconduct left in obscurity, the son and heir was cast off, and, with an annuity of £150, came to London, where he studied law, as many gay young Irishmen then studied law, wrote fugitive verses and articles for the miscellanies of the day, of a character which procured him the friendship of Wilkes, and, according to Mr. Bell, a victory over Smollet. The case made out for this gentleman is but lame. After hanging loose on London society for eleven years, he got rid of his debts, by consenting to cut off the entail of the estate, and was

soon again as deeply in debt as ever. To mend his condition, he at this time married a young Irish lady, a Miss Costello, very pretty, and as poor as himself. Mr. Canning now became a wine-merchant, and tried different plans to maintain his family, but failed in them all, and died upon the first anniversary of the birth-day of his distinguished son. This was the 11th of April, 1771. His allowance of £150 a-year was immediately stopped, as Mr. Canning's marriage had been a fresh offence to his family. How his young widow and her child were supported after his decease, is unknown. After an interval of some years, Mrs. Canning appeared on the London stage, under the auspices of Garrick, and with the advantage of high patronage; but wanting talent and experience, she failed, and sank into an inferior provincial actress. Nor was this her worst misfortune. In this wandering and exposed condition, the friendless young woman formed a connexion with a drunken and thoroughly profligate actor, named Reddish, who was in the habit of producing different young actresses under the equivocal character of "Mrs. Reddish." Mr. Bell regards the legal claim of Mrs. Canning, to the name of Reddish, as good; and she, at all events, paid the full penalty of connecting herself with this infamous and worthless person, who, after lingering out several years in the Lunatic Asylum of York, died there.

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the larger views of the future statesman." Already the staid, serious, and studious lad, appeared to be forecasting his future career. In the diary of Wilberforce, it is said, "Canning never played at games with the other boys; quite a man; fond of acting; decent and moral." His conduct to his mother all this while, is yet better evidence of his ripe and noble character, and sound heart.

He made it a sacred rule to write to her every week, no matter what might be the pressure of private anxiety or public business. His letters were the charm and solace of her life; she cherished them with proud and tender solicitude, and always carried them about her person to show them exultingly to her friends. In his boyhood, his correspondence treated upon every subject of interest on which his mind was engaged—his studies, his associates, his prospects, his dream of future distinction, nourished in the hope that its realization might enable him, at last, to place his mother in a position of independence. And when he finally reached the height of that dream, he continued to manifest the same earnest and faithful feelings. No engagements of any kind were ever suffered to interrupt his regular weekly letter.

When Mrs. Hunn was performing at Plymouth, he would sometimes leave his studies at Lincoln's Inn, to comfort her with his presence; and whenever he came it was a Saturnalia! Shortly before her final settlement at Bath, in 1807, she resided at Winchester, where she had some cousins in an inferior walk of life; and when her son—at that time the centre of popular admiration wherever he moved—used to visit her there, it was his delight to walk out in company with these humble friends, and with them to receive his "salutations and greetings in the market-place." One recognizes a great man in such behaviour.

It had always been an object of paramount anxiety with him to take his mother off the stage; and the first use he made of the first opportunity that presented itself, was to carry that object into effect.

On retiring with Mr. Pitt, in 1801, from the office of under-secretary of state, Canning was entitled to a pension of £500 a-year, which he requested to have settled on his mother. There have surely been worse acts of public men than this, for which Canning was reviled by party-writers, through half his remaining life.

While Canning was at Eton, and still under seventeen, *The Microcosm*, a small weekly paper, of which a great deal has been said, was projected by him and a few of the more accomplished Etonians, and

obtained a degree of celebrity 'which would, we apprehend, be looked for in vain in these days of penny literature,—when every manufacturing town annually produces more good verse and prose, than all the great schools and universities put together. Every subsequent imitation of *The Microcosm*, has failed, though some of them do not fall much short of the original. It was a lucky hit, and Canning, its principal supporter, also gained the largest share of its laurels. He was at this time, and while at Oxford, an ardent Whig, and was confirmed in this political bias, not only by his uncle, but by intercourse with the great Whig leaders.

Canning's university vacations were usually spent at some of their seats, where the sprightly talents of the young and well-conducted Oxonian, and his facility in verse-making, a mighty accomplishment in those days, ensured his social success. This profitable kind of relaxation did not lessen his diligence in study. His persevering industry at all times equalled his sparkling brilliancy. He had early learned the important lesson of relying upon himself, and of exactly measuring and estimating his own position. Canning left Oxford with a high reputation, sustained both by solid acquirements and literary achievements; and went to study at Lincoln's Inn. This step affords Mr. Bell an opportunity of describing the political and social state of the two great parties of the day; that of Fox, and the Prince of Wales, with the Whig Clubs and Devonshire House in the back-ground; and that of Mr. Pitt, with George III., the Court, and the Tory aristocracy, at his back. This was, perhaps, the most brilliant era of party in this country; the period when wit, beauty, rank, and talent, lent their blended fascinations to secure recruits into the rival camps. Thus Mr. Bell ascribes the accession of the late Earl Grey to the liberal party, not to his own earnest convictions, nor to the love of freedom, but to the influence of the Duchess of Devonshire, who won "this jewel of price" from Pitt and Toryism, to which he was then inclined, to Fox and Liberalism. The real influence of such fair auxiliaries as the Duchess of Devonshire, or of Canning's early patroness, the beautiful Mrs. Crewe, and the syren Mrs. Sheridan, it is not easy to calculate; and it is probably over-rated by Mr. Bell, who takes a wider and more correct view of the excited state of popular feeling, at the

momentous crisis of the French Revolution, and just when Canning was launched upon public life. Among those, either inspired by the example of the Republicans of France, or who, through the press or the debating societies, at this period canvassed public affairs and public men, was one—

A student of pale and thoughtful aspect, who brought to the nightly contests unusual fluency and grace of elocution. He, too, along with the rest, had been inspired by the heroic spectacle, had pondered upon its causes, and exulted over its prospects. His head was full of constitutions; for his studies lay amongst the elementary writers, rather than the special pleaders and form-mongers of the law. And after a morning of close reading and severe reflection, he would wend his way in the evening to one of these debating-rooms, and taking up his place unobserved, watch the vicissitudes of the discussion, noting well its effect upon the miscellaneous listeners; then, seizing upon a moment when the argument failed from lack of resources, or ran into sophistry or exaggeration, he would present himself to the meeting. A figure slight, but of elegant proportions; a face poetical in repose, but fluctuating in its expression with every fugitive emotion; a voice low, clear, and rich in modulation; and an air of perfect breeding, prepares his hearers for one who possesses superior powers, and is not unconscious of them. He opens calmly—strips his topic of all extraneous matter—distributes it under separate heads—disposes of objections with a playful humor—rebukes the dangerous excesses of preceding speakers—carries his auditors through a complete syllogism—establishes the proposition with which he set out—and sits down amidst the acclamations of the little senate. Night after night witnesses similar feats; at length his name gets out; he is talked of, and speculated upon; and people begin to ask questions about the stripling who has so suddenly appeared amongst them, as if he had fallen from the sky.

But he does not confine his range to the debating societies, which he uses as schools of practice, and as places in which the nature of popular assemblies may be profitably observed. He is frequently to be found in the soirées of the Whig notabilities, where the aristocracy of his style is more at home than amongst the crowds of the forum. Here his cultivated intellect and fastidious taste are appreciated by qualified judges; and these refined circles cry up his accomplishments as eagerly as the others have applauded his patriotism. Popularity besets him on both sides. The societies look to him as a man formed expressly for the people; and the first Lord Lansdowne (stranger still!) predicts to Mr. Bentham that this stripling will one day be prime minister of England! He is plainly on

the high road to greatness of some kind; but how it is to end, whether he is to be a martyr or a minister, is yet a leap in the dark. The crisis approaches that is to determine the doubt.

What follows is, we apprehend, somewhat apocryphal, but we give it as we find it.

While he is revolving these auguries in his mind, and filling his solitary chamber with phantoms of civic crowns and strawberry-leaves, flitting around his head in tantalizing confusion, a note is hurriedly put into his hand, with marks of secrecy and haste. It is from one of whom he has but a slight personal knowledge, but whose notoriety, if we may not venture to call it fame, is familiar to him. The purport of the note is an intimation that the writer desires a confidential interview on matters of importance, and will breakfast with him on the following morning. The abruptness of the self-invitation, the seriousness of the affair it seems to indicate, and the known character of the correspondent, excite the surprise of the law-student, and he awaits his visitor with more curiosity than he chooses to betray.

A small fresh-colored man, with intelligent eyes, an obstinate expression of face, and pressing ardor of manner, makes his appearance the next morning at breakfast. The host is collected, as a man should be who holds himself prepared for a revelation. The guest, unreserved and impatient of delay, hastens to unfold his mission. Amongst the speculators who are thrown up to the surface, in great political emergencies, there are generally some who are misled by the grandeur of their conceptions; and who, in the purity and integrity of their own hearts, cannot see the evil or the danger that lies before them. This was a man of that order. He enters into an animated description of the state of the country, traces the inquietude of the people to its source in the corruption and tyranny of the government, declares that they are resolved to endure oppression no longer, that they are already organized for action, that the auspicious time has arrived to put out their strength, and ends by the astounding announcement, that they have selected *him*—this youth who has made such a stir amongst them—as the fittest person to be placed at the head of the movement. Miracle upon miracle! The astonishment of the youth who receives this communication may well suspend his judgment; he requires an interval to collect himself, and decide; and then, dismissing his strange visitor, shuts himself up to think. In that interval he takes a step which commits him for life. It is but a step from Lincoln's Inn to Downing Street. His faith in the people is shaken. He sees in this theory of regeneration nothing but folly and bloodshed. His reason revolts from all participa-

tion in it. And the next chamber to which we follow him, is the closet of the Minister, to whom he makes his new confession of faith, and gives in his final adherence.

Reader, the violent little man was William Godwin, the author of the "Political Justice," and the convert was George Canning.

There are many other theories of the remarkable conversion of Mr. Canning, though Mr. Bell adopts this as the most probable among them. The simple truth seems to be, that Pitt needed Mr. Canning, and that Mr. Canning was ready. Sir Richard Worsley kindly accepted the Chiltern Hundreds; and, in 1793, the young and hopeful aspirant took his seat for Newport in the Isle of Wight, and, even in his first session, did his chief good service. Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Jenkinson, and Mr. Huskisson, appeared in Parliament about the same time; and the foundations of those future friendships, rivalries, and animosities were then laid which lasted through life. However Mr. Bell may otherwise fail, he always succeeds in exalting his hero, by comparison with Lord Castlereagh.

The subsequent career of Canning is to be found in his Political History, and in the history of the country and of Parliament, with the exception of such episodes as the appearance of "The Anti-Jacobin," at a time when the division of labor not being so well understood as in these days of Peel, party-writing, whether scurrilous or argumentative, was undertaken by ministers or official persons, and not as now more safely and wisely left to reviewers and journalists. All the "irresistible" wit found in "The Anti-Jacobin," is roundly claimed by Mr. Bell for Canning:—in the eyes of posterity it will seem but a little all. Mr. Canning is also exonerated from the grossness, brutality, and actual falsehood contained in this unique publication, which acquittance it is not quite easy to understand, while he is stated to have not only planned but superintended the work, and to have afterwards expressed regret, not for its malignity and coarseness, but only for "the imperfection of his pieces" in its pages. Let us take the case on the advocate's own showing; and even with that we cannot agree in the verdict.

The poem of "New Morality" is on all hands ascribed to Mr. Canning; and his exclusive title to it appears to admit of little doubt. This satire, as the name implies, is

aimed at the false philosophy of the day, but, hitting beyond its proposed mark, as the theme rises, it strikes at the Duke of Bedford, Southey, Coleridge, Godwin, and several other minor celebrities. The passages, which are clear of scornful personalities, are written with that unmistakeable polish which at once declares the authorship; and even where he flings his arrowy contempt upon Thelwall, Williams, and the small fry of democratic agitators, we fancy we can still trace him in the refinement of the points. But it was not in weighty or savage satire that Mr. Canning's strength lay—the tomahawk of right belonged to the author of the "Baviad" and "Mæviad."

When "The Anti-Jacobin" was started, the available talent of the Reform party, in and out of Parliament, greatly preponderated over that of its opponents. An engine was wanted that should make up, by the destructiveness of its explosions, for the lack of more numerous resources. That engine was planned by Mr. Canning, who saw the necessity for it clearly. But it required a rougher hand than his to work it—one, too, not likely to wince from mud or bruises. The author of the "Baviad" and "Mæviad," was exactly the man—hard, coarse, inexorable, unscrupulous. He brought with him into this paper a thoroughly brutal spirit; the personalities were not merely gross and wanton, but wild, ribald, slaughtering: it was the dissection of the shambles. Such things had their effect, of course, at the time, and they were written for their effect; but they exhibit such low depravity and baseness—violating so flagrantly all truth, honor, and decency, for mere temporary party objects, that we cannot look upon them now without a shudder. Fox was assailed in this journal as if he were a highwayman. His peaceful retirement at St. Anne's Hill was invaded with vulgar jibes, and unintelligible buffoonery; Coleridge, Lamb, and others were attacked with extravagant personal hostility; and there was not an individual distinguished by respectability of character in the ranks of the Reformers, who was not mercilessly tarred and feathered the moment he ventured into public. Such was literally the "Weekly Anti-Jacobin."

Such was *The Anti-Jacobin*, and Mr. Bell gives all up to deserved contempt and oblivion, save "its ethereal spirit" in the poetical burlesques and *jeux-d'esprit*, of its planner; and foretells that "The Knife-grinder" will last "as long as the language lasts;" because "it ridicules at once the politics and the Sapphics of Southey." This is somewhat strong. What would be said, in our times, of such a travesty of Hood's "Song of the Shirt"—a poem very similar in spirit to that of Southey—although a Canning had written it?

We learn little more of the personal or private history of Mr. Canning; and it would be superfluous to trace his public career. He had not yet, nor for many a day to come, relapsed into liberalism, which was in some measure thrust upon him; but he continued the steady and able supporter of the Pitt government and Pitt policy, held some lucrative appointments, even when his chief was, for a time, laid aside; and, in 1799, married one of the wealthy co-heiresses of the too-famous General Scott.

It is usual for men in public life,—statesmen engaged in serious business,—to give up flirting with the muses, and all efforts at humor save a passing squib which may tell on the House. Not so the clever Etonian, the prize-gainer of Oxford, the contributor to Mrs. Crewe's album, and to the pages of the juvenile "Microcosm" and pungent "Anti-Jacobin." We are told that

Mr. Canning's humor was incessantly exploding in *bon-mots* and repartees. He could talk epigrams. He was so prolific a producer of "good things," that if he had not been pre-eminently distinguished as an orator and statesman, he might have descended to us with a more dazzling social reputation than Buckingham or Waller. The lines on Mr. Whitbread's speech, thrown off like flashes of light, show how rapidly and successfully he could cast his jest into any shape he pleased.

Some rather poor verses are quoted as specimens of Canning's talent for this sort of clever trifling. He was, too, it appears, one of some five score gentlemen who severally have claims to originating *The Quarterly Review*; and "was one of its most distinguished," though certainly not one of its most voluminous contributors. When Foreign Secretary, he would, we are told, sit up till two and three in the morning, polishing the style of his despatches to Chateaubriand, from his sense of the literary eminence of the French minister! Whenever real business has to be transacted, Heaven defend a country from either a long-winded or classical and fastidious Foreign minister; or send him to the Wellington school, to learn how to write short and pithy despatches. Upon one occasion, when his patience was quite worn out by the pettiness or paltry cunning of Dutch diplomacy on a question regarding a relaxation of the tariff, Canning had recourse to a favorite weapon. The anecdote

is characteristic. The negotiation had been dragged on from month to month, by M. Falck, and seemed no nearer a close. Canning's patience was fairly worn out, and while

Sir Charles Bagot, our ambassador at the Hague, was one day attending at court, a despatch in cipher was hastily put into his hand. It was very short, and evidently very urgent; but unfortunately, Sir Charles, not expecting such a communication, had not the key of the cipher with him. An interval of intense anxiety followed, until he obtained the key; when to his infinite astonishment he deciphered the following despatch from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:—

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much;
With equal advantage the French are content:
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per
cent.

Twenty per cent,

Twenty per cent,

Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.

GEORGE CANNING.

The minister kept his word. While this singular despatch was on its way to the Hague, an order in council was issued to put into effect the intention it announced.

Mr. Bell, who holds liberal opinions himself, makes as good a vindication as the case admits, of the creed which guided Canning for thirty years; or, rather, of his unaccountable tenacity to its vulnerable points.

In 1827, Mr. Canning made use of the following declaration:—

"There are two questions to which I wish to reply. I have been asked, what I intend to do with the question of Parliamentary Reform when it is brought forward. What do I intend to do with it? Why, oppose it, as I have invariably done during the whole of my parliamentary career. What do I intend to do with the Test Act? Oppose it."

These were the incomprehensible points of Mr. Canning's political creed. It seems that he took them up from the beginning as articles of faith, and could never consent to submit them to the test of reason.

He held that reform meant revolution. So did Mr. Pitt—when it suited his purposes. . .

It is surprising that the barefaced corruption of the old system did not strike Canning as something inconsistent with the spirit and obligations of the Constitution.

He must have seen it; but it might not suit him to confess as much. Upon these weak points of Canning's public character, his biographer makes many excellent observations.

The manly part which Canning acted on the trial of Queen Caroline, and throughout the whole of that unhappy connexion, which raised him in the esteem of generous minds of all parties, is duly commemorated by Mr. Bell. Neither the King, nor yet his subservient tools, could ever forgive the contumacious minister; but Lord Castlereagh was no more, and Canning's services could no longer be dispensed with. There was no other man, of the Tory party, fit to fill office, in whom the nation placed so much confidence. He therefore became minister for foreign affairs, and got rid, for the time, of the odium and embarrassment produced by such domestic questions as Parliamentary Reform and the Test Act. His foreign policy commanded universal approbation. His recognition of the Spanish-American republics shook the Holy Alliance to its crazy foundation, and gave a finishing blow to despotic principles in Europe. We must here indulge in a quotation to which we are moved by various considerations, besides exhibiting Canning in the greatest moment of his public life.

In violation of an existing treaty, and urged onward by apostolical fury, Spain had made a perfidious attempt to overthrow the new constitution of Portugal. She dreaded the close neighborhood of free institutions; and, sustained by the sinister influence of France, she resolved to make a powerful effort to annihilate them. Intelligence of the imminent peril of our ancient ally reached ministers on the night of the 8th of December, 1826; on the 11th (Sunday intervening) a message from the King was communicated to Parliament; and on the 12th, a discussion ensued, which as long as a trace of English eloquence shall remain amongst the records of the world, will never be forgotten.

Mr. Canning was now at the height of his power, wielding an influence more extended and complete than any Foreign minister in this country had ever enjoyed before. The subject to which he addressed himself in this instance, was one that invoked the grandest attributes of his genius, and derived a peculiar felicity from being developed by a British minister; and, above all, by that minister who had liberated the new world, and crushed the tyrannies of the old. It was not surprising, then, that, bringing to it all the vigor and enthusiasm of his intellect, and that vital beauty of style which was the pervading charm of his great orations, he should have transcended on this occasion all his past efforts, and delivered a speech which not merely carried away the admiration of his hearers, but literally inflamed them into frenzy. The fabulous spells of Orpheus, who made the woods dance reels and

sarabands, never achieved so wonderful a piece of sorcery as this speech of Mr. Canning's achieved, over the passions, the judgment, the prejudices, and the stolid unbelief of the House of Commons.

After giving a luminous detail of the long-existing connexion between Portugal and England, and the obligations by which we were bound to assist our old ally, Mr. Canning proceeded to state the case. It would be impossible to describe the effect produced by the following little sentence:—

"The precise information, on which alone we could act, arrived only on Friday last. On Saturday the decision of the government was taken—on Sunday we obtained the sanction of his Majesty—on Monday we came down to Parliament—and at this very hour, while I have now the honor of addressing this House—**BRITISH TROOPS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO PORTUGAL.**"

The House fairly vibrated with emotion at this unexpected statement. It was the concentration in a single instant of the national enthusiasm of a whole age. At every sentence he was interrupted with huzzas! Then, when he spoke of the Portuguese constitution:—

"With respect to the character of that constitution, I do not think it right, at present, to offer any opinion; privately I have my own opinion. But, as an English minister, all I have to say is, may God prosper the attempt made by Portugal to obtain constitutional liberty, and may that nation be as fit to receive and cherish it, as, on other occasions, she is capable of discharging her duties amongst the nations of Europe." . . .

Mr. Canning had now reached the pinnacle of his fame. His ambition had accomplished nearly its highest aims—his genius had overwhelmed all opposition. How little did England anticipate, at this proud moment, that she was so soon to lose her accomplished and patriotic statesman!

The brief remainder of Canning's life was full of event and interest. His foreign policy had exalted him with all that was enlightened and liberal in Britain or in Europe; and the struggle which followed the retirement of Lord Liverpool, the invidious attempt made to baffle and crush him, engaged the warmest sympathies of the whole nation in his behalf. The meanness, ignorance, and duplicity which at this time marked the conduct of many of the Tory party, and in particular, "The King's Friends," is as disgraceful as any thing to be found in the history of Faction. But the *parvenu*, the man who had dared to hold independent opinions about questions upon which "the Duke" and "the Chancellor" entertained adverse prejudices,

happily triumphed, through his own inherent strength, backed as it was by public opinion all but universal; for the party opposed to Canning's appointment to the place of First Minister was not numerically greater nor much more weighty, when fairly placed in the scale, than that of those noble individuals now termed "Protectionists." It must have been a proud moment for Canning when, in spite of the formidable combination of peers and boroughmongers, in contempt of their protests and remonstrances, Mr. C. Wynn rose in the House of Commons and moved for a new writ of the borough for which Canning sat, he "having accepted the office of First Commissioner of the Treasury." This was on the 12th of April, 1827; and on the 8th of August he expired, at the age of fifty-seven; his death accelerated, if not in a great measure caused, by the most unrelenting and ungenerous party-hostility ever witnessed in England, acting upon a proud and singularly sensitive mind. Deserted in the most ignominious way by the leaders of what had been his own party, he sought and found able auxiliaries among the Whigs; and wanted but a longer term of life to have consolidated a strong and an improved government; though we do not pretend to say that, comparing Mr. Canning with the men who have succeeded him, the cause of rational freedom has by his death lost any thing.

In Cabinet cycles the same state of things often curiously comes round again. But though without the same hearty support from the opposition which Canning received, Sir Robert Peel is in every way too powerful to be so easily assailed or shaken as the earlier victim.

Of Canning's last struggle it is said:—

The *tone* of the opposition throughout the irregular and intemperate discussions which took place at different times on the ministerial changes, plainly betrayed the *animus* which lay at the bottom. Mr. Canning was literally baited in both Houses. The attacks which were made upon him are unparalleled in our parliamentary history for personality; their coarseness, malignity, and venom are all of a personal character. It was not against a system of policy they were directed—nor against special opinions or doctrines; but against Mr. Canning himself. His eminence, his popularity, his talents, made him the prey of envy and detraction; and this was the ground of hostility upon which he was hunted to the death, when official difficulties were thickening round him, and his health was giving way un-

der mental anxiety and physical sufferings. They chose their moment well, and used it remorselessly.

To all the assaults in the Commons, Mr. Canning made instant response. In the Lords, his new Whig allies rendered full and ample justice to his character. There was only one speech left unanswered—that of Lord Grey.

This was a speech which does little honor to the memory of a Whig noted in his day, but yet a man who often betrayed narrow views and strong prejudices.

In the beginning of July, Parliament was prorogued. The fearful excitement was over; and the Premier, already undermined in health, sank into collapse. On the 20th of July, having accidentally taken cold and suffered from rheumatism, he removed to the Duke of Devonshire's villa for change of air. On the 30th he waited for the last time on the King at Windsor, who could not fail to perceive his condition; and after suffering the most severe pain, he died on the 8th of the following month, in the same chamber where Fox had breathed his last breath. He was buried at the foot of Mr. Pitt's tomb in Westminster Abbey; and whatever may be the permanent estimate which posterity will form of his public character and services, no English minister was ever more profoundly and generally lamented. His death was universally felt as a national calamity, and mourned over as a private sorrow.

We are certainly much indebted to Mr. Bell for his able and compendious *Life of Canning*, with which the world must be contented till, in the fulness of time, "The Canning Papers" shall emerge into the broad light of *The Row*. His letters of forty years to his mother, who predeceased him only by a few months, and which were returned to the writer on her death, would of themselves form a most interesting collection.

From Fraser's Magazine.

PAST AND PRESENT CONDITION OF BRITISH POETRY.

'Tis sixty years since a thin quarto volume appeared in London with the plain and unpretending title of *An Ode to Superstition, and some other Poems*, and exactly the same number of years since a thin oc-

tavo appeared at Kilmarnock, entitled, *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*. The thin quarto was the production of Samuel Rogers, a young gentleman of education, the son of a London banker; the thin octavo the production of Robert Burns, a Scottish ploughboy, without education, and almost without a penny in the world.

'Tis fifty years since Burns was buried in the kirkyard of St. Michael's :

"O early ripe, to thy abundant store,
What could advancing age have added more!"

While the poet of the *Ode to Superstition* is still among us, full of years and full of health, and as much in love with poetry as ever. "It is, I confess," says Cowley, "but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for when once we fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse, as an inseparable companion of our whole life." It was so with Waller when he was eighty-two, and is so with Mr. Rogers now that he is eighty-one. Long may it be so:—

"If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthened days on this blest morrow,
May Desolation's long-teethed harrow,
Nine miles an hour,
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
In brunstane stoure."

Waller "was the delight of the House of Commons, and, even at eighty, he said the liveliest things of any among them." How true of Rogers, at eighty, at his own, or at any other table!

The poet of *An Ode to Superstition* has outlived a whole generation of poets, poetasters, and poetitos; has seen the rise and decline of schools, Lake, Cockney, and Satanic—the changeful caprices of taste—the injurious effects of a coterie of friends—the impartial verdicts of Time and a third generation—another Temple of Fame—a new class of occupants in many of the niches of the old—restorations, depositions, and removals, and what few are allowed to see, his own position in the Temple pretty well determined, not so high as to be wondered at, nor so low that he can escape from envy and even emulation. Nor is this all: he has lived to see poetry at its last gasp among us; the godlike race of the last generation expiring or extinct, and no new-comers in their stead; just as if Nature chose to lie fallow for a time, and

verse was to usurp the place of poetry, desire for skill, and the ambition and imprudence of daring for the flight and the raptures of the true-born poet.

If such is the case, that Poetry is pretty well extinct among us—which no one, I believe, has the hardihood to gainsay—a retrospective review of what our great men accomplished in the long and important reign of King George III. (the era that has just gone by) will not be deemed devoid of interest at this time. The subject is a very varied one, is as yet without an historian, nor has hitherto received that attention in critical detail so pre-eminently due to a period productive of so many poems of real and lasting merit,—poems as varied, I may add, as any era in our literature can exhibit, the celebrated Elizabethan period, perhaps, but barely excepted.

A new race of poets came in with King George III., for the poets of the preceding reigns who lived to witness the accession of the king either survived that event but a very few years, or were unwilling to risk their reputations in any new contest for distinction. Young was far advanced in years, and content—and wisely so—with the fame of his *Satires* and his *Night Thoughts*; Gray had written his *Elegy* and his *Odes*, and was annotating Linnæus within the walls of a college; Shenstone found full occupation for the remainder of his life in laying out the Leasowes to suit the genius of the place; Johnson was put above necessity and the booksellers by a pension from the crown; Akenside and Armstrong were pursuing their profession of physicians; Lyttleton was busy putting points and periods to his History; Smollett, in seeking a precarious livelihood from prose; and Mallet employed in defending the administration of Lord Bute, and earning the wages of a pension from the minister. Three alone adhered in any way to verse: Mason was employed in contemplating his *English Garden*; Glover, in brooding over his posthumous *Athenaid*; and Home, in writing new tragedies to eclipse, if possible, the early lustre of his *Douglas*.

There was room for a new race of poets. Nor was it long before a new set of candidates for distinction came forward to supply the places of the old. The voice of the Muse was first awakened in Edinburgh and Aberdeen. I can find no earlier publication of the year 1760 than a thin octavo of seventy pages, printed at Edinburgh, entitled, *Fragments of Ancient Poetry, collect-*

ed in the *Highlands of Scotland*, and translated from the *Gaelic or Erse language*, the first edition of a work which has had its influence in the literature of our country, the far-famed *Ossian*, the favorite poem of the great Napoleon. "Have you seen," says Gray, "the *Erse Fragments* since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old." Many, like Gray, were alive to their beauties: inquiry was made upon inquiry, and dissertation led to dissertation. It was long, however, before the points in dispute were settled, and the authorship brought home to the pen of the translator. The *Fragments* have had a beneficial and a lasting effect upon English literature. The grandeur of *Ossian* emboldened the wing of the youthful Byron, and the noble daring of the allusions and illustrations countenanced the author of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* in what was new and hazardous, when Hayley held, and Darwin was about to assume, a high but temporary position in our poetry.

The Aberdeen volume of poems and translations (8vo. 1761) was the first publication of Beattie, the author of *The Minstrel*. So lightly, we are told, did Beattie think of this collection that he used to destroy all the copies he could procure, and would only suffer four of the pieces—and those much altered—to stand in the same volume with the *Minstrel*. Beattie acquired a very slender reputation by this first heir of his invention; nor would it appear to have been known much beyond the walls of the Marischal College, before the *Minstrel* drew attention to its pages, and excited curiosity to see what the successful poet on this occasion had written unsuccessfully before. In the same year in which Beattie appeared, a new candidate came forward to startle, astonish, and annoy. The reputation of a poet of higher powers than Beattie seemed likely to exhibit would have sunk before the fame of the new aspirant. I allude to Churchill, whose first publication, *The Rosciad*, appeared in the March of 1761, and without the author's name. This was a lucky, and, what is more, a clever hit. The town, a little republic in itself, went mad about the poem; and when the author's name was prefixed to a second edition, the poet was welcomed by the public, as no new poet had ever been before. Nor was his second publication—his *Apology*—inferior to his

first. His name was heard in every circle of fashion, and in every coffee-house in town. Nor did he suffer his reputation to flag, but kept the public in one continual state of excitement for the remainder of his life. He attacked the whole race of actors in his *Rosciad*; the Critical Reviewers (the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviewers of the day), in his *Apology*; the whole Scottish nation, in his *Prophecy of Famine*; Dr. Johnson, in *The Ghost*; and Hogarth, in *A Familiar Epistle*. Every person of distinction expected that it was to be his turn next; and there was no saying where his satire would not have reached, for he was busy with a caustic dedication to Warburton when, on the 4th of November, 1764, he died at Boulogne, at the too early age of three-and-thirty. Dr. Young survived him nearly a year. What the predecessor of Pope in Satire thought of the new satirist, no one has told us.

While "the noisy Churchill" engrossed to himself the whole attention of the public, a poem appeared in May 1762, likely to outlive the caustic effusions of the satirist, because, with equal talent, it is based on less fleeting materials. This was *The Shipwreck, a Poem, in Three Cantos, by a Sailor*; better known as Falconer's *Shipwreck*, and deservedly remembered for its "simple tale," its beautiful transcripts of reality, and as adding a congenial and peculiarly British subject to the great body of our island poetry. The popularity of Churchill kept it on the shelves of the booksellers for a time, but it soon rose into a reputation, and nothing can now occur to keep it down.

When Goldsmith published his first poem (*The Traveller*) in the December of 1764, Churchill had been dead a month, and there was room for a new poet to supply his place. Nor were critics wanting who were able and willing to help it forward. "Such is the poem," says Dr. Johnson, who reviewed it in the *Critical Review*, "on which we now congratulate the public, as on a production to which, since the death of Pope, it will not be easy to find any thing equal." This was high praise, not considered undeserved at the time, nor thought so now. Such, indeed, was the reputation of the *Traveller*, that it was likely to have led to a further succession of poets in the school of Pope, but for the timely interposition of a collection of poems which called our attention off from the study of a single school, and directed

the young and rising poets to a wider range for study and imitation.

This collection of poems was Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, one of the most tasteful collections of poems in any language, and one of the best and most widely known: "The publication of which," says Southey, "must form an epoch in the history of our poetry whenever it is written." The first edition appeared in 1765, a year remarkable in more ways than one. Dr. Young, the sole survivor of the poets of the last generation, died at the great age of eighty-four, on the 5th of April; and Mr. Rogers, the still surviving patriarch of the past generation of poets, was born on the 30th of July of the same year.

The effect of the *Reliques* was more immediate than some have been willing to imagine. *The Hermit* of Goldsmith, a publication of the following year, originated in the *Reliques*; and the *Minstrel* of Beattie, a publication of the year 1771, in the preliminary dissertation prefixed to the volumes. If Percy had rendered no other service to literature than the suggestion of the *Minstrel*, his name would deserve respect. "The *Minstrel*," says Southey, "was an incidental effect of Percy's volumes. Their immediate consequence was to produce a swarm of 'legendary tales,' bearing, in their style, about as much resemblance to the genuine ballad as the heroes of a French tragedy to the historical personages whose names they bear, or a set of stage-dances to the lads and lasses of a village-green, in the old times of the may-pole." This was the more immediate effect; the lasting result of the *Reliques* was their directing the rude groupings of genius in a Scott, a Southey, a Coleridge, and a Wordsworth.

Beattie reappeared in 1766 with a volume of poems, better by far than what he had done before, but still insufficient to achieve the reputation which the *Minstrel* subsequently acquired for the author of the volume. A second candidate was Cunningham, a player, still remembered for his *Kate of Aberdeen*, a short but charming piece of simple-hearted poetry. Poor Cunningham made no great way with his verse; he had dedicated his volume, with all the ambition of an actor, to no less a personage than Garrick; but the head of the patentee players received the stroller's poetry with indifference, and did not on this occasion repay—which he commonly did—

his encomiums "in kind." But the poet of the year 1766 was Anstey, with his *New Bath Guide*.

"There is a new thing published," says Walpole, "that will make you split your cheeks with laughing. It is called the *New Bath Guide*. It stole into the world, and, for a fortnight, no soul looked into it, concluding its name was its true name. No such thing. It is a set of letters in verse, describing the life at Bath, and incidentally every thing else; but so much wit, so much humor, fun, and poetry, never met together before. I can say it by heart, and, if I had time, would write it you down; for it is not yet reprinted, and not one to be had."

Gray commended it to Wharton, and Smollett wrote his *Humphrey Clinker* (the last and best of his works) on Anstey's principle in his *Guide*.

A publication of the year 1767, called the *Beauties of English Poesy, selected by Oliver Goldsmith*, deserves to be remarked. The selection seems to have been made as a sort of antidote to Percy's *Reliques*. "My bookseller having informed me," he says, "that there was no collection of English poetry among us of any estimation, . . . I therefore offer this," he adds, "to the best of my judgment, as the best collection that has yet appeared. I claim no merit in the choice, as it was obvious, for in all languages the best productions are most easily found." It will hardly be believed by any one who hears it for the first time, that a poet of Goldsmith's taste in poetry could have made a selection from our poets without including a single poet (Milton excepted) from the noble race of poets who preceded the Restoration. Yet such, however, is the case; and I can only account for the principle on which the selection would appear to have been made, that it was meant as an antidote to Percy's publications, or that Goldsmith (and this is not unlikely) was perfectly unacquainted with the poets of a period previous to Dryden and Pope.

Michael Bruce, a young and promising poet, died in the year 1767, at the too early age of twenty-one. Some of his poems, and they were posthumously published, without the last touches of the author—possess unusual beauties. His *Lochleven* is called by Coleridge, "a poem of great merit;" and the same great critic directs attention to what he calls "the following exquisite passage, expressing the effects of a fine day on the human heart:—"

"Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,
Feed undisturb'd; and fill the echoing air
With music grateful to the master's ear.
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Ev'n the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old grey stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings."

Another poet whose song ceased before he had time to do still better things, was poor Falconer, who perished at sea, in the *Aurora* frigate, in the year 1769. He had sung his own catastrophe in his *Shipwreck* only a few years before.

The poem of the year 1770 was *The Deserted Village*—in some respects a superior poem to *The Traveller*. It was immediately a favorite, and in less than four months had run through five editions. Gray thought Goldsmith a genuine poet. "I was with him," says Nicholls, "at Malvern when he received the *Deserted Village*, which he desired me to read to him; he listened with fixed attention, and soon exclaimed, 'This man is a poet!'"

If *The Deserted Village* was, as it certainly is, an accession to our poetry, the death of Akenside and the far too premature removal of Chatterton were real losses in the very same year in which Goldsmith's great poem appeared. Akenside had, no doubt, sang his song, but Chatterton was only in his eighteenth year. What a production for a boy was the ballad of "Sir Charles Bawdin!" There is nothing nobler of the kind in the whole compass of our poetry. "Tasso alone," says Campbell, "can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age."

The Deserted Village of the year 1770 was followed in 1771 by the first book of *The Minstrel*, a poem which has given more delight to minds of a certain class, and that class a high one, than any other poem in the English language. Since Beattie composed the poem on which his fame relies, and securely too for an hereafter, many poems of a far loftier and even a more original character have been added to the now almost overgrown body of our poetry, yet Beattie is still the poet for the young; and still in Edwin—that happy personification of the poetic temperament—young and enthusiastic readers delight and recognize a picture of themselves. Gray lived to commend and to correct it—with the taste of a true poet and the gener-

osity of an unselfish one. "This of all others," he says, "is my favorite stanza: it is true poetry, it is inspiration." The stanza is well known,—

"O, how canst thou renounce,"

and shares with a stanza in the *Castle of Indolence* the applause of nations.

Mason, in 1771, put forth a new edition of his *Poems*, and in a separate publication the same year the first book of his *English Garden*. To the *Poems* he has made a few additions, but nothing so beautiful as his epitaph on his wife, inscribed upon her grave in Bristol Cathedral. The lines are well known, but not so the circumstance only recently published, that the last four lines were written by Gray:—

"Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
('Twas e'en to thee) yet the dread path once
trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids 'the pure in heart behold their
God.'"

We learn from the same unquestionable quarter (the *Reminiscences* of the Rev. Norton Nicholls), that Gray thought very little of what he had seen of the *English Garden*. "He mentioned the poem of the *Garden* with disapprobation, and said it should not be published if he could prevent it." There are lines and passages, however, of true poetry throughout the poem, which form in themselves an agreeable accession to our stock of favorite passages. How exquisite, for instance, is this:—

"Many a glade is found
The haunt of wood-gods only; where, if art
E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsaddled foot,
Printless, as if the place were holy ground."

The poem, however, made but a very slender impression on the public mind, nor is it now much read, save by the student of our poetry, to whom it affords a lesson of importance.

The only remembered publication in poetry of the year 1773 was *The Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*,—a caustic attack, replete with wit, humor, and invective, on the architect's Chinese eccentricities in the gardens at Kew. It was long before Mason was suspected of the satire. Tom Warton was the first to attribute it to his pen; he said it was Walpole's *buchramed* up by Mason. But Walpole, from a letter to Mason only recently published, would appear to have had nothing to do

with it. "I have read it," writes Walpole, "so very often, that I have got it by heart, and now I am master of all its beauties. I confess I like it infinitely better than I did, though I liked it infinitely before. But what signifies what *I* think? All the world thinks the same. No soul has, I have heard, guessed within a hundred miles. I caught at Anstey's, and have, I believe, contributed to spread the notion. It has since been called Temple Luttrell's, and, to my infinite honor, mine. But now that you have tapped this mine of talent, and it runs so richly and easily, for Heaven's and for England's sake, do not let it rest."

The Heroic Epistle was followed, in 1774, by the *Judah Restored*, of Roberts, "a work," says Campbell, "of no common merit." Southey calls the author a poet of the same respectable class as the author of *Leonidas* and *Athenaid*, and adds in a note, "Dr. Roberts's *Judah Restored* was one of the first books that I ever possessed. It was given me by a lady whom I must ever gratefully and affectionately remember as the kindest friend of my boyhood. I read it often then, and can still recur to it with satisfaction; and perhaps I owe something to the plain dignity of its style, which is suited to the subject, and every where bears the stamp of good sense and careful erudition. To acknowledge obligations of this kind is both a pleasure and duty."* I have Southey's copy of the *Judah* before me at this moment; on the fly-leaf is inscribed, in the neat handwriting of the poet, "Robert Southey—given me by Mrs. Dognon, 1784." The poet of *Kehama* was born the year in which the *Judah* appeared, and was only ten years old when a copy of the poem was given to him, by the lady he remembers so affectionately as "the kindest friend of his boyhood." This one book may have had the same effect upon Southey that Spenser's works had upon the mind of Cowley; "I had read him all over," he says, "before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as immediately as a child is made an eunuch."

On the 4th of April, 1774, died Oliver Goldsmith, leaving unfortunately unfinished one of the best of his lighter pieces—his well-known and inimitable *Retaliation*. It was published a fortnight after his death, and became immediately a favorite. A second posthumous publication of the same poet was *The Haunch of Venison*, a clever

epistle to Lord Clare, full of characteristic beauties peculiar to its author. Both pieces owe something to Anstey and his *Guide*—the suggestion certainly.

In 1776 Mickle put forth his translation of the *Lusiad*—free, flowery, and periphrastical, full of spirit, and not devoid of beauties, but untrue to the majestic simplicity of the great Portuguese.

While Goldsmith was confining his selection from our poets to a period too narrow to embrace many of the nobler productions of the British Muse, Gray was annotating Lydgate, and the younger Warton collecting materials for his *History of English Poetry*. Our literature lies under other obligations to the younger Warton,—great as that obligation is for his noble but unfinished *History*. He was the first to explain and direct attention to many of the less obvious beauties of *The Faerie Queen*, and in conjunction with Edwards, the first to revive the sonnet among us, a favorite form of verse with our Elizabethan poets, with Shakspeare and with Milton, but entirely abandoned by the poets who came after them. The first volume of Warton's *History* was published in 1774; his *Poems* containing his sonnets in 1777. The effect produced by their publication was more immediate than has hitherto been thought. We owe the sonnets of Bampfylde (4to. 1778) to the example of the younger Warton. Nor is the pupil unworthy of the master, or unwilling to own his obligation. Some of the *Sixteen Sonnets* of Bampfylde (for such is the title of his thin unpretending quarto) are "beautiful exceedingly," and in one (the tenth) Warton is addressed in a way which he could well appreciate.

The good effect of Percy's *Reliques*, Warton's volume of *History*, and Warton's *Poems*, received a temporary check in the year 1779, by the publication of the first part of Johnson's well-known *Lives of the Poets*, containing his celebrated criticism on the *Lycidas* of Milton, and his noble parallel between Dryden and Pope. The concluding portion of the *Lives*, containing his famous abuse of Gray, appeared two years later (1781), and, like the former portion of the work, was read with deserved avidity. The effect was catching. The school of Dryden and Pope revived. Hayley wrote his *Triumphs of Temper* in the verse recommended by Johnson; Crabbe composed his *Library* and his *Village* in the same versification; Cowper his *Table Talk*, and even Mason (though the last per-

* Southey's Cowper, Vol. iii. p. 32.

son in the world to admit it) his translation of Du Fresnoy, in Johnson's *only* measure.

But the fear of Dr. Johnson did not reach beyond the grave, and when Cowper put forth his *Task* in the spring of 1785, the great critic was no more. Not that Cowper was likely to be deterred from blank verse by the criticisms of Johnson, for the *Task* was commenced in Johnson's lifetime, and in the same structure of versification. That Johnson could have hurt the sale for a time by a savage remark at the table of Reynolds, no one acquainted with the literature of the period will for a moment doubt. That he could have kept the poem from what it now possesses and deserves,—a universal admiration, it would be equally absurd to suppose for a single moment.

When Cowper put forth his *Task* there was no poet of any great ability or distinguished name in the field. Hayley ambled over the course, to use an expression of Southey, without a competitor. But Hayley had done his best, poor as that was, though his day was hardly by. It was Cowper who forced us from the fetters which Johnson had forged for future poets, and Hayley had done his best to rivet and retain. Nor was Cowper without some assistance at this time. Evans's old ballads did something to extend a taste for the early but unknown masters of our poetry. Some of Mickle's imitations, in the same collection, were read by younger minds with an influence of which we enjoy the fruits to this day. Charlotte Smith put forth a volume of her sonnets, replete with touching sentiment, eminently characteristic of the softer graces of the female mind, and the late Sir Egerton Brydges, a volume of poems, containing one noble sonnet ("Echo and Silence") which, though neglected at the time, will live as long as any poem of its length in the English language.

The *Task* was followed by a volume of poems from a provincial press full of the very finest poetry, and one that has stood its test, and will stand for ever. The author of the *Task* was of noble extraction, and counted kin with lord-chancellors and earls. His fellow-author was a poor Scottish peasant, nameless and unknown when his poems were put forth, but known, and deservedly known, wherever the language of his country has been heard. This poet was Robert Burns. Cowper and Burns were far too nobly constituted to think discouragingly of one another. "Is not the

Task," says Burns, "a glorious poem?" The religion of the *Task*, bating a few scraps of "Calvinistic divinity, is the religion of God and Nature; the religion that exalts and ennobles man." "I have read Burns's poems," says Cowper, "and have read them twice; and though they be written in a language that is new to me, and many of them on subjects much inferior to the author's ability, I think them on the whole a very extraordinary production. He is, I believe, the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lower rank of life save Shakspeare (I should rather say save Prior), who need not be indebted for any part of his praise to a charitable consideration of his origin, and the disadvantages under which he has labored. It will be pity if he should not hereafter divest himself of barbarism, and content himself with writing pure English, in which he appears perfectly qualified to excel. He who can command admiration dishonors himself if he aims no higher than to raise a laugh." This, let it be remembered, was written at the time when the poet's reputation was as yet unconfirmed. But the praise is ample, and such as Burns would have loved to have heard from Cowper's lips. "Poor Burns!" he writes in another letter, "loses much of his deserved praise in this country through our ignorance of his language. I despair of meeting with any Englishman who will take the pains that I have taken to understand him. His candle is bright, but shut up in a dark lantern. I lent him to a very sensible neighbor of mine: but his uncouth dialect spoiled all; and before he had half read him through, he was quite *ramfeezled*." The word to which Cowper alludes occurs in the "Epistle to Lapraik;" if the meaning was somewhat difficult at the time, few will need to be told it now. The study of Burns is very general in England, and in Ireland he is almost as much understood and appreciated as in his own country.

Mr. Rogers appeared as a poet in the same year with Burns. But his *Ode to Superstition* was little read at the time, and his fame rests now on a wide and a secure foundation. Another poet of the same year was Henry Headley, a young and promising writer, imbued with a fine and cultivated taste, of which his two volumes of selections from our early poets, published in the following year, is still an enduring testimony. If Goldsmith had lived to have seen these selections published, culled by

a boy of barely twenty-one, he surely would have blushed to have looked upon his own.

There were other candidates for distinction at this time, imbued with the same tastes, and fostered in the same quarter, the cloisters of Trinity College, Oxford, and the wards of Winchester School. The first was Thomas Russell, prematurely snatched away (1788) in his twenty-sixth year, leaving a few sonnets and poems behind him, which his friends judged worthy of knowing hereafter. That he had intended his poems for publication was somewhat uncertain; that he was gifted with no ordinary genius, the magnificent sonnet supposed to be written at Lemnos has put beyond the pale of cavil or suspicion. The second candidate for distinction was William Lisle Bowles, whose fourteen sonnets appeared in 1789, while he was yet an under-graduate at Oxford. The younger Warton lived long enough to foretell the future distinction of the boy his brother had brought up; Coleridge, to thank him in a sonnet for poetic obligations:—

"My heart has thanked thee, Bowles, for those
soft strains,
Whose sadness soothes me like the murmuring
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring:"

and Southey, to express in prose his gratitude for similar obligations. The Vicar of Bremhill (now in his eighty-fourth year) has reason to be proud of such testimonies in his favor. It would be idle assertion to call them undeserved; his sonnets are very beautiful, full of soothing sadness, and a pleasing love and reverence for nature, animate and inanimate.

When Bowles was seeing his sonnets through the press, his old antagonist, Lord Byron, was a child in his mother's or his nurse's arms. While they were yet hardly a year before the public, the younger Warton was buried in the chapel of his college at Oxford amid the tears of many who knew the frank, confiding disposition of his nature.

"For though not sweeter his own Homer sang,
Yet was his life the more endearing song."

Other poems of consequence followed at intervals, not very remote. In 1791 Cowper put forth his translation of the *Iliad* into English blank verse, and Darwin his *Botanic Garden*, a poem in two parts, written in the measure of Pope, but polished till little remained save glitter and fine words.

The only poem of repute of the year 1792

that has reached our time, or seems likely to revive, and acquire an hereafter, is *The Pleasures of Memory*. This is a poem which Goldsmith would have read with pleasure, for it is much in his manner. "There is no such thing," says Byron, "as a vulgar line in the book." The versification is very finished, but not in Darwin's manner to too great a nicety, while there are passages here and there which take silent possession of the heart, a sure sign of unusual excellence.

Wordsworth's first poem, *An Evening Walk, an epistle in verse, addressed to a young Lady from the Lakes of the North of England*, appeared the year after *The Pleasures of Memory*, and was followed the same year by a volume of *Descriptive Sketches in verse, taken during a Pedestrian Tour in the Italian Grisons, Swiss and Savoyard Alps*. Every line in *The Evening Walk* bears the mark of a keen observer for himself; there is not a borrowed image in the poem, though the pervading character throughout reminds one too closely perhaps of *The Nocturnal Reverie of the Countess of Winchelsea*, a wonderful poem, to which Wordsworth was the first to direct attention. Here is a picture from Wordsworth's first volume, something between a Hobbima and a Hondekoeter:—

"Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,
Where the duck dabbles mid the rustling sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
Wetting, that drip upon the waters still:
And heron, as resounds the trodden shore,
Shoots upward, darting his long neck before."

One feels that our poetry is enriched by a passage of this description,—that the poet who could write in this way was likely to make what Addison calls *additions to Nature*, and this Mr. Wordsworth has done in a pre-eminent degree.

Southey, in 1795, made his first public appearance as a poet in a thin duodecimo volume, printed at Bath, on the poor pale blue paper of the period. This was a kind of *Lara* and *Jacqueline* affair. One-half of the volume was by Southey, the other half by Lovell, the poems of the former being distinguished by the signature of "Bion," of the latter by that of "Moschus." The poems are not very many in number, nor are they very good, yet the little volume is not without its interest in the history of a great mind, feeling its way to a proud position in our letters.

The joint publication of Southey and Lovell, in 1795, was followed the next year by a similar kind of publication, between Coleridge and his school-fellow Lamb. The name of Coleridge appears alone upon the title-page, which is thus inscribed, *Poems on Various Subjects, by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge*. Lamb's contributions are distinguished by his initials, and the volume is remarkable in more ways than one. Coleridge calls his sonnets *Effusions*,—Effusion I; Effusion 2. This appellation he removed in a second edition, and called them, what in reality they were, and what, when they were written, he intended they should be, "Sonnets, attempted in the manner of Mr. Bowles." Here is his sonnet of gratitude to the vicar of Bremhill, a mistaken attack on Rogers, subsequently withdrawn, and the following bold panegyric upon Wordsworth: "The expression *green radiance* is borrowed," he writes, "from Mr. Wordsworth, a poet, whose versification is occasionally harsh and his diction too frequently obscure, but whom I deem unrivalled among the writers of the present day in manly sentiment, novel imagery, and vivid coloring."

"'Tis certainly mysterious that the name
Of prophet and of poet is the same."

One sees the prophetic eye of taste in the printed judgment of Coleridge on this occasion.

Burns is said to have foretold the future fame of Sir Walter Scott: "This boy will be heard of yet." But the great poet of Scotland was cold in his grave before Scott became a candidate for literary distinction. He died the very year of Scott's first publication. *The Chase, and William and Helen; two Ballads from the German of Gotfried Augustus Bürger*. Edinburgh, 1796. Men who love to trace the hereditary descent of genius foresee a mysterious something in this seeming transmigration. Be this as it may, there is little of Burns in Scott's early publication, little of his own after-excellence, and, in short, very little to admire.

A third publication of the year 1796 was the *Joan of Arc* of Southey, the production of a boy of two-and-twenty, and the first of a series of epics remarkable for the even level of their flight, and the wide difference of opinion they are known to have occasioned. The new epic, however, had its own little phalanx of admirers; and

when a volume of smaller poems from the same pen was published a short time after, the poet of *Joan of Arc* had a second accession of admirers. His noble *Inscriptions* acquired him not a few; and all who were blind to the nobler portions of his epic could comprehend the beauties of a story in verse like "Mary the Maid of the Inn."

Our poetry was infested at this time with the unpoetic invectives of Wolcott, and the puerile inanities of the Della Cruscan school. Verse and poetry were too commonly confounded, ease and smoothness were mistaken for higher powers, and the rough impudence of Wolcott for the keen, caustic irony of the Muse of Satire. It was time to put an end to such pretensions and to sing-song prettinesses with nothing in the world to recommend them. The opportunity was great, nor was there a poet wanting, or, better still, one unwilling to rid our literature of the weeds and vermin that infested it. The poet who came forward was William Gifford, and the poem he produced, his *Baviad and Mæviad*,—a clever, well-constructed satire, more in Churchill's annihilating manner than the keen, razor-edged satire of Pope or Young. The triumph was complete, and the *Baviad and Mæviad* is still read, though the works it satirizes have been forgotten long ago.

When Wordsworth, in the following year (1798), produced his two duodecimo volumes of *Lyrical Ballads*, few read, liked, or understood them;

"And some him frantic deem'd, and
Some him deem'd a wit."

Every shaft of ridicule was turned against him, and with such success that his "audience" was, indeed, but "few." The principle on which his poems are composed was as yet unrecognized; and if the wits, who should have known much better, were blind to the several excellencies of his verse, he had little to look for from the bulk of readers. It was long, very long, therefore, before he had any ascertained and admitted position in the catalogue of English poets. Every description of circumstance seemed to go against him. Rogers put forth his *Epistle to a Friend* in the autumn of the same year, and Campbell his *Pleasures of Hope* in the following spring.

The effect was all but instantaneous. Two such noble examples of the school

and poetry of Pope revived a predilection for a form of poetry in which so many great efforts had been achieved; and the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth were overlooked in the fresh triumph of a former favorite, and the first production of a new and successful writer.

A third publication of the year 1798 was an octavo volume, since very much enlarged, and entitled, *Plays on the Passions*. This was Joanna Baillie's first publication, and is likely to see an hereafter, not so much from the exaggerated praises of Scott and Southey, for these can effect but little where the substance itself is poor, but from the intrinsic excellence of the work itself, and the fact that it is by far the noblest offspring of the female mind this country has to exhibit, and worth five hundred such *Sacred Dramas* as Hannah More inflicted on the public for a long succession of years, now happily at an end.

The last century closed with Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, and the new one opened with Bloomfield's *Farmer's Boy*, and Moore's first work, his translation of *Anacreon*. Cowper and the elder Warton were removed in 1800 by death from witnessing the full effects of the example they had set us, for the agreeable *Essay on Pope* had its influence certainly in hastening the changes completed by the *Task*. Beattie was suffering from paralysis and age, and Lewis, with his *Monk* and his *Tales of Wonder*, engrossed the attention of a London public. The living Parnassus was as yet without its full complement of tenants, but candidates came forward before long to fill the vacant places. Hogg published, in 1801, a little volume of *Scottish Pastoral Poems, Songs, &c., written in the Dialect of the South*; Leigh Hunt, the same year, a collection of poems entitled, *Juvenilia*; Bloomfield, in 1802, his *Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs*; Sir Walter Scott, his *Glenfinlas* and *Eve of St. John*, more like polished tales than happy imitations of the early ballad, but truly wonderful when viewed in connexion with his after writings; Leyden, in 1803, his *Scottish Descriptive Poems*; Kirk White, his *Clifton Grove*; Campbell his *Lochiel* and *Hohenlinden*; and Southey, a second epic, his *Thalaba*, in an irregular measure of his own inventing.

On the 18th of April, 1802, died Dr. Darwin, and on the following 14th of August, L. E. L. was born. In 1803 died Hoole, whose veneer-like translation of

Tasso was preferred by Johnson to the glowing and substantial beauties of Fairfax. In the same year Lord Strangford put forward his translation from Camoens, and thus was Darwin perpetuated in the gems, and flowers, and odors of L. E. L., and Hoole in the polished refinements of the noble viscount.

The critic was a wise one who, when he reviewed the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, in the year 1803, foresaw a score of metrical romances in the materials of three octavo volumes. No better "preparatory school" for a part of Scott's particular genius could have well been found than the course of study which he had formed for himself in bringing the materials of the *Minstrelsy* together. His mind was thoroughly impregnated with the spirit of the past, as much as it would in all possibility have been had he lived in the times he describes so truly. His powers of observation were keen and scrutinizing; his love of books and nature an increasing kind of appetite; and he was only in want of a metre to suit the stories he had floating before him, when a friend recited to him from memory some of the striking passages of Coleridge's *Christabel*, then unpublished, and then as now, unfortunately a fragment. The rythmical run of the verse was catching; and a story over which he had long brooded was commenced immediately, in the wild metre of the poem thus opportunely brought beneath his notice.

The metre found, the work went on at about the rate, he tells us, of a canto per week; and was finally published in January 1805, in a quarto volume, price twenty-five shillings! Few will require to be told that Scott's first poem was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, that the success of the work exceeded the fondest day-dreams of its author, and at once decided that literature should form the main business of his life. "The favor which it at once attained," says Lockhart, "had not been equalled in the case of any one poem of considerable length during at least two generations: it certainly had not been approached in the case of any narrative poem since the days of Dryden." The work, brought out on the usual terms of division of profits between the author and publishers, was not long after purchased by them for 500*l.* to which Messrs. Longman and Co. afterwards added 100*l.* in their own unsolicited kindness, in consequence of the uncommon success of the work.

The year introduced by *The Lay*, closed with *Madoc* and *The Sabbath*. *Madoc*, a new epic by Southey; *The Sabbath*, a didactic poem by James Grahame—the *sepulchral Grahame* of the satire of Lord Byron. *Madoc* found few admirers at the time, nor has it many now, or the number it deserves to have; and *The Sabbath* of Grahame, though full of fine thoughts, and well sustained throughout, made but little way with poets, or with the public:

“Why, authors, all this scraw and scribbling
sore?”

To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich’d with Fame when useless
worldly store.”

But *Madoc* and *The Sabbath* are sure of being included in the bulk of our British poetry, whenever that large body is re-edited by a poet of true judgment and discretion, and not by another Alexander Chalmers.

“The corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic.” This, however, like many other popular sayings, admits of some exceptions; for the writers who originated the *Edinburgh Review*, Jeffrey, Brougham, Mackintosh, Sidney Smith, Hallam, and Horner, belonged either to the Law or the Church, and put forward no pretensions of their own to a grain of ground upon Parnassus. They sat in judgment, however, on the production of the new race of poets with a stern and forbidding countenance. “Hard words and hanging,” was the doom of all new candidates for the laurel; so that Hogg’s translation of their motto, “*Judex damnatur absolvitur illis*,” —“I’ll be d—d if you escape,” was true, at least, to the spirit in which the journal was conducted. Young men of the present generation can form from the known character of the *Review* for the last eight-and-twenty years but a very slender idea of its influence for the first fifteen years of its existence. Nor is this loss of influence to be attributed to any falling off in the quality and value of its articles, for the *Edinburgh Review*, that can show a paper by Macaulay, or an article like the “Churchill,” from the pen of Mr. Forster, may rank in real worth and importance with the best number of the *Review* in the most palmy days of its existence. We are to attribute a decay of influence to another cause, to an abuse of its own power, the

reversal of many of its own decrees in its own pages; and the simple circumstance, that merit will buoy up at last for malice and wit, though they may cause an incalculable deal of mischief for a time—it can be but for a time. Dryden’s contempt for Shirley has not prevented what was due to him, the publication of a collected edition of his work; and all the wit that was shot against Wither has failed in keeping him from the place he deserves to hold in the catalogue of British poets.

When the *Edinburgh Review* was in the full first swing of its power and patronage, James Montgomery published his *Wanderer in Switzerland*; Cary, the first part of his well-sustained translation of Dante; Hogg, his *Mountain Bard*; Crabbe, after a silence of twenty years, *The Parish Register*; Tannahill, a volume of songs; Moore, his *Little’s Poems*; Scott, his *Marmion*; and Byron, his *Hours of Idleness*. Crabbe alone was a favorite with the *Review*; Montgomery met with a severe handling; the review of *Little* occasioned a hostile meeting at Chalk Farm; the critique on *Marmion*, the *Quarterly Review*; and the bitter and uncalled-for notice of the *Hours of Idleness*, the swingeing satire, rough and vigorous, of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. “The poetry of this young lord,” says the *Review*, “belongs to the class which neither gods nor men are said to permit; and our counsel is,” it adds, “that he do forthwith abandon poetry, and turn his talents which are considerable, and his opportunities which are great, to better account.”

The *Edinburgh Review* may be forgiven all its injurious and unjust decrees in criticism, for the entertaining addition it made to our literature in the satire of Lord Byron. Not that the satire itself is a very noble specimen of Byron’s Muse, or of the school of poetry of which it forms a part; but it is a fine fearless piece of writing, with a strain of noble invective at times amidst its more prosaic passages and its mere calling of names. The *Review*, moreover, had this good effect, it roused a Muse of fire before its time, but not before its strength was at its height, and in all probability, added to the bulk and value of the poems he has left us; for there is little reason to suppose that Byron’s life would, under any circumstances, have extended much, if at all, beyond the six-and-thirty years to which it ran.

Birds cease to sing when kites are in the

sky, but real poets, though depressed by criticisms for a time, revive with wonted vigor, and try a new flight in the poetic heaven. Byron understood this thoroughly when he sang,—

“Yet there will still be bards : though fame is
smoke,
Its fumes are frankincense to human
thought;
And the unquiet feelings which first woke
Song in the world, will seek what then
they sought.”

Campbell, the pet of the Reviewers, put forward his *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809; Crabbe, another favorite, his *Borough*, in 1810; Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*; and Southey, his noblest poem by far, his *Curse of Kehama*, in the same year. Our accessions were considerable, so were our losses. Anstey was removed from among us in 1805, forty years after the publication of *The New Bath Guide*; Charlotte Smith and Kirk White in 1806; Home in 1808, sixty years after the tragedy of *Douglas*, and an ode addressed to him by Collins, had secured his fame; Miss Seward, whose feeble lucubrations I have omitted to detail, was removed in 1809; Tannahill, in 1810; Graham and Leyden, in 1811; and in the same year the venerable Bishop Percy, whose *Reliques of English Poetry* had wrought the changes of which he lived to see so many noble and permanent effects.

Tales in Verse, *The world before the Flood*, *The Isle of Palms*, and some of the lighter poems of the year 1812, suffered an eclipse in the great quarto publication of that year, the two first Cantos of *Childe Harold*. Murray gave 600*l.* for the copy-right; the sale was instantaneous, and “I awoke one morning,” as the author records, “and found myself famous.” The success of the poem was complete, and people applied to the new poet what Waller had said of Denham, “that he broke out like the Irish Rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware or at the least expected it.”

The memorable quarto of the month of March (*Childe Harold*) was followed in October by one of the wittiest little volumes in the English language. *The Rejected Addresses* of the Messrs. Smith. *The Pipe of Tobacco*, by Isaac Hawkins Browne, clever as it is, must sink before the little brochure of the successful brothers. Philips, in his *Splendid Shilling*, is

not more happy in his mock imitations of Milton's manner, than the Messrs. Smith of Lord Byron's in the stanzas called “Cui Bono?” The Crabbe, the Scott, the Southey, the Wordsworth, are all good,—indeed, there is not a bad parody in the volume; the Crabbe, in a word, is better than Crabbe,—

“Something had happened wrong about a bill,
Which was not drawn with true mercantile skill;
So to amend it I was told to go,
And seek the firm of Clutterbuck and Co.”

Surely, “Emanuel Jennings,” compared with the above, rises, as the Messrs. Smith remark, to sublimity itself.

The last publication of the year 1812 was the *Rokeby* of Scott,—less successful than any of his former efforts, and with less of the blaze of true genius about it. Copies were scarce at first,—

“Pray have you got *Rokeby*? for I have got mine,
The mail-coach edition, prodigiously fine;”

and when copies were got, disappointment almost as speedily ensued. Fine passages throughout the poem unquestionably there are. But the versification was the same with his other poems, and what Curl called “the knack” was caught by a herd of tasteless imitators.

“I well remember,” writes Lockhart, “being in those days a young student at Oxford, how the booksellers' shops there were beleaguered for the earliest copies, and how he that had been so fortunate as to secure one was followed to his chamber by a tribe of friends, all as eager to hear it read as ever horse-jockeys were to see the conclusion of a match at Newmarket; and, indeed, not a few of those enthusiastic academics had bets depending on the issue of the struggle, which they considered the elder favorite as making to keep his own ground against the fiery rivalry of *Childe Harold*.”

Byron had novelty on his side, and Scott had to encounter the satiety of the public ear. Other circumstances, moreover, were against him. Moore had given a humorous fling at the poem in his *Two-penny Post-Bag*; and the Messrs. Smith, in “A Tale of Drury Lane,” in *The Rejected Addresses*, a ludicrous turn to the manner and matter of his former poems. He felt what Byron calls his “reign” was over, and turning from poetry to prose, left the field of verse to a formidable rival, and employed his pen in the composition of a lighter style of literature,—one in which he achieved a second

reputation, and one in which he is still without a rival.

The public at large have never cared much about poems written in Spenser's Stanzas, and Byron was wise when he postponed the completion of his poem in that measure to a later period. Scott had awakened a taste for incident and story. Of mere description the public had had enough already; and of legendary tales in verse more than enough. People were tired, moreover, of border raids and Highland scenery; they longed for novelty and for another clime, and they got their wish. There was no suspense: the poet kept pace with the public; and *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos* were still in the infancy of their fame, when *The Corsair*, *Lara*, and *The Siege of Corinth*, appeared to await the judgment of the public. The poet was not unmindful of the fate of others. He knew, moreover, the capricious turns of the public taste, and how necessary it was, to maintain his ground, that he should frequently renew his title to the rank assigned him. Afraid that people were beginning to get tired of Turkish tales, he added a third canto to *Childe Harold*; and when the fourth and last canto of that noble poem was published, he produced a novelty at the same time, a Venetian story (*Beppo*) in Whistlecraft verse—itsself a novelty. Churchill's four years were not better sustained than Byron's twelve. From tales in tripping verse he turned to dramas; and when *Manfred* and *Cain*, and *Sardanapalus* and *Werner*, had done their work, *Don Juan* was taken up as a new string to his bow. This, his last, and in some respects his ablest, work, was left unfinished at his death. What new style he would have attempted, or what success was likely to attend a fifth new manner, I need not stay to conjecture. His career was brilliant but short, and though he excelled in every style he attempted, there is every reason to suppose that he had done his best.

While Byron blazed the comet of a season, Shelley and Keats appeared and passed away, leaving some noble memorials of their genius behind them: *The Adonais*, *The Hyperion*, *The Cloud*, the *Sonnet on Chapman's Homer*. But Shelley is too obscure, and Keats too mythological,—not the obscurity of thoughts too great for words, or a mythological taste derived from a repletion of learning, but the obscurity of haste and the mythological abundance of one who was not a scholar. Other poems of repute

and consequence appeared in the same short season. Not a year went by without producing more than one volume of a quality we never see now.

In 1813, Hogg appeared with *The Queen's Wake*, containing "Bonny Kilmeny;" Allan Cunningham, with a volume of songs, some of surpassing beauty; Moore, with his *Two-penny Post-Bag*; Coleridge with a tragedy (*Remorse*); and Scott, in disguise, with *The Bridal of Triermain*. In 1814, Wordsworth enriched our poetry with his much-decried *Excursion*; Moore, with his *Irish Melodies*; Southey, with his *Roderick*; and Rogers, with his *Jacqueline*. Scott, in the following year, gave us *The Lord of the Isles* and *The Field of Waterloo*; and Leigh Hunt, "a real good and very original poem," his *Rimini*. Wilson, already known by his *Isle of Palms*, gained another wreath, in 1816, by his *City of the Plague*. *Lallah Rookh*, and *The Sybilline Leaves* of Coleridge, containing "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," will make the year 1817 a memorable year in the annals of poetry whenever they are written. Keats' *Endymion* was a publication of the year 1818; Shelley's *Cenci*, Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*, Rogers' *Human Life*, and Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* and *The Waggoner*, belong to 1819; Keats' *Lamia*, *Isabella*, *The Eve of St. Agnus*, and other poems, to 1820; Shelley's *Queen Mab* and *Adonais*; Southey's *Vision of Judgment*, and Byron's parody of the poem, to the year 1821; Rogers' *Italy* and Scott's *Halidon Hill*, to 1822; *The Loves of the Angels* of Moore, to 1823; Campbell's *Theodoric* to 1824, and Southey's *Tale of Paraguay*, to 1825. Song after this began to cease among us; Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, were dead; Scott and Southey silent; Coleridge dreaming away existence,—

"Fond to begin, but still to finish loathe;"

Campbell past his prime; Rogers and Moore unwilling, rather than unable; Wilson busy with the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*; Wordsworth confined

"Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground;"

Hogg cultivating sheep on Yarrow, and Allan Cunningham superintending the marble progeny of Chantrey. Song, truly, had gone out among us. No one seems to write from the inborn force of his own genius, from Nature, and his own full thoughts.—

"Now each court hobby-horse will wince in rhyme;
Both learn'd and unlearn'd, all write plays.
It was not so of old; men took up trades
That knew the crafts they had been bred in right;

An honest bilboe-smith would make good blades,
The cobbler kept him to his awl; but now
He'll be a poet, scarce can guide a plough."

BEN JONSON.

But the present condition of our poetry will afford material for another paper.

From the Edinburgh Review.

WILKES' EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

Narrative of the United States' Exploring Expedition, during the years 1838-1842.
By Charles Wilkes, U. S. N. Five volumes 8vo. London: 1845.

THE work before us contains a history of the only expedition hitherto undertaken by the Government of the United States for the purposes of maritime discovery. Its principal objects, as stated in the official instructions received by its Commander, were, to explore the Southern and Pacific Oceans; to ascertain, with as much accuracy as possible, the situation of that part of the great Antarctic Continent which was supposed to extend to the southward of Australia; and to resolve various questions respecting the navigation of the Polynesian seas,—important to all vessels engaged in commerce beyond Cape Horn, and especially to those employed in the Southern whale-fishery. Upon these important services the Squadron was employed nearly four years; three of which were passed in the unknown and perilous seas which separate Southern Asia from Western America; and it completed the entire Circuit of the Globe before its return to the United States.

We cannot promise much amusement to our readers from the brief account of the 'Exploring Expedition,' which we are about to lay before them. There is little romantic adventure, and still less picturesque description, to be found among the technical and scientific details which chiefly fill Captain Wilkes' pages. But his work contains some geographical and nautical information, and some sketches of manners and

customs, calculated to recommend it, notwithstanding its rather cumbrous and unattractive style, to those who take an interest in these branches of knowledge.

It was scarcely to be expected that a Government, the western frontier of whose territory borders upon the largest and richest wilderness in the world, should have much attention to bestow upon unknown rocks and islands at the Antipodes; and it was still less probable that a people, whose interest is each succeeding year becoming more completely diverted from maritime affairs, by the vast field of adventure which lies at its very door, should display any general anxiety for information about the coral reefs and sand-banks of the Pacific Archipelagos. Accordingly we find, that the present expedition had been so long and abortively planned, and so repeatedly deferred, as to be regarded, by all who had concerned themselves in its objects, with disgust and disappointment. It was in March 1838 that it was placed under the command of Captain Wilkes; and we presume that we are justified in ascribing its after rapid and successful organization principally to his zeal and ability. The vessels placed under his orders were the Vincennes and Peacock sloops of war, the Porpoise brig, and the Seagull and Flying-fish tenders. It is a somewhat remarkable, though not, we believe, an unprecedented circumstance, that Captain Hudson, the officer in command of the Peacock, was superior in rank to his temporary chief, and that, with a readiness equally creditable to his own liberality and to the high professional and scientific reputation of Captain Wilkes, he consented to waive his seniority for the purposes of the expedition.

On the 18th of August, 1838, the squadron got under weigh from New-York, and proceeded on their voyage. Their first destination was Madeira, and they afterwards recrossed the Atlantic, visited Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, doubled Cape Horn, and touched at Valparaiso and Callao. We shall not follow Captain Wilkes through his prolix description of these well-known scenes; nor through his long, and in our opinion, irrelevant digressions, respecting the political history of Brazil and Peru. Nor do we consider any of the events which occurred to the squadron, during the eleven months occupied in this part of the voyage, as worthy of particular notice; except the disastrous loss of the

Seagull,—supposed to have foundered in a gale off Terra del Fuego.

On the 13th of July, 1839, the Vincennes, Peacock, Porpoise, and Flying-fish, sailed from Callao; and on the 10th of September, after touching at some of the small islands composing the Paumotu group, they arrived at Tahiti.

The dreams of Rousseau and Condorcet, which represent man as weakened and depraved by the artificial training of civilization, have been by no means so universally forgotten, at least in France, as some of our readers may imagine. Sentimentalists are still to be found, who delight in contrasting the moral and physical excellence of some imaginary barbarian, with the frivolous mind and enervated body of the modern European. Some Parisian Novelists of the day have eagerly embraced an opinion so well suited to their liveliness of fancy, to their love of glittering novelty, and to that incredible ignorance of foreign nations, by which they have so frequently merited the derisive astonishment of their contemporaries. One of the most popular of their number—noted alike for the inexhaustible fertility of his invention, his meretricious style, his vehement prejudices, and the grotesque extravagance of his imagination—has lately been pleased to adopt, as one of his favorite characters, a youthful Hindoo Rajah, the patriotic victim of English ambition; and has displayed much fantastic eloquence in contrasting the untutored dignity and simple virtues of the royal exile, with the inanity and corruption of his polished hosts. It might, perhaps, be unreasonable to expect from a Parisian *homme de lettres* any knowledge of a fact familiar to all other educated Europeans, that the native Princes of Hindostan are a race far more artificial in their habits, and far more enslaved by formal etiquette, than ever were the most obsequious courtiers of Louis XIV. It might be unreasonable to complain of the reckless ignorance which has painted the effeminate debauchees of the East as Patriarchal Chiefs, presiding over a race of brave and simple Foresters; and substituting the noble pursuits of war and the chase, for the Asiatic recreations of chewing *bang*, and gloating on dancing-girls. But if, passing over the ludicrous absurdity of M. Sue's inventions, we look simply at the theory which he intends them to illustrate, we know no part of the world in which we could find so strong a proof of its fallacy as the Polynesian Isles. There,

if any where, nature has been left to herself; and there, if any where, she could dispense with interference. A delicious climate—a soil so rich as scarcely to require cultivation—a race of men superior in natural intelligence, and in physical comeliness, to most uncivilized nations—every thing, in short, combines to render easy the enjoyment of a golden age, if human nature is indeed capable of such a condition. But no sober-minded man can examine any trustworthy account of the state of society in these Islands, without becoming convinced that these favored regions present scenes, in comparison with which the most loathsome cellar in St. Giles's, or the most miserable hovel in Connaught, is a temple of virtue and happiness. It has been said, and we believe most truly, that no man, whatever his experience of vice and misery may have been, can form any idea of the brutal depravity of which human nature is capable, until he has witnessed the habitual life of lawless savages.

We leave out of the question all the restraints imposed by religion and morality—or by those vague notions of religion and morality which the most ignorant can scarcely fail to pick up in a Christian country—when we declare our belief, that the mere power of self-command, which every member of a civilized community is compelled by the most vulgar motive—the fear of punishment by the law—habitually, in some degree, to exert, is alone sufficient to raise him far above the highest limit of barbarian virtue. The most violent and vindictive European feels himself under the perpetual control of a superior authority, and is well aware that he can only give full indulgence to his passions at the imminent peril of his life. This may be insufficient to make him a good man—perhaps insufficient to deter him from the occasional commission of crimes—but at least it preserves us from the wretchedness of living in a society of beings possessing at once the resolution, the physical strength, and the deadly weapons of full-grown men, and the blind and reckless selfishness of mischievous children. To say that the savage will take life upon the most trifling provocation, is to say but little. He will do so in cold blood to save himself from a moment's inconvenience. If his child disturbs him by its cries, he dashes out its brains—if he becomes tired of supporting a sick or aged parent, he murders him or

leaves him to starve. In saying this, we are using no exaggerated or figurative language. We are stating the ordinary customs of the Polynesian Islanders. Captain Wilkes has recorded it as a well-known fact, that few of these savages, except their Chiefs, ever live to an advanced age; because those who reach the decline of life are almost invariably put to death by their children or relations, in order to rid themselves of the burden of their maintenance.

With these vices—the ordinary characteristics of utter barbarism—the tribes of the Pacific appear to unite much of that cold and merciless apathy, which is, in general, the worst effect of a corrupt and effeminate semi-civilization. Of natural affection, beyond the mere animal instincts which they share with the beasts of the brute creation, they appear to be nearly destitute; and of that spirit of nationality which produces such powerful and ennobling effects among many savage races, they have not the slightest tincture. In the numerous cases of parricide and fratricide mentioned by Captain Wilkes, as having occurred among the Polynesian Chiefs, we are struck—not so much by the atrocity of the crimes themselves, the most of which may unhappily find parallels in every age and nation—as at the callous indifference with which the kinsmen of the parties seem to have regarded the catastrophe. We find more than one instance of a family of Island Princes, whose previous history might rival that of the house of Atreus or Pelops, living together in apparent insensibility to their mutual injuries; and we can scarcely avoid the conclusion, that the worst vices of more generous dispositions are virtues far beyond the reach of these insensible and ruthless barbarians. There would, we are convinced, be great injustice in attributing this absence of natural feeling to any thing but intrinsic levity and feebleness of character. Neither barbarism nor civilization, powerful agents as they are, can develop propensities which do not naturally exist. We find, for instance, in our own countrymen, the germs of the most formidable vices indulged in by their Scandinavian ancestors—pride, intemperance, violence of temper, and delight in war; and we see that, when the restraints of social life are removed, these characteristics display themselves as strongly in an English soldier, as in a Norwegian *berserker*. On the other hand, these very Scandinavians, ferocious as they were, were

still not incapable of the virtues which have adorned the most enlightened of their descendants. The ties of kindred, of country, of brotherhood in arms, were observed by them with a fidelity never surpassed. We do not, we trust, undervalue the powers of religion, and we profess the highest admiration for the honest zeal of the many good men who are exerting themselves, and in some instances with eminent success, to extend its influence; but we cannot disguise our conviction, that the Polynesians, however improvable in many respects, are, and are too likely long to continue, a very imperfect variety of the human race.

We are glad to find that the account given by Captain Wilkes of the present condition of Tahiti, while confirming in some degree our unfavorable opinion of the intellectual capacities of the natives, is still a strong testimony to the effect produced by religious instruction, in removing the more revolting peculiarities of their character. He speaks of them as a peaceable, honest, and trustworthy, though far from a striking or interesting race; and ascribes their improvement to the imperfect civilization already introduced among them—a change which some sentimentalists have designated as the irreparable corruption and degradation of a harmless and innocent people. Still, Captain Wilkes, while admitting the striking improvement of the Tahitian character, appears to have been by no means struck by those amiable and graceful peculiarities in their manners and appearance, with which some English voyagers have endowed them. He speaks very lightly of the beauty of their females, and can see nothing in their national songs and dances to redeem the licentiousness which has compelled the Missionaries strictly to prohibit such amusements. And in particular, he is greatly, and we must acknowledge very naturally, scandalized by the eagerness with which the most powerful Tahitian Chiefs contended for the profit of washing linen, and supplying stores for the American ships!—a practice which certainly exhibits a striking contrast to the scrupulous dignity which the North American Indian is known to maintain in his intercourse with Europeans.

Upon the 29th of September the Vincennes sailed from Tahiti; and upon the 7th of October made Rose Island, the most easterly of the Samoan or Navigator group. Until the 8th of November, Captain Wilkes and the officers of the squadron were en-

gaged in making accurate surveys of this Archipelago; which consists of eight small islands, the principal bearing the names of Savaii, Upolu, and Tutuila. He appears to have found the natives superior to those of Tahiti, both in physical form, and in natural energy of character. They are considerably under the influence of their Missionaries; and, above all, their females are remarkable for modesty, parental affection, and fidelity to their husbands—virtues almost unknown throughout the rest of Polynesia.

Departing from Savaii, the American Squadron reached Port Jackson on the 29th of November. Three chapters are occupied by the remarks of Captain Wilkes upon the Australian colony; and by his account of several visits made to the interior by himself and his officers. We pass over a part of his narrative about matters comparatively familiar to most English readers; but we cannot omit to express our gratification at the cordial tone in which he acknowledges the hospitable attention paid him by the colonial authorities, and at the friendly feelings which prevailed between the colonists in general, and the officers and men of his squadron.

On the 26th of December, the Vincennes, accompanied by the Peacock, Porpoise, and Flying-fish, sailed from Port Jackson on her Antarctic cruise—a service for which, as Captain Wilkes more than hints, they had been very indifferently provided. This want of the special equipments necessary to the safety of the undertaking was in a great measure common to the whole Squadron; but the Peacock in particular was in other respects so defective as to be wholly unfit for any but a short and easy voyage; and it was not without the most serious misgivings that Captain Wilkes yielded to the zealous anxiety of Captain Hudson to accompany the Squadron, instead of remaining at Sydney to refit. The proceedings of the expedition during the two succeeding months, form perhaps the most interesting portion of the narrative. Among all the perilous and exciting adventures of a seaman's life, there are none to be compared, either in formidable aspect, or in actual danger, with those experienced among the floating ice of the Polar regions. Neither the iron-bound coasts and devouring whirlpools of the temperate, nor the thunder-storms and tornados of the torrid zone, can equal the terrific situation of the mariner, who finds himself driving helplessly

before a gale among a shoal of drifting Icebergs. In no situation, if we may believe the hardy voyagers who have returned from these fearful enterprises, is danger so acutely felt by the bravest; because in none is the utter inability of human skill to exert the slightest influence over the event, so overpoweringly manifest. And yet, even the desperate chances of such a struggle, must be a comparatively harmless prospect to the seaman who has beheld his vessel imbedded in a field of ice; while the short summer is rapidly passing away, and every day is diminishing his hope of escape from the horrors of a Polar winter.

Few voyagers have experienced more of these formidable encounters within a short period than Captain Wilkes. On New Year's day, 1840, the Flying-fish parted company from the Squadron. The insufficient size and accommodation of the Tender had excited the surprise of her visitors at Sydney; many of whom, with more concern for the safety of their American friends, than consideration for their feelings, had not hesitated to predict the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby, for her crew. These disadvantages were now severely felt; and her commander was at length compelled, by the failing health of his men, to abandon the intention of rejoining his consorts. The Flying-fish altered her course to the northward, on the 2d of February, and reached New Zealand on the 9th of March. On the 10th of January, the Vincennes, Peacock, and Porpoise fell in with the first iceberg, being then in the 62d degree of south latitude; and in a few days they were constantly surrounded with floating pieces of ice. On the 16th, land was clearly discovered from all the vessels, in the shape of a large round-headed mountain, altogether different in shape and color from the intervening Icebergs. They were now off the coast of the great southern continent, at a point nearly to the south-south-east of Van Diemen's Land. On the 20th, the Peacock and Porpoise were directed to part company from the Vincennes, and to explore to the eastward; and on the 24th, the former vessel met with an accident, which rendered her immediate return to Sydney a measure of absolute necessity. After penetrating the tract of floating ice, which forms a bulwark to every coast in these latitudes, and enduring several dangerous collisions, by which her rudder was entirely disabled; the ship was at length driven stern foremost against a large Ice

berg, with a violence which threatened instant destruction. Fortunately she rebounded from the shock without sticking fast; but scarcely had she moved her own length, when a vast mass of ice and snow, which the blow had loosened, fell close to her stern with a crash; which, had it taken place one second sooner, would have crushed her to atoms. A more tremendous instance of the risks attending this perilous species of navigation, was probably never witnessed by any voyager who survived to relate it; and such were the injuries inflicted upon the vessel, that it became a doubtful question, not whether she could continue her cruise, but whether she could hope to reach a port in safety. She immediately stood to the northward, upon getting clear of the floating ice; and on the 21st of February, being favored by the weather, arrived in a very shattered state at Sydney. The Porpoise reached New Zealand on the 20th of March, having continued exploring the coast until the 14th of February.

We now return to the Vincennes. She entered the icy barrier a few days after her separation from her consorts, and commenced exploring the coast to the westward. On the 29th of January she encountered one of the most formidable dangers to which the Polar voyager is liable—a gale of wind among floating Icebergs. For several hours she continued to drive rapidly through a heavy sea, surrounded on all sides by these fearful companions—now dimly seen through the mist and sleet,—now heard crashing and plunging in the darkness; but always close to the vessel, and threatening to overwhelm her at every moment. When the night closed in, without any diminution of the tempest, or dispersion of the ice, the situation of the Vincennes became so perilous as to be nearly desperate. All hands were on deck, and Captain Wilkes acknowledged, that he repeatedly gave up every hope of escaping destruction. They were often warned of their narrow escape from striking on an Iceberg, by the sudden calm which the invisible monster produced, as the ship passed under his lee; and they more than once, when apparently driving directly upon a field of ice, escaped through openings so narrow as to have been unperceived in the darkness. At length, early in the morning of the 30th, the vessel entered a small open tract of sea, where she lay to in comparative safety, until the bad weather was over;—having certainly, to judge from the calm and unadorned narrative of Captain Wilkes,

passed a night of as frightful danger, as we can remember in the annals of naval adventure. For nearly two months longer, the Vincennes continued her toilsome progress along the coast of the Antarctic Continent,—constantly surrounded by ice, and liable at every moment to a renewal of the awful scene from which she had been so wonderfully extricated. The weather was, however, upon the whole, favorable; but her crew suffered severely from cold and fatigue, and it was not without remonstrance from his medical officers that Captain Wilkes completed his cruise. The ship was constantly in sight of the land, but in no instance do any of her people appear to have succeeded in reaching it. Several views of its appearance are, however, inserted in Captain Wilkes' work, and more wild and desolate scenes can scarcely be imagined. It presents a long undulating range of snowy mountains, stretching inland to the horizon—mountains which, in all probability, no living creature has ever trodden since the climate of our globe assumed its present temperature. At length, on the 21st of February, after having explored the coast from east to west, through nearly sixty degrees of longitude, the Vincennes put her head to the northward. Her passage was favorable, and, on the 11th of March, she arrived safe at Sydney, with all her crew restored to health.

On the 19th, Captain Wilkes took his final departure from Australia; and, on the 30th, anchored in the Bay of Islands, at New Zealand, where he found the Porpoise and Flying-fish. The New Zealanders, though always remarkable for their warlike and sanguinary habits, have generally borne a character higher, in some respects, than the other Polynesian tribes. Most voyagers have given them credit for their prowess as resolute and fearless warriors; and for some share of the manly dignity and honorable pride which usually accompany personal bravery. But Captain Wilkes, while acknowledging the common opinion of their merits to be somewhat higher than his own, seems inclined to place them among the most degraded and uninteresting of the savages whom he has visited. He considers them as inferior in intelligence, and inhospitable in disposition; and seems particularly struck by their unprepossessing appearance, and by another defect uncommon among the amphibious islanders of that tepid ocean—their extreme personal slovenliness.

On the 6th of April the Squadron sailed from New Zealand, and, on the 24th, they reached Tonga, the largest of the Friendly Islands, where they were joined by the *Peacock*, from Sydney, on the 1st of May. The Tongese appear to have struck Captain Wilkes as superior to any of the other natives of the Pacific Islanders, and as greatly resembling the Samoans, though superior in many respects even to these. But his intercourse with the natives, cautious and well-disposed as he invariably found them, was rendered difficult, by the existence of a desperate civil war between the Christian and Heathen inhabitants of the island—a calamity which, we are sorry to find, Captain Wilkes attributes to the hasty and intolerant zeal of the former party. The American Commander exerted himself to the utmost of his power to reconcile the two factions; but his mediation appears to have been attended with very little success; as a bloody battle was fought immediately after his departure, in which the converted natives were entirely defeated, and most of their principal Chiefs slain. The squadron sailed from Tonga on the 4th of May, and the next day made the Feejee Islands.

The Feejee or Viti Archipelago lies to the north-east of Tonga; and consists of two large islands, named Vitilevu and Vanualevu, besides a great number of smaller ones. Their climate is delightful, and they abound in the most picturesque and beautiful scenery; but the inhabitants of this favored spot are, without exception, the most savage and treacherous race in the Pacific. In personal appearance they are rather a fine race, of a deep-black complexion, with closely curled hair,—displaying none of the negro deformities of face and figure; but they effectually disfigure themselves by dressing their hair in a thick wiry wig, clipped into the most grotesque shapes; somewhat resembling in texture and appearance the fantastic masses of foliage, into which the gardeners of the last century took so much pains to torture certain trees and shrubs. They appear to possess more spirit and energy than most of their neighbors; but this does not prevent them from displaying all the indolent selfishness, the insensibility to shame, the irreclaimable and apparently instinctive mendacity, which characterize the worst Polynesian races. They are a most dangerous and sanguinary, as well as an unamiable nation,—perpetually engaged in civil war, which they carry on with the most vindictive ferocity; and

dreaded for their inhospitable treachery by every mariner acquainted with the navigation of the Pacific. With respect to their habits of life, they are Cannibals of the most inveterate kind; licentious in their manners beyond even the neighboring tribes; reckless of each others' lives to an almost inconceivable degree; and, in short, as Captain Wilkes indignantly calls them, 'wretches in the strongest sense of the term.' Such is the forbidding picture which the American Commander draws of this savage race, and we shall presently see that his worst opinion was confirmed by unhappy experience.

On the 8th of May the *Vincennes* and *Peacock* arrived off Ovolau, a small island upon the eastern coast of Vitilevu, which lies nearly in the centre of the group, and anchored in the harbor of a town named Levuka. On the 11th, they were joined by the *Flying-fish*; and on the 12th, these vessels were visited by Tanoa, King of the neighboring district of Ambau, and the most powerful Chief in the Feejee Islands. On the 15th, the *Peacock* sailed from Levuka for Rewa, an anchorage upon the eastern coast of Vitilevu; to which place she was originally dispatched, merely for the ordinary purposes of the expedition. But shortly after her departure, Captain Wilkes received information that a most atrocious and treacherous massacre had taken place in 1834, at Kantavu, an Island to the southward of Vitilevu; in which a mate and some seamen, belonging to an American merchantman, had been murdered by the natives; and that the assailants had been commanded, on that occasion, by a chief named Vendovi, brother to the King of Rewa, and now residing in that neighborhood. Captain Wilkes thought it absolutely necessary for the protection of his defenceless countrymen, to convince these ferocious Islanders that every such outrage was sure, sooner or later, to meet with just retribution. It is easy to imagine how strongly a tribe of savages must be tempted to robbery and violence by the spectacle of a large ship, freighted with what are to them the most inestimable treasures, and defended by only twenty or thirty men—the majority of whom, unrestrained by the imperfect discipline of a merchant vessel, are generally wandering unarmed on shore. It is only by the dread of retaliation,—severe in proportion to the delay and uncertainty of its infliction, that the savage can be induced to let such a prize escape him. And we therefore think

that Captain Wilkes carried his forbearance quite as far as was justifiable, in merely ordering Captain Hudson to seize and secure the person of Vendovi; and in declining to enter into general hostilities with the guilty district, unless the other Chiefs should, by endeavoring to protect their ringleader, openly declare themselves his accomplices. The Peacock, on her arrival at Rewa, was received with great hospitality by the King and two of his brothers, whose barbarous names and titles we spare our readers; but the guilty Vendovi did not make his appearance, though it subsequently appeared that the American officers had, on one occasion, been in his company on shore. It happened, however, that the day after the receipt of Captain Wilkes' special orders, had been fixed, for a formal visit to his ship, by all the native dignitaries. They were of course permitted to come on board as usual, but Vendovi was still absent. Captain Hudson now thought himself justified to take advantage of the situation of the Chiefs, to compel them to do justice with regard to his complaints; and he therefore communicated to them his orders, and informed them that it would be his duty to consider them as enemies, and consequently as prisoners, unless the actual perpetrator was surrendered. Those who are accustomed to place that confidence in the good faith and forbearance of their neighbors, which the habits of civilized life justify, can form little idea of the consternation with which a party of Pacific Islanders, accustomed to see blood shed upon the most trifling provocation, received this announcement. The Chiefs expected nothing short of an immediate massacre; and it was with much difficulty that Captain Hudson persuaded them that no injury, or even disrespect, was intended to their persons, unless they chose to assume the character of enemies to his nation. At this explanation their relief was great, and they eagerly joined in admitting the justice of his demand. Vendovi, indeed, had long been dreaded and disliked, even by his ferocious countrymen, for his turbulent and sanguinary disposition. Some years before the massacre at Kantavu, he had murdered one of his own brothers in cold blood, for a bribe; and he was now upon very doubtful terms with the survivors. It was accordingly agreed that one of the three Chiefs detained on board, should go on shore and bring him off as a prisoner; which, contrary to all reasonable expectation, was ef-

fectuated without the slightest resistance, or even expostulation, on the part of the culprit. On the surrender of Vendovi, his countrymen were of course set at liberty, and he was confined on board; the particulars of his guilt being fully established by his own confession. He was transferred to the Vincennes, when the two vessels next joined company, and continued a prisoner during the remainder of the voyage, but fell sick and died about the time of the arrival of the squadron in the United States.

The Vincennes lay at Levuka for several weeks; during the whole of which time Captain Wilkes continued upon the most amicable terms with the neighboring Chiefs, some of whom had been expected to resent the capture of their ally Vendovi. In the meantime, the Tender was busily employed in surveying the intricate straits and reefs lying between Ovolavu and Vitilevu; as well as the islands forming the southern division of the Feejee group. She afterwards, commanded by Captain Wilkes in person, visited for the first time the large island of Vanualevu, which lies to the north-east of Vitilevu; on whose coast she was joined by the Porpoise, which had parted company from her consorts the morning of their arrival at Levuka, and had since been occupied in exploring the range of small islands forming the eastern boundary of the Feejee group.

On the 28th of June, the Vincennes put to sea from Levuka, and, on the 2d of July, anchored in a bay named Savu-Savu, on the southern coast of Vanualevu; and, on the 5th, she removed to Sandalwood Bay, at the western extremity of the same Island, where she found the Peacock just arrived. The latter ship had left Rewa on the 23d of May, and had since been employed in surveying the western coasts of Vitilevu and Vanualevu. On the 16th, the Tender, accompanied by several of the boats belonging to the Vincennes and Peacock, and commanded by Captain Wilkes himself, left Sandalwood Bay on an exploring excursion; and the next day they fell in with the Porpoise, which had been engaged among the small Islands to the north-east, ever since she last parted company from the Tender. The detachment then proceeded to survey the Asaua islands,—a string of rocks forming the north-western boundary of the Feejee Archipelago. But just as this duty was completed, and as preparations were making for their return to the ships, Captain Wilkes received intelligence, that at Ma-

lolo, the southernmost island of the Asaua group, situate on the western coast of Vitilevu, a treacherous attack had been made by the natives upon one of his boats; and that the assailants had been repulsed with difficulty and loss, leaving two officers—the lieutenant in command of the party, and a young midshipman—dead on the spot.

There is, perhaps, no more perplexing point of international law, than the question—in what manner, and to what extent, a civilized voyager is entitled to inflict retaliation upon a tribe of barbarians for such outrages as this. He has none of the ordinary means of obtaining redress. There is no municipal law to fix the punishment incurred by the offenders; no magistrate whose business it is to see justice done; no government to be made responsible, if other means fail. It would be absurd to rely upon the reluctant protection of some savage Chief,—himself, perhaps, the instigator of the crime complained of; whose first measure would, undoubtedly, be the concealment of the real perpetrators—probably the boldest and most valuable warriors of his tribe—and the murder of a few useless or obnoxious slaves as a substitute. It would be equally absurd to employ a party of seamen, to explore the woods and fastnesses of an unknown island, constantly exposed to be cut off by treachery, in the hope of their being able to recognize, among thousands of tattooed and painted savages, a few individuals never seen but once before, and then in the confusion of a deadly scuffle. And yet, few Commanding-officers would have the firmness to use the only effectual means of punishment; and to inflict the horrors of war upon a community of suppliant and defenceless savages; all of whom possibly might be wholly innocent of the offence committed.

Fortunately for the ends of justice, no such difficulty arose in the present case. The inhabitants of Malolo—long renowned and dreaded among their neighbors, for their warlike and piratical propensities—had an overweening opinion of their own powers, and were entirely ignorant of the formidable weapons of civilized warfare. It was soon found that their Chiefs, so far from entertaining any wish to exculpate themselves, or to offer redress, were busily employed in preparing to receive the American detachment with open defiance. This conduct clearly left Captain Wilkes no alternative; and the Brig, Tender, and boats,

after burying their murdered companions, with all the honors of war, upon a small desert island between Malolo and Vitilevu, proceeded to inflict signal punishment upon the guilty tribe.

The Island of Malolo contained two towns or villages; one named Sualib, on the southern coast, and the other named Arro, on the northern. The Brig was anchored off the south-eastern end of the Island, and near the former place. Four of the boats, commanded by Captain Wilkes, and accompanied by the Tender, then proceeded to Arro; while the remainder, under Captain Ringold, of the Porpoise, landed at Sualib. The former division took possession of the town, and entirely destroyed it, without the slightest opposition; the warriors having all intrenched themselves in a certain citadel or stockade at Sualib, which was considered as the perfection of Feejee military architecture; and had the reputation of being absolutely impregnable. In this strong hold, the natives defended themselves for some time with considerable spirit; but at length, the huts being set on fire by rockets, and the garrison having sustained considerable loss by musketry, the assailants entered the place and found it deserted. Some of the natives, who attempted to escape in their canoes, were overtaken and captured by one of the boats; and the rest took refuge among the rocks and woods, in the interior of the Island, where their women and children had previously been concealed. Their total loss was believed to have amounted to fifty-seven men killed; that of the Americans being one man mortally, and a few others slightly wounded.

On the day after the engagement, the natives sent on board the Porpoise, to request peace and make offers of reconciliation. But Captain Wilkes was too much acquainted with Feejee customs and feelings, and too well aware of the excessive importance attached by all warlike savages to the particular tokens of success or defeat, which may constitute their point of honor, to receive their submission in so unceremonious a manner. It is well known that the American Indian considers it no triumph to exterminate a hostile tribe, unless he can carry off the scalps of his victims; and by a fantastic refinement of the same kind, the Feejee Islander never considers himself defeated, until he has been compelled to do homage to his enemy, in a certain recognized form. Upon this public acknowledg-

ment of defeat, Captain Wilkes very wisely and properly thought it necessary to insist, and it was accordingly performed upon the beach near Sualib, by all the surviving Chiefs and Warriors of the Island.

With what motives, or upon what arguments, the conduct of Captain Wilkes, throughout this lamentable affair, has been, as he himself informs us, accused as 'cruel, merciless, and tyrannical,' we are unable to conjecture. Assuming—as surely, in dealing with facts so notorious, we safely may—that his public account of the matter is correct, we are inclined to think, that further hesitation in commencing hostilities, would have been nothing short of unpardonable weakness, in any man recognizing the lawfulness of self-defence; and that, hostilities being actually begun, any irresolution in continuing them, until the complete submission of the enemy, would have given the attempt the character of useless and therefore unjustifiable revenge, instead of necessary chastisement. We are to remember that the question is not whether a civilized Commander can afford to overlook with contemptuous compassion, an insult to his national flag; or can bring himself, as a Christian, to pardon the cruel murder of his friends. The question is, whether some fifty or sixty hostile savages shall be put to death, in just and open warfare; or whether the crew of every vessel which approaches their shores shall be exposed to massacre, until some maritime nation is roused to the determination of making a terrible example, and the infatuated islanders are exterminated to a man. Could a Feejee Chief be brought to comprehend the power of the countries to whose commerce in the Pacific the incorrigible piracies of his countrymen had for so many years been a constant grievance, he would readily acknowledge, that such conduct as that of Captain Wilkes was the truest humanity; not merely to those who may be exposed to future acts of violence, but to those who might be tempted to commit them.

After leaving Malolo, the boats returned directly to Sandalwood Bay; and shortly after, the Vincennes and Peacock got under weigh, and anchored off Mali—a small island on the northern coast of Vannaleon—in readiness to sail on the 9th of August: they were joined at this station by the Porpoise and the Seagull, which had been dispatched from Malolo to revisit Kantavu, Levuka, and Ambau. And on the 11th, the surveys and other duties of the squadron

being complete, they put to sea from Mali; and to the great delight of all on board, except the exiled Vendovi, lost sight of the inhospitable shores of the Feejee Archipelago for the last time.

On the 24th September, the Vincennes, having parted company from her consorts on the passage, reached the Sandwich Islands, and anchored in the roads of Honolulu, the capital of the Island of Oahu. The Tender was already at anchor; the Peacock arrived on the 30th; and the Porpoise, which had been left behind to make some additional surveys in the Feejee group, on the 7th of October. The King of the Sandwich Islands, Kamehameha III., arrived at Honolulu on the 29th of September, for the express purpose of welcoming the American officers. He is a young man, and his appearance and manners made a very favorable impression on Captain Wilkes. His portrait, with its closely shaven face, short mustache, and well-fitted uniform, contrasts strangely with those of his kinsmen, the grim Chiefs of Ambau and Rewa; though we are far from certain that, in point of picturesque dignity, the advantage is on the side of the more civilized Polynesian. The Sandwich Islanders—or *Kanakas*, as they call themselves—are, like the Tahitians, reclaimed and softened by semi-civilization. Notwithstanding the stain left upon their character, by the treacherous murder of the illustrious voyager who first discovered their country, they are in general a harmless and well-disposed race; and appear to be more trustworthy, and to have more regard for truth and honesty, than the tribes of the southern Pacific. But they are dull, indolent, and timid; and it is clear from several incidents related by Captain Wilkes, as having occurred during the subsequent ascent of Mauna Loa, that they retain all the want of sympathy for each other, and all the thoughtless selfishness which forms so remarkable a feature in the inert and feeble character of the Polynesian mind.

On the 3d of December, the Vincennes sailed from Honolulu, and stood to the south-east; on the 8th she made the Island of Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Isles; and on the 9th she anchored in Hilo Bay. The principal object of her visit to Hawaii, was to survey a large volcanic mountain named Mauna Loa, whose summit is nearly 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. The party employed in this duty was commanded by Captain Wilkes himself, and consisted of several officers and scien-

tific gentlemen, ten seamen, and about two hundred natives, who acted as guides and porters. They left the ship on the 14th, and encamped for the night beside a vast volcanic lake or crater, at a place named Kilauea, at the south-eastern base of Mauna Loa. The 17th was passed in surveying the crater of Kilauea; which is an oval pool or lake of fire, about 1500 feet by 1000 in diameter, lying in the centre of a rocky and precipitous valley nearly ten miles in circumference. Captain Wilkes, who himself descended to its edge, gives a most appalling description of the narrow escape experienced some days afterwards by one of his party, who was surprised by a sudden rising of the lava, while collecting specimens within the surrounding descent. On the 18th the ascent of Mauna Loa was commenced; and on the evening of the 19th the exploring party encamped at the height of 6000 feet above the level of the sea. Here they were joined by fifty officers and men from the Vincennes, whose assistance it had been found necessary to procure, on account of the indolence, insubordination, and continual disputes of the Kanakas; so that the party now consisted of nearly three hundred men. The 20th, being Sunday, was passed in repose; but on the 21st the ascent was resumed, and they reached a large cave, which was subsequently very useful as a depot for stores; and a shelter for those who became disabled by the mountain sickness,—from this circumstance called the Recruiting Station. A lieutenant and a party of men were left at this place; and on the 22d the party reached another encampment, afterwards known as the Flag Station, where a party was also left. At length, on the 24th, they reached their last and highest station, a point called by the sailors Pendulum Peak; and situated on the eastern side of the crater, at the summit of the mountain. All hands were employed in constructing a camp upon this exposed point; which was at length imperfectly effected by building walls with the loose fragments of lava, so as to shelter the tents from the piercing and stormy winds continually blowing. In this dreary situation, several days were passed; and on the 12th of January, 1841, Captain Wilkes ascended the highest summit of the mountain—a point almost exactly opposite to Pendulum Peak. From this elevation he measured the height of the neighboring mountain of Mauna Kea, which he found to be 193 feet above him; thus settling, in

favor of the latter, the question of supremacy throughout the Pacific Ocean. During their long stay upon the summit of Mauna Loa, the whole of the adventurous party were more or less affected by very distressing symptoms of indisposition; but no serious illness occurred, nor did any dangerous accident take place, except in the case of a single seaman; who was accidentally left behind, exhausted, during the ascent of a small detached party from the Recruiting to the Flag Station, and was not discovered until nearly frozen to death. On the 13th the party broke up from the encampment at Pendulum Peak; and on the 14th, they completed their descent, and reached the crater of Kilauea.

Several weeks were passed in various surveys and experiments at Kilauea and elsewhere in the island; and on the 5th of March the Vincennes sailed from Hilo Bay. On the 6th she anchored in Lahaina roads, off the island of Maui, which lies to the north-west of Hawaii, in a line between that Island and Oahu. On the 17th she left her anchorage, and on the 18th returned to Honolulu. On the 23d she was joined by the Porpoise, which had sailed on the 16th of November; and had since been employed in making a more accurate survey of the Paumotu group of islands. The Peacock and the Flying-fish had left Honolulu on the 2d of December, and were still absent. On the 5th of April the Vincennes and Porpoise sailed from Honolulu for the North American coast. On the 28th they arrived off the Columbia river; but the weather was so unfavorable, and the surf upon the bar so dangerous, that they were compelled to defer entering it. They accordingly proceeded to the northward, and on the 1st of May entered the straits of San Juan de Fuca, and anchored in Port Discovery. On the succeeding days they continued to advance into Admiralty Inlet, and on the 11th reached its extremity, and moored off Fort Nisqually,—a stronghold erected to protect the property of the Hudson Bay Company.

From this day until the 17th of June, their time was passed in various scientific experiments at Nisqually; and in expeditions to explore the neighboring prairies and rivers,—particularly the Columbia and its tributaries. The Vincennes and Porpoise then removed from Nisqually to New Dungeness, an anchorage within the straits of San Juan de Fuca, for the purpose of surveying the winding creeks and inlets of

the bay; and while lying at this place, Captain Wilkes received the disastrous news that the *Peacock*, whose non-arrival had for some time caused him great anxiety, had been wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia.

On the 3d of August the *Vincennes* and *Porpoise* put to sea from New Dungeness, and on the 6th arrived off the mouth of the Columbia. Here they were joined by the *Flying-fish*, on board which vessel was Captain Hudson, from whom Captain Wilkes now received the report of the late misfortune.

It appeared that after departing from Oahu, eight months previously, the *Peacock* and *Flying-fish* had continued for several weeks cruising to the southward, in search of various small islands and coral reefs which had been reported to exist; but most of which they were unsuccessful in discovering. On the 28th of January, 1841, they discovered an island, previously unknown, lying to the north of the Samoan group, which Captain Hudson named Bowditch Island; and on the 6th of February the *Peacock* arrived off the island of Upolu, and anchored in the harbor of Apia on its northern coast. On the 6th of March they left the Samoan group, and stood to the north-west, and on the 14th they made the most southerly island of the Ellice group. They continued their course in the same direction for nearly two months, during which time they touched at most of the small islands comprising the Ellice and Kingsmill groups. They found great diversity of character among the natives; but the generality appear to have displayed the worst characteristics of the Polynesian race; and on one occasion their treacherous ferocity was the occasion of very serious mischief. This was at Taputeouea, or Drummond's Island; one of the largest of the Kingsmill group, and supposed to contain about ten thousand inhabitants. The natives, who appeared a remarkably warlike and ferocious race, had been repeatedly guilty of insulting behaviour to their visitors; and had more than once shown a very suspicious wish to decoy them into situations unfavorable to defence. At length one of the *Peacock's* seamen, who had gone on shore to visit a town named Utiwa, failed to reappear on board. Every inquiry was made without effect, until no doubt remained of his assassination by the natives. Captain Hudson then resolved to punish the outrage; and on the 9th of March sent on shore his boats, with orders

to destroy Utiwa. They were opposed in landing by a flotilla of canoes, which they dispersed with a loss of twelve men killed; after which they burned the town, and returned on board without having been able to find any traces of their unfortunate shipmate. We have already shown the necessity of prompt and effectual retaliation in all cases of this sort; and we may add, that in the present case it was the more indispensable; because the natives, in their entire ignorance of civilized war, might very easily have been induced to entertain a most dangerous opinion of their own superiority. On the 8th of May, being then nearly in the latitude of the Sandwich Islands, Captain Hudson resolved to proceed at once to his rendezvous in the Columbia. The *Peacock*, therefore, altered her course to the eastward; and on the 17th of July, after stopping for a few days at the Sandwich Islands, arrived off the mouth of that river. The bar at this place is well known to be extremely dangerous of passage; nor was there any pilot to be procured at the time of the *Peacock's* arrival; but Captain Hudson being considerably behind the time fixed for his presence, and having with him certain written instructions upon which he considered himself justified in relying, resolved to make the attempt. On the 18th, accordingly, the *Peacock* stood for the shore; but, though every possible precaution was taken as she approached it, she struck in a very short time upon a shoal, and remained immovably grounded. It was soon found that her situation was hopeless; on the 19th, her crew reached the land without loss, though not without considerable difficulty and danger; and on the morning of the 20th, it was found that the ship had gone to pieces in the night. We must not omit to add, that Captain Wilkes expresses himself perfectly convinced of the propriety of Captain Hudson's determination to attempt the passage of the bar; and speaks in the highest terms of his conduct during the shipwreck.

The loss of the *Peacock* made it necessary to alter, in some degree, the general plan of the expedition. The *Vincennes*, under Captain Ringold, was immediately dispatched to San Francisco; while Captain Wilkes, with the *Porpoise* and *Tender*, passed the bar, and anchored off the town of Astoria. His first care was to provide a vessel for the accommodation of the *Peacock's* crew, as well as to assist in the future operations of the squadron; and this

he fortunately found means to effect. An American merchant brig, then lying in the river, was purchased on behalf of the government, named the 'Oregon,' and placed under the command of Captain Hudson. While the necessary alterations in the equipment of their new consort were going on, the Porpoise and Flying-fish proceeded to explore the navigable part of the Columbia. They left Astoria on the 18th of August, and ascended the river as far as Fort Vancouver; where they were very hospitably received by the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. They remained at this place from the 28th of August to the 14th of September; during which time parties were constantly employed in surveying the surrounding country; and on the latter day they set out on their return to Astoria, where they anchored on the 1st of October.

On the 5th of October, the weather being favorable, the Porpoise and Oregon passed the bar; and on the 10th they were joined by Captain Wilkes with the Tender. The three vessels then stood to the southward; and arrived in San Francisco Bay on the 19th, where they found the Vincennes at anchor. Captain Ringold, who had arrived in the bay on the 14th of August, had already made considerable progress in exploring the Sacramento river; and in a few days every thing was in readiness for the final departure of the squadron from the north-west coast. On the 22d of October, the Vincennes, Porpoise, Oregon, and Flying-fish left the harbor, and on the 17th they arrived at Honolulu. On the 27th of November the squadron again put to sea, and took their last leave of the Sandwich Islands. The Vincennes and Flying-fish then parted company from their consorts; and standing to the westward, entered the Sea of China, and anchored in the roads of Manilla on the 13th of January, 1842. On the 21st they left Manilla; the Vincennes, parting company from the Tender, crossed the Sooloo Sea to the southward, and on the 3d of February anchored off the town of Soung, which is the capital of Sooloo, a small island lying to the north-east of Borneo.

The late Captain Basil Hall has, with his usual vivacity, described the forcible impression which the different habits of different nations make upon the seaman; who, instead of passing from one to the other by the gradual progress of a land traveller, has nothing but the difference of climate to prepare his imagination for the change from the bustle of an English

port to the blooming solitude of a Tropical Island, or to the silent desolation of a Polar coast. There could scarcely be a stronger contrast between two inhabited regions, than between the scenes at present visited by the Vincennes, and the savage cannibals of the Fejee Isles, or the sordid fishermen of the north-east coast. Manilla is a true Spanish colony; and the colonists have introduced among the natives all the picturesque and voluptuous indolence of their national manners. It is difficult to imagine ourselves in the Pacific Ocean when we read of the *Prado* with its groups of smoking or gambling loungers; of the *Tertulia* with its guitars, dances, and lemonade; or of the courteous officials, with their sonorous names and formal politeness. The natives of Sooloo, on the other hand, are in all respects Asiatics; and, with their slender forms and effeminate features, bear far greater resemblance to the Hindoo than to the Malay or Polynesian race. It is curious to recognize, in the deportment of the petty despot of this obscure island, the same puerile eagerness to display dignity and compel servility, which has so often excited the surprise of European Embassies at the splendid courts of Delhi or Ispahan. In other respects, these islanders seem to bear a very indifferent character; being, according to the description of Captain Wilkes, perfidious and cowardly in disposition, and, like most of the natives of the East Indian Archipelagos, inveterate pirates.

On the 12th of February the Vincennes left Sooloo, passed to the westward of Borneo, and anchored on the 19th in the road of Singapore; where she found the Porpoise, Oregon, and Flying-fish. The place is a perfect Emporium of Eastern commerce; but its prevailing character appears to be Chinese; and the temples, joss-houses, and junks of the natives, are adorned with all the ingenious deformities which characterize the labors of that singular people. At this place the Flying-fish was reported unseaworthy, and was consequently, to the great regret of the whole Squadron, disposed of by public sale. Captain Wilkes expresses the natural regret of a seaman, in parting with a faithful companion of a long and dangerous expedition; but the recollection of the melancholy fate which, three years before, had befallen the Seagull, a vessel of the same class and size, deterred him from making the attempt to carry her to the United States.

We may now pass briefly over the uneventful conclusion of these voyages. On the 26th of February the Vincennes, Porpoise, and Oregon sailed from Singapore; and on the 10th of June, after touching at the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena, the former vessel arrived in safety at New York.

Such is the outline—in itself, no doubt, sufficiently dry and uninteresting—of one of the longest and most laborious cruises ever undertaken. To the unimaginative reader, our barren list of dates and localities will be little more than a detached table of contents; only worth setting down for the practical purpose of saving him some trouble in exploring a voluminous work. But to those who, themselves engaged in the tranquil occupations of civilized life, can appreciate the courage required to endure a lasting separation from its enjoyments, we rather think that our sketch will appear a record of some interest. There is surely something striking, even in the common-place simplicity with which such voyagers as Captain Wilkes generally relate their adventures;—apparently unconscious that, in passing years among dangerous seas and Cannibal Islanders, they have been employed in any manner different from the ordinary routine of their profession. The patient zeal necessary for such an enterprise is very different from the hardihood which we have seen prompting some spirited young men to serve a campaign with Don Carlos, or to pass a hunting season with the Paunee Indians. It differs from the mere love of excitement and adventure, as the courage of a martyr differs from the courage of a soldier; and it is not too much to say, that many a naval Commander has obtained the honors of a hero, by a display of firmness and talents far inferior to that which can only gain for Captain Wilkes the sober reputation of a judicious and scientific voyager.

THE DUKE AND HIS AUTOGRAPH.—Field Marshal Duke of Wellington—although he beat Napoleon—is a simple, ingenuous soul, continually duped by a gang of ladies and gentlemen and others who—with a morbid taste for ink and paper—pursue men of mark for their autographs.

As the Duke is known to answer every letter—no matter its import—addressed to him,

all kinds of epistles are sent him, for the sole purpose of drawing His Grace of his autograph. We have seen many of the Duke's answers, and give a few.

'Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington informs Michael Wiggins that the coat he wore on the field of Waterloo was not the original model of the present D'Orsay paletot. The Comte D'Orsay is much too honorable a man to steal any thing from the Duke of Wellington, or—as the Duke firmly believes—from any body else.'

'The Duke of Wellington desires Peter Snout to take note that he is Commander-in-Chief of the army, and not a hatter. Therefore it is not the Duke's business to see that the wig of the statue of George the Fourth, Trafalgar Square, should be covered.'

'Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington has received John Jones's letter. The late Duke's debts may be paid, and they may *not*. The Duke of Wellington informs John Jones that *he* shall not pay them.'

And in this shameful manner is the courtesy of the noble Duke every day played upon. The Irish papers give the last instance of these intrusions upon his Grace's time, with, of course, the answer it provoked.

Somebody called the Duke's attention to the new cotton-shirts adopted by the Army, and to the potato-sickness. The Duke went at once into the shirts, but would not touch the potatoes:—

'Upon the other parts of Mr. —'s letter, that is, the state of distress existing in the neighborhood of —, consequent on *what is called* the potato disease, the Duke of Wellington begs leave to suggest to Mr. — that *he* is the Commander-in-Chief of the army.'

And therefore, as Mr. — ought to have known, is not called upon to cry 'eyes right' to the potatoes. But Mr. — already knew as much. All he wanted was the Duke's autograph, and he got it.—*Punch*.

From the Literary Gazette.

LIFE AMONG THE ALGERINES.

Algeria and Tunis in 1845. By Captain J. C. Kennedy, 18th Regiment. 2 vols. 12mo. H. Colburn.

A LIGHT, slight, and pleasant excursion, through portions of Africa occupied by or under the influence of the French, in which the writer was accompanied by Lord Fielding, and also joined by Count de Goltz, a Prussian officer of engineers, with whom the English travellers met at Algiers. It is written in a frank soldierly style, speaks very handsomely of the French offi-

cers, from whom, throughout, every friendly and hospitable attention was received; and, if it does not convey to the public much that is new, is nevertheless acceptable as a recent glance at a country of general interest to readers of every class.

Soon after landing at Algiers, an improvised explosion of a magazine gave our military tourist a military salute. Enjoying an evening stroll in the Place de Gouvernement, we are told:

"Three sides are nearly enclosed with handsome well-built houses in the French style, and the fourth, facing the sea, juts out in an obtuse angle, of which a portion of the northern face is occupied by a mosque of no architectural beauty, and the other, overlooking a battery of heavy guns, affords a splendid view of the port, the shipping, and the bay of Algiers. In the Place are the principal hotels, the fashionable cafés, and the best shops. As the night closed in, the cafés blazed with light, and the square was thronged with officers, soldiers, sailors, Jews, Moors, Arabs, the wealthy merchant and the poor colonist, the freed negro, the awkward conscript of the last 'tirage,' and the handsome dragoon in the soldierlike uniform of the 'Chasseurs d'Afrique,' mingled together in a scene of picturesque confusion, each following his own method in search of pleasure after the toils of the past day. This scene of gayety was, however, soon to change. At ten o'clock we left the Café de la Perle, and lingering near the entrance with the sound of the music still ringing in our ears, were startled by a bright flash in the direction of the harbor, a sheet of flame rose into the air, instantaneously followed by a loud explosion, and then several smaller ones in rapid succession: the ground shook as with an earthquake, and broken glass from the windows facing the sea, fell in showers around us. For a few seconds a dead silence reigned; the crowd seemed paralyzed—not a word was spoken—each looked round upon his neighbors as if seeking information from those as ignorant as himself. Then with one impulse, as if the spell that had held the crowd motionless had been suddenly broken, a rush was made towards the harbor. Every body spoke at once; a hundred wonderful and contradictory rumors passed from mouth to mouth with extraordinary rapidity. 'Abd-el-Kader and the Arabs are attacking the city,' cried one. 'It is an earthquake.' 'No, no, it is the English, it is 'la perfide Albion,'" exclaimed another, 'who, according to her usual custom, has, without declaring war, seized upon the harbor and the fleet.' 'Nonsense,' answered another, 'I tell you the great magazine on the Mole has exploded, and the light-house, the arsenal, the admiralty, the admiral and all his staff, are blown up.' This last report, although greatly exaggerated, unfortunately proved to be too true; upwards of a

hundred fellow-beings had in a few seconds been hurried unwarned into the presence of their God. Lord Fielding having been separated in the confusion from Count de Goltz and myself, was one of the first who reached the scene, and met the survivors of this sad event; officers, soldiers, and sailors, mixed with ladies, some dressed for an evening party, and others risen from their beds with infants in their arms, as they had rushed from the neighboring houses in the first impulse of terror: the moans of the wounded, alas! but few in number, were mingled with the screams of the frightened children; wives were seeking their husbands, parents their children, and friends each other; no one knew who had perished, or who had escaped, and in some cases this dreadful uncertainty lasted until morning; members of the same family having in the darkness and confusion taken refuge in different houses. Next morning on visiting the scene, we found that a large building, situated between the admiralty and the light-house was a heap of ruins; blocks of stone, huge beams, and masses of masonry confusedly thrown together, the portions of the walls that were still standing cracked in various places; the houses occupied by the flag-captain and the captain of the port much damaged, the sides nearest the explosion blown down; the lantern of the 'phare' broken, and the admiralty slightly damaged. During this and many succeeding days the troops were busily employed searching for the bodies, many of which were not discovered for some time; one poor wretch was found alive amid the ruins on the fourth day; and in one long room, used as an artillery barrack, and containing rows of beds on either side, nearly fifty bodies were found lying in death, as they had laid them down to sleep; and in the centre, the crushed and disfigured remains of a party engaged at play, the stakes before them, and the cards still firmly grasped in their stiffened hands. The fate of Madame * * *, the wife of the port-captain, was most melancholy. Whilst in the midst of her friends, who, to the number of thirty, were that evening collected at her house, she heard her child crying in the adjoining room, she hastened to soothe it, and, on crossing the passage from one door to the other, the explosion took place: she was killed instantaneously; her child in one room, and her husband and friends in the other, escaping unhurt. The daughter of Madame P * * *, a little girl between four and five years of age, was asleep in a room, part of the roof of which was blown down; she was taken out of bed and carried from the port to the Grand Place still asleep, neither the noise of the explosion, the falling ruins, nor the removal, having awoken her. The total loss by this melancholy accident proved to be one hundred and one killed and thirteen wounded. The cause of the explosion will probably for ever remain unknown."

The origin of the French invasion is

stated in connexion with an account of the Kasbah, or the Dey's private apartments (now a barrack), within which is a small room where was "given the famous 'coup de chasse-mouche,' an event pregnant with consequences of such vital importance to the Dey and the regency. On the 27th of April, 1827, the eve of the feast of the Beyram, the diplomatic corps were, according to custom, presented to pay their respects to the Dey. During the interview an angry discussion took place between the Dey and the French consul, which ended by the Dey in a passionate moment striking the consul in the face with his fan. To this blow the subsequent events that have taken place are to be referred; it cost the Dey his throne, drove him an exile to die in a foreign land, caused the ruin of the Turkish dominion, which had endured for upwards of three hundred years, and in replacing it by an European and Christian government, must, sooner or later, work a most beneficial change in the condition of the northern coast of Africa, however dim and distant such a prospect may appear at present. This room is now used as a poultry-yard; and, singularly enough, as we entered, a cock strutting on the deserted divan proclaimed his victory over some feeble rival by a triumphant crow, an appropriate emblem of the real state of affairs."

The proud *Cock* of Gaul no doubt felt himself at home in the ex-harem; and his strutting and crowing on the deserted divan, just as if it were a dunghill, would make a picture for Landseer, conveying a potent animal-moral, and prophetic of the farther fall of *Turkey*; the motto,—

'O Dey and Night, but this is wondrous strange!'

Leaving the *Cock* in possession, the visitors set out for the interior, penetrated several mountain passes, stopped at Medeah, and thence took a trip to the Little Desert to see the natives at home, and have some sport in the way of hunting and shooting. Before quoting a few of the incidents, we may as well copy the view of the country traversed between the 34th and 37th degrees of latitude, *i. e.* between the Mediterranean and the Great Zahara.

"The regions to the southward of Algiers, lying between the 34th and 37th degrees of latitude, possess six climates perfectly distinct from each other. The plain of the Meteedjah, which is low, warm, and damp. The chain of the Atlas, twenty-five leagues in width,

rising 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and whose climate, extending as far as Boghar, resembles that of the south of France. The Little Desert—an elevated district, but scantily watered. The mountainous country of the Djebel Ammour, and the Djebel Sahary, from four to five thousand feet in height, and twenty-five leagues in width. Further south comes the northern part of the basin of the Mzi—a series of abrupt elevations with an arid soil and a burning sky. And lastly, at Laghouat is the Great Desert, where you find neither mountains nor water. From the sea-coast to within four leagues south of Boghar, grain is cultivated, without irrigation. After that, water must be artificially supplied, except in some elevated or damp situations. It is probable that the system of irrigation introduced by the Arabs into Spain is derived from the conquerors having employed there the same methods of cultivation that they had been forced by necessity to follow in tilling the sandy soil of Africa.

"In the Meteedjah grow the aloe, palm, cactus, and orange, which do not flourish in the Atlas, the trees of which are those of the south of France—such as evergreen-oaks, elms, cork-trees, pines, cypresses, &c. The trees of the Desert are the lentisci, the karouba, the juniper—which attains the height of thirty feet, and, in damp places, the tamarisk. In the chains of the Djebel Ammour and Djebel Sahary the trees are confined to the lentisci, cypresses, pines, and in the higher parts of the mountains, the ilex. In the gardens about the Ksars the fruit-trees of Europe and Africa are seen flourishing side by side. In the Meteedjah the palms are unproductive, and are not to be met with again until to the south of the Djebel Ammour, where they yield most abundantly, in a country where wheat and barley are scarce and dear, and the date is the principal article of food. Here nature puts on a peculiar aspect; the vegetable productions of the soil, the minerals, the birds, the reptiles, and the insects, all follow one type—the type of Central Africa. In the Great and Little Deserts the higher parts consist of little else than rock; while in many of the less elevated portions, a thick bed of vegetable earth of an excellent quality, is found. In the months of May and June, the Little Desert is covered with herbs, affording an abundant pasturage, superior to what is then found on the Djebel Ammour. In the Great Desert there is no grass, except in certain moist places. At the end of June the grass dries up, and the flocks then eat it as hay. In November fall the first rains, and verdure again returns. Throughout the desert truffles are found in immense quantities, whitish in color, and without any great flavor: they are, nevertheless, a *recherché* and wholesome addition to the table, and are even an object of commerce, when preserved by drying. The lion and the panther, which are tolerably common in the wooded mountains of the Atlas,

are not to be found in either the Great or Little Desert. On leaving Taguine, the ostrich begins to appear, as well as a large species of antelope, called by the Arabs 'louache.' In the Great Desert the horned viper, a serpent of a very dangerous species, is numerous; and there are also lizards, nearly three feet long, with a flat, denticulated tail. The largest serpents are rarely more than seven feet and a half in length. When the sea-breeze, having passed over the Meteedjah, reaches the Atlas, its temperature becomes reduced, and it deposits its humidity in the form of clouds, rain, or snow; then, carried on over the Little Desert, the clouds are dispersed by the increased heat of the soil, only to be again re-formed on the ranges of the Djebel Ammour, and finally disappear as they pass over the burning plains of the Sahara. Thus, often in the Little Desert the weather will be beautiful, while the Atlas and Djebel Ammour, to the north and south, are both enveloped in clouds; and when General Marey's expedition crossed the ridge of the Djebel Ammour in the midst of a violent storm, the sky was serene and clear, and the weather lovely in the deserts on either side of the mountains. As by these mountains a large portion of the moisture carried by the winds is intercepted, comparatively but a small share reaches the elevated plains beyond (except during the winter, when the rain falls in torrents), but being almost entirely dependent for water on what comes from the heavens, and that source being closed for the greater part of the year, the soil is burnt up, vegetation cannot exist, and these plains become a desert. In the Atlas and the Djebel Ammour snow falls every winter, and lies on the ground for several weeks. It has been seen on the Djebel Sahary in the month of May. But little snow falls in the Meteedjah or the deserts, and when it does, it melts almost immediately."

The history of the Razzia of General Marey in 1844 is reprinted from a pamphlet privately circulated by that distinguished officer; and will, we dare say, especially interest military readers; but all that we need say of the General is, that he did every thing in his power to render the expedition of our countrymen agreeable to them. That he got them to see as many of the lions as he could may be granted, when we mention that among the rest he exhibited to them a lame one of his own.

"During the evening (says Captain Kennedy) we learnt much that was interesting concerning the Arabs from the General, who is more intimately acquainted with the Arab character, and with their manners and customs, than perhaps any other officer in the French service. For several years commandant of the Spahis (the Arab cavalry in the pay of the French), he lived among them, adopt-

ing their dress, and both writing and speaking Arabic fluently; he is thus able to communicate with the tribes under his government without the medium of an interpreter. On our asking some questions about a lion that we had heard belonged to him, he said he would introduce us at once, and turning to his servant, desired him to bring up Sultan. In a few minutes the door opened and the lion entered the room, the man only leading him by a tuft of his mane. He was a magnificent animal, two years old, and full grown, all but his mane; which although only a foot long, made nevertheless a respectable appearance; he did not seem to care about our being strangers, but walking about the room like a large dog, permitted us to take liberties with him, such as patting him, shaking a paw, and making him exhibit his teeth and claws. He showed, however, a marked predilection in favor of his old acquaintances, and lying down before them, turned on his back to be scratched. After a scratch or two he began to yawn, and was fairly settling himself for a nap, when a cigar was puffed in his face—a proceeding he evidently did not approve of—rising in a hurry, curling up his lips, and wrinkling his nose, he exposed to view a splendid set of teeth, a sure sign that he was not pleased. A hearty sneeze seemed to restore him to good temper; and bearing no malice, he returned a friendly pat bestowed upon him by Captain Martenot, who had been the aggressor, by rubbing his head caressingly against his knees."

In the Little Desert where the sporting was pursued, Captain Kennedy proceeds to describe the battue.

"Day was breaking when we were aroused next morning by the arrival of a party of the Arabs who were to assist at the hunt. The morning was bitterly cold, the thermometer standing at 43 degrees; and a dense mist covering the face of the mountains, rendered objects at twenty yards invisible. The sun was just rising red and angry through the fog, when we set forth for the spot that had been fixed upon by the Arabs for our first beat, where we arrived after half an hour's walk. In the mean time the aspect of the morning was changed; the sun, having dispersed the mist, shone gloriously, giving promise of a fine day. Fifty Arabs were collected when we came up, a number that afterwards swelled to nearly two hundred, many of them mounted, who, having heard what was going on, joined us from the neighboring tribes; a multitude of dogs was also gathered together, for where the brushwood is so thick, it is difficult to force the boars to break cover, without actually coming upon them: and therefore any little barking cur that has a tolerable nose is useful. The Righas are held the best sportsmen in this part of the Atlas, and are passionately fond of hunting; a single man will some-

times follow a boar for two or three days by the track, and kill him at last with a single dog, seldom firing unless within a few yards; when killed, the only use they make of the meat is to feed their dogs; and, if near a French station, they occasionally take it there for sale. Some of the dogs are handsome, powerful animals, resembling those bred in England between a greyhound and a foxhound, are courageous, and will singly attack a boar. These dogs are rare, and valued accordingly; a fine one being seldom parted with by an Arab, unless tempted by a high price. The place of rendezvous was the summit of a wooded ridge, sloping gradually down to a ravine below, the ground narrowing with the declivity, and enclosed on both hands by the steep sides of the surrounding mountains. The twenty voltigeurs, placed at intervals among the Arabs, were formed in an extended line along the ridge, two of the guns, and all the dogs remained with them; the rest of the guns, descending quietly, were posted on the bank of a small stream that ran through the valley, at the points where it was considered probable that the boars would attempt to pass. When we were all placed, the signal was given from below, and the line advanced, making as much noise as possible in beating the cover, the infantry firing blank cartridge, the Arabs shouting, and the dogs barking. Nothing, however, was found; and the two next ravines were also drawn blank. In the fourth beat we were more fortunate; recent traces of the presence of the game were discovered. The boar could not be far off, and laying on the dogs, a dozen voices roared out 'Haloof, haloof' (pig, pig); a general rush was made in the direction of those who had viewed the game, the noise redoubled, and the scene became most exciting. The ravine, steep, rocky, and clothed with thick brushwood, seemed to be alive with men, the burnished barrels of the voltigeurs glancing in the sunlight as they pushed forward from bush to bush, keeping up an irregular fire, each shot marked by a curl of white smoke rising from the copse, and the report repeated again and again, echoing among the hills. The Arabs, with their long guns, and the loose folds of their bernouses waving in the air, as they rushed at full speed over the roughest ground, mingled their wild cries with the yelling and barking of the dogs; on the ridges overlooking the ravine, the horsemen watching the motions of those below, to enable them to cut off the boars if they should take to the hill, were galloping about at a fearful pace over the rocks and stones, now lost sight of in some deep gully, then seen clambering from rock to rock, their animals more like goats than horses, and having regained the crest, every movement of the steeds and their excited riders was visible to us below, each figure standing out in bold relief against the deep blue of a cloudless sky. Notwithstanding the exertions of the mounted party, the game crossed the hill into the neigh-

boring ravine, but not until a two-year old had been shot by an Arab, and a fine old boar severely hit. He managed to get away; and we afterwards heard, on our return to Medeah, that he had been tracked, and sent to General Marey a day or two after by the Arabs. The chase having taken a contrary direction to our camp, we had a long walk before us under a broiling sun; the breeze had died away, and the stunted trees and bushes afforded no shade at noon. At one o'clock we reached the tent, where the thermometer in the shade stood at 92 degrees, after eight hours' hard work, well repaid for our labor by the magnificence of the scenery, and the excitement of a sport so novel in all its features."

AN ARAB WEDDING.

An Arab wedding, in a high family, offered at least one incident of a novel nature, and curiously characteristic of the people:

"As soon as we had taken our stand in the front row, the music, which had ceased for a few minutes, struck up, and the lady in the midst commenced her performances; inclining her head languishingly from side to side, she beat time with her feet, raising each foot alternately from the ground with a jerking action, as if she had been standing on a hot floor, at the same time twisting about her body, with a slow movement of the hands and arms. Several others succeeded her, and danced in the same style, with an equal want of grace. A powerful inducement to exert themselves was not wanting, for one of them more than once received some tolerably severe blows, both from a stick and the flat of the sword; what the reason was I do not know, but suppose that either she was lazy or danced badly. While the dancing was going on the spectators were not idle; armed with guns, pistols, and blunderbusses, with enormous bell mouths, an irregular fire was kept up. Advancing a step or two into the circle, so as to show off before the whole party, an Arab would present his weapon at a friend opposite, throwing himself into a graceful attitude, then suddenly dropping the muzzle at the instant of pulling the trigger, the charge struck the ground close to the feet of the person aimed at. After each report the women set up a long continued shrill cry of *lu-lu, lu-lu*, and the musicians redoubled their efforts. The advance of one man is usually the signal for others to come forward at the same time, all anxious to surpass their friends and neighbors in dexterity and grace. Ten or a dozen men being crowded into a small space, sometimes not more than six paces wide, brandishing their arms, and, excited by the mimic combat, firing often at random, it is not to be wondered at if accidents happen occasionally to the actors or bystanders. Among the most remarkable, a fine athletic youth had particularly attracted my at-

tention by the ease and gracefulness of his movements. Each time he came forward after loading, I had marked his excitement increasing, and now carried away by it, he seemed to forget the peaceful nature of the meeting, for, levelling his gun deliberately at the Arab standing next one of the French officers and myself, he fired with the muzzle within a couple of feet of his body; the man fell, rolled over and over, and lay as if dead. On examination of the wound, there was no fear to be entertained for his life, as he was hit near the hip, and a double fold of his bernous, which was burnt through, had deadened the force of the powder. It was nevertheless an ugly looking wound, as pieces of the woollen bernous and some grains of the coarse powder had been driven into the burnt flesh. The rest of the party did not care much about it, and the wounded man's wife, instead of looking after her husband, rushed up to the man who had shot him, and, assisted by some female friends, opened upon him a torrent of abuse with such evident fluency of tongue and command of language, that after endeavoring in vain to get in a word or two, he fairly turned tail and walked off. I asked in the evening how the wounded man was, and they answered that it would not signify, he would be well in a week or so. Ten minutes afterwards he came himself limping to our tent, evidently much more distressed at the serious injury his bernous had received, than at his own hurt, and exhibiting the big holes burnt in his garment with a most woebegone expression of countenance. The same rejoicings continued all the afternoon; and even when our numbers were increased by the return of the shooting party, no objections were made to our going to and fro as often as we pleased. It is the custom always to make a present to the musicians, which I understood was handed over to the bridegroom; so perhaps the five-franc piece given by each of us may have had some effect. The actual ceremonies of an Arab marriage are very simple. The young man having made his choice, the two fathers meet and settle what sum is to be paid for the bride; this important point arranged, a contract is drawn up and signed, the money paid, the bridegroom goes for his wife and brings her home. A divorce is a still easier matter; the husband gives his reason for desiring it (frequently a very trifling one), and the woman returns to her father, who, however, is entitled to keep the sum he originally received at the time of the marriage. Owing to their habits of life, the Arab women enjoy a greater degree of comparative liberty than falls to the lot of females of other Mahometan nations. Constantly employed in the severest domestic labor in the field, as well as at home, concealment of the person, as practised by the Moors and inhabitants of cities, is impossible in the douar, neither do they attempt it."

Our next extract relates a remarkable
Vol. III.—No. III. 60

feat, and leads to an interesting communication :

"While drinking our coffee, we observed a boy who, leaning with folded arms upon a stick, watched every motion that we made. The boy's countenance was disgustingly repulsive, and the vacant yet cunning expression of his features, more those of a brute than of a human being, as well as the form of his misshapen head, stamped him as an idiot from his birth. A tattered bernous hung loosely on his shoulders, and cold and wet as the evening was, he stood staring in at the entrance of the tent, while the other Arabs, whom curiosity had at first attracted, gathered round the fire a few yards distant. Knowing that the Arabs regard as saints, madmen, and those whose intellects are affected, I paid no more attention to him, and left the tent for a few minutes. When I returned, the boy was still there, fixed in the same attitude; and I was told that he had just made a display of his sanctity, by holding in his naked hand a live scorpion, and then eating it, without suffering in the least from its poisonous sting. As he was standing close to the tent, there could be no doubt but that he performed the disgusting feat of devouring the reptile, but I was rather incredulous as to the fact of the sting not having been removed. We were discussing this point, when, guessing that he was the object of our conversation, he went away, and returned almost immediately with another scorpion in his hand. Taking a piece of stick, I examined it most closely in his uncovered hand, and perfectly satisfied myself that it had not been deprived of its sting, or injured in any way. The scorpion was of a tolerable size—upwards of two inches long—quite lively, and able to inflict a very painful wound, the effects of which would be apparent almost instantly, and last for a considerable time. Standing over the boy, I watched him narrowly, to see that he did not pinch off the tail of the reptile, or play any trick; but, half raising his hand to his head, he put his mouth to his open palm, and I saw distinctly the scorpion writhing between his teeth as he took it up, and heard the crunching of its shelly covering, as he deliberately chewed and then swallowed it. Neither his hands nor his mouth suffered in the slightest degree, and after a short interval he produced and ate another in the same way, which I also examined. The boy, since the early period when the infirmity of his mind became apparent, had been brought up a member of the religious sect of the Aïsaoua, who claim the privilege, by the special gift of God to their founder, of being proof against the venom of reptiles, and the effects of fire. The present chief of the sect resides near Medea, and his disciples are to be found scattered over the whole of Northern Africa; they are held in a certain degree of reverence, but do not possess much influence. Captain Martenot gave us these details, and referred me for fur-

ther information on the subject to the following account of a grand festival of the Aïsaoua, written by an officer who was an eye-witness of the scenes he so graphically describes.

"In the court of a small Moorish house in the Rue de l'Empereur, Algiers, about sixty Arabs and Moors were assembled. Frou standards—one red and yellow, and the other three red and green—were suspended from the columns of the court, over the heads of the chiefs of the sect. These were the standards of the Marabout, Mohammed-ben-Aïssa. In the middle, a long wax taper, placed in an old black chandelier, alone afforded light to the assembly, and cast its uncertain, glimmering rays into the gloomy corners of the building. The upper gallery was filled with women, covered with their white veils, leaving visible only their black eyes and their eyebrows, stained with henna. Bou-Chama, by whose invitation I attended the festival, remained by my side, and explained the origin of the religious sect to which he belonged, in nearly the following terms:—'Four or five hundred years ago a celebrated Marabout lived in the province of Oran. His name was Mohammed-Ben-Aïssa, and having succeeded in gathering together a certain number of disciples, he wandered with them over the face of the land, sometimes in the Tell, and at other times plunging into the wilds of the Sahara. One day during his wanderings he lost his way in the desert. The provisions were exhausted, and his faithful followers, sinking from weakness, were on the point of perishing with hunger, when Ben-Aïssa, stretching his hands towards heaven, implored the mercy of the God of Mohammed. 'Lord,' cried he, 'thou alone art able to save us. Take pity upon us, and cause whatsoever we may touch, to change for us into wholesome food.' At these words, seized with sudden inspiration, his disciples gathered stones, serpents, scorpions, &c., satisfied their hunger, and suffered no harm. 'We,' continued Bou-Chama, 'followers of this illustrious Marabout, have inherited the same privilege; and it is in commemoration of this miracle, and to perpetuate it, that we have now assembled together. By our prayers we obtain the cure of the sick, and draw down the mercies of heaven upon our newly-born children.' After these words, Bou-Chama left me and joined his brethren; the rites were commencing. The prescribed ablutions having been performed, the Aïsaoua, standing in meditative postures, recited eight times the Mussulman profession of faith—'I bear witness that there is none other god than God, and that Mohammed is his prophet.' In their voices there was something grave and solemn, which was most impressive. The Mokaddam, or chief of the sect, then chanted a prayer for all Mussulmen, and called down upon them the benedictions of the prophet. At the end of each prayer the Mokaddam stopped, and the Aïsaoua, lifting up their voices in turn, asked health for one, or the blessing of maternity for

another; and the chorus then taking it up, addressed a prayer to God, in accordance with the favor demanded. Incense was every now and then thrown on a brazier of live coals, and the chorus repeated in a loud voice, '*Es-salah! Es-salah!*' They then all seated themselves in a circle, leaving a vacant space in the centre of the court. The Mokaddam and his chief assistants took their places opposite to me, and at their side a dozen Aïsaoua arranged themselves, each armed with an enormous tambourine, which they beat in cadence, while the chorus vociferated a song in honor of Ben-Aïssa. There was in these songs an undefinable spirit of frantic rage, which produced in me a certain impression of terror. I saw some of these fanatics roll enormous serpents in the hollow of their tambourines, while livid adders reared their hideous heads from the hoods of their bernous, and, dropping to the floor, glided over the marble as cold as themselves. In spite of the horror which I felt at this sight, curiosity got the better of my disgust, and I remained. I must confess, however, that my heart beat violently; the dim obscurity, the infernal music, the women, shrouded in their white veils, appearing like phantoms risen from the grave, all prepared my imagination for the horrid spectacle of a festival of the Aïsaoua. At the sound of this barbarous music, one of the party rushed into the circle with a frightful cry and extended arms, as if possessed by the evil one. He made the round several times, roaring hoarsely and savagely, then, as if compelled by a supernatural power, he began to dance to the sound of the tambourines and drums. He was then clothed in a white bernous, and his '*shasheah*' (red woollen cap) being taken off, the long hair left on the top of an Arab's head fell over his shoulders. He then commenced his '*zeekr*.' The *zeekr* is a species of religious dance, which consists in jerking the head from right to left, so that it touches the shoulders alternately. The whole body of the Aïsaoua was in motion, his eyes soon became red and blood-shot, and the veins of his neck blue and distended; nevertheless, he continued his terrific dance. On a sudden two others rose up, and with savage yells, joined the first. The three, excited by each other, redoubled their stampings and the motion of their heads, working themselves up into a state of frenzy impossible to describe. Now calling for red-hot iron, small shovels, the broad part the size of the hand, with long iron handles, were given to them. Seizing each one, these enthusiasts, placing one knee on the ground, applied their hands, and even tongues, to the red-hot metal. One of them, more madly excited than his companions, placed the brightest portion of the instrument between his teeth, and held it in that position for upwards of thirty seconds. Let not the reader think that I exaggerate; I witnessed all that I relate; and, in order to impress the scene stronger upon my memory, the performer of this last act placed himself

directly opposite to me with a lighted taper in his hand. It is impossible for me to give a reason for what I saw, but I cannot disbelieve it; I smelt the stench of the burnt flesh, and when I afterwards touched their hands and feet, I found only a fresh and uninjured skin. The sight of one old man, nearly sixty-five years of age, gave me great pain; he grasped the red-hot iron, and placing it on his leg, allowed it to remain there until a whitish smoke arose, which filled the whole house with its poisonous odor. These dances lasted in this manner for the space of an hour. Notwithstanding the noise produced by the songs and the tambourines, the painful rattle in the throats of these mad fanatics could be distinguished amidst the din; at last, exhausted by fatigue, they fell backwards, one after the other, and lay senseless and motionless on the ground; the songs ceased, and nothing broke the solemn silence but the sound of their heavy breathings. A man, whose task it was to attend the half-dead wretches, now advanced, and placing his foot successively on the pit of their stomachs, pressed their sides strongly, kneaded their limbs, and caused them to revive. The dance recommenced; four fresh Aïsaoua rushed into the circle, and were soon in the same state of frenzy as their predecessors, striking their heads with red-hot shovels, and stamping upon them with their naked feet. Then, in their delirium, imagining that they were transformed into camels and lions, they uttered the cries of the animals they represented, and feigned a combat between them; their mouths foamed and their eyes sparkled with rage. The Mokaddam now presented to them a leaf of cactus, of which the thorns, an inch in length, and sharp as a needle, made me tremble. At this sight the combat ceased; the Aïsaoua threw themselves upon the cactus, they tore and ground it between their teeth, making the air resound with a hoarse noise resembling the horrid cries of an enraged camel. At this moment the women, placed in the upper gallery, raised their dismal cry of *lu-lu, lu-lu, lu-lu*.

"This frightful scene was only the prelude to all the horrors I was about to witness. Towards eleven o'clock the songs ceased, and coffee and couscous were brought in, of which I found it impossible to partake. The repast over, they recited a prayer before recommencing their dance; and on the musicians beginning to strike their enormous tambourines, seven or eight of the disciples rose, howling dreadfully, and, dressed in white, like their predecessors, began to perform the *zeekr*. My acquaintance, Bou-Chama, was of this party; and taking a bundle of small wax tapers, he placed first his hand, and then his arm, face, and neck, in the flames. His features, when thus lit up, as they appeared from one moment to another through the varying flames, had quite a demoniacal appearance. In the meantime a negro had amused himself by placing live coals in his mouth, which, as he breathed,

burnt brightly, and sent forth a thousand sparks. Without having been there, it is impossible to realize the terrific sight I had before my eyes. Opposite me, within two paces, was the negro, whose glowing mouth displayed itself in a black and hideous face; his head, with its single lock of crisp woolly hair, vibrating rapidly from side to side; and around me the hellish music, the convulsive stampings, and the frightful cries of the dancers. The negro was now in a state of the most furious excitement. Swallowing the still burning contents of his mouth, he seized a large scorpion, full of life and venom; placing it on his arm, he irritated the reptile in every possible manner, pinching it, putting it near the taper, and burning one of its claws. The enraged animal darted his sting into the offered hand; the negro smiled, and, raising the scorpion to his mouth, I heard it crack between his teeth; and, as he swallowed it, I turned my head aside in horror. The reader, perhaps, supposes that the scorpion was deprived of his sting; but I had ocular demonstration to the contrary; nay, more, I might have brought one from the Boudjareeah myself, and given it with my own hand, as many have done who have been admitted to these '*Hadrah*.'

"A yatagan was now brought, the point wrapped in a handkerchief, and two men held it horizontally about three feet from the ground. On seeing this, a man rose from his seat and commenced his *zeekr*; then, uncovering his breast, he sprang with all his weight on the naked blade: it seemed as if his body would have been cut in two by such a blow. He remained, however, with his bare breast on the sharp edge of the sabre, balancing himself with his feet, in a horizontal position, and tranquilly continuing his *zeekr*. Meanwhile the four other Aïsaoua continued their furious dance, beating their heads with the iron shovels brought to a red heat. To these, three others soon joined themselves, grasping in each hand a living adder, with which they struck their bodies. As they danced, the serpents wound themselves about their limbs, hissing horribly. Then seizing them, some placed them in their mouths, so as only to permit the head of the reptile to escape: one even forced the adder to bite his tongue, and, leaving it thus suspended, continued his dance. Others squeezed them between their teeth, to increase their rage; and the irritated reptiles, in their desperate struggles to escape, twined around their necks, and, hissing, reared themselves above the heads of their tormentors. Excited by the spectacle before their eyes, and by the increasing noise of the music, the Aïsaoua rose in a body, and rushed to take a part in the dance. Then commenced a scene which words cannot describe. Twenty Aïsaoua, clothed in white bernous, with dishevelled hair and haggard eyes, mad with excitement and fanaticism, bathed in sweat, and grasping serpents in their hands, stamping, dancing, and convulsively shaking their heads, each starting

vein swollen and distended with blood. The women, like phantoms, assisting in this scene, lit only by a pale and solitary taper, uttered in a piercing tone their shrill cries of *lu-lu, lu-lu, lu-lu*. This, mixed with strange songs, hoarse sounds, and the hollow rattle in the throat of each Aïsaoua, as he fell exhausted and senseless, formed altogether a scene so totally repulsive to human nature, that it seemed, in truth, a feast of hell. Such dreadful exertions could not, however, last long: by degrees the number of dancers diminished, as one after another they sank under the fatigue, and their panting bodies strewed the marble pavement of the court. The feast of the Aïsaoua was over."

With this long specimen we finish our notice. The return of the travellers to Algiers, their visit to Bona and Tunis, the historical account of the Kabiles or Berbers, and other matters treated of, not furnishing us with aught which we could consider to be of sufficient novelty or importance to occupy our pages. From what we have done, we think it will be seen that the publication is exactly what we have pictured; viz. the frank exposition of a light, slight, and pleasant excursion, over a country from which the latest intelligence must, from the nature of the case, be generally acceptable.

PRINCE OF WALES' FEATHERS.—In the Society of Antiquaries, the Secretary resumed the reading of the 'Inquiry into the Origin of the device of the Triple Plume of Feathers, and the Mottoes used by the Black Prince,' by Sir Harris Nicolas, commenced at the previous meeting. The popular account of the adoption of the badge of feathers at Cressy, as stated by Sandford, rests on no contemporary authority; the tradition that the Black Prince wore the feathers at Poitiers not at Cressy, is first mentioned by Camden, and the tale of their being stripped from the helm of the King of Bohemia is given by no higher authorities than Sandford and Randle Holme. Sir Harris having carefully examined the Wardrobe Accounts, whilst preparing a history of the Order of the Garter, ascertained that the first mention of the feathers in any record, is in a list of the Queen's plate; the date of the document is lost, but it must have been after 43 Edward III., 1369. The facts thus supplied lead to the inference that the ostrich feathers in a sable field belonged to Queen Philippa, either as a family badge, or as arms borne in right of some territories appertaining to her house. The most remarkable notices of them occur in the will of the Black Prince; he directed these badges to be placed among the decorations of his tomb, with the motto *Hovmout*, which, in a singular document preserved in the Tower, is used by him as a signature "De par Homout—Ich Dien." The

evidence afforded by seals is material in such an inquiry; the ostrich feathers do not appear on the Great Seals of Edward III. or his consort; they occur on Prince Edward's seal for Aquitaine, and some others used by him; and they appear to have been borne with a slight difference by other sons of Edward III., by Richard II., and succeeding sovereigns, by the sons of Henry IV., and also by the house of York. The badge does not appear to have been considered as appropriate to the eldest son of the sovereign, until the reign of Henry VIII., and in subsequent times, from ignorance of its real character it has been converted into the crest of the Prince of Wales.

From the British Quarterly Review:

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS OF FRANCE.

- (1.) *Le Moniteur*.—(2.) *Le Messager*.—(3.) *Le Journal des Débats*.—(4.) *Le Constitutionnel*.—(5.) *Le Siècle*.—(6.) *La Presse*.—(7.) *Le National*.—(8.) *La Gazette de France*.—(9.) *La Quotidienne*.—(10.) *Le Globe*.—(11.) *Le Corsaire Satan*.—(12.) *Le Charivari*.—(13.) *L'Esprit Public*.—(14.) *La Réforme*.—(15.) *La Démocratie Pacifique*. Paris, 1845, 1846.
- (16.) *Histoire Edifiante du Journal des Débats*. Paris: Baudry.
- (17.) *Venalité des Journaux, Révélations accompagnées de Preuves*. Par CONSTANT HILBEY. Ouvrier, Tailleur. Paris, chez tous les Libraires. Septembre, 1845.
- (18.) *L'Ecole des Journalistes, Comédie en 5 Actes*. Par MDE. EMILE DE GIRARDIN; suivie d'une Lettre de M. JULES JANIN; et d'une Réponse de M. GRANIER DE CASSAGNAC. Troisième Edition, Paris, 1840.

It were a curious and instructive study to trace the progress of the Newspaper Press of France, from the earliest times down to our own day;—to record the history of the ancient *Gazetier* and the modern *Journalist*;—of the old *Gazette* of times long gone by, as well as of the modern *Journal*. In the French of the 17th century, the *Gazetier* signified the Editor of a periodical publication, as well as the Publisher; but the word is not now used in this latter sense, and generally bears an ill signification.

Though any frivolous inquiry into the origin of words, in the present age of facts

and realities, be for the most part idle, yet it may be permitted to us to state, that the word *Gazetier* is derived from *Gazette*, a denomination which the earliest journal received from the piece of Venetian coin, '*Gazetta*,' which the reader paid for each number in the Piazza de St. Marco, in the seventeenth century. The first regular Journal which modern times has known, however, appeared in England in 1588. It bore the title of the '*English Mercury*,' and probably suggested to the French nation the idea of the '*Mercurie Français, ou Suite de l'Histoire de la Paix*.' This publication commenced in 1605, the *Septennaire* of D. Cayer, and extended to the year 1644, forming altogether a collection of 25 vols. The curious compilation was, till 1635, edited by John Richer, and continued by Theophile Renaudot.

Without entering upon the early history of Journalism in France, or enumerating the journals and newspapers of the Revolution, it will best accord with our design to begin our sketch with the mention of the only one which sprung out of this great crisis which has survived that stormy and terrific epoch, and which has lived to see many great changes even in our own day. We allude to the '*Moniteur Universel*,' the official journal of the French Government. Born of the first Revolution, and a witness of all the political revolutions which have succeeded it, the '*Moniteur*' has had the rare advantage of surviving times of trouble and civil strife, without losing any portion of its high consideration, and without changing either its character or its language.

The founder of the '*Moniteur*' was a great and enterprising bookseller, of the name of Charles Joseph Panckoucke, father of Madame Suard, and celebrated by the publication of the '*Encyclopédie Méthodique*.' Panckoucke had, in a journey to England, been struck with the immense size of the London journals. He resolved to introduce a larger form into France. This was the origin of the '*Moniteur Universel*,' which first saw the light on the morning of the 24th of November, 1789. But the '*Moniteur*,' in its infancy, did not, as the reader may well suppose, possess its present organization. A very small space was allotted to the report of the proceedings of the National Assembly, and the debates were often incorrectly given. Shortly after this period, M. Maret, afterwards Duke of Bassano, and who was editor of the '*Bulle-*

tin de l'Assemblée Nationale,' agreed to incorporate his paper with the '*Moniteur*,'* and soon after became the first *rédacteur en chef* of the latter journal. As Maret was an admirable short-hand writer, the paper became, to use the words of his biographer, a *tableau en relief*. It was not merely fidelity of expression that was transmitted, but the spirit of the debate was embodied, and the gesture and demeanor of the orator described. Something more, however, than mere reports were needed; and a series of articles were determined on, comparing the parliamentary system springing from the Revolution, with the system that prevailed anteriorly. The exact and conscientious Peuchet undertook this difficult task. His articles, under the title of an introduction, form the first volume of the collection of the '*Moniteur*.'

From this period the principal and the most precious recommendation of the '*Moniteur*' was, and is, that it is a repertory of all the important facts connected with the annals of modern France. The '*Moniteur*,' indeed, is the only pure well of undefiled historical truth, though occasionally dashed and brewed with lies, more especially in the Napoleonic time, from which a thorough knowledge may be obtained of the parties and history of France. Tables compiled with diligence, method, and clearness, and published for each year, facilitate the researches of the student, and conduct him through the immense labyrinth of facts which have been accumulated during half a century. Men of extraordinary merit have occasionally co-operated, either as men of letters, or as philosophical writers, or as publicists, in the editing of this remarkable journal. We have already cited the Duke of Bassano, who was *rédacteur en chef*, to the end of the Constituent Assembly. Berquin, the author of '*L'Amie des Enfants*,' succeeded him at a time when Rabaut de St. Etienne, La Harpe; Laya, the author of '*L'ami des Lois*;' Framery; Guinguené, author of a *Literary History of Italy*; Garat, who was minister and senator; Suard, of the Academy, of whom we have before spoken; Charles His, Gallois Granville, Marsilly, La Chapelle, and others, enriched the very same pages with their united labors. Under the Convention and the Directory, M. Jourdan performed the duties of *rédacteur en chef*, and was assist-

* *Souvenirs du Duc de Bassano, par Mde. Charlotte de Sor. Bruxelles, 1843.*

ed by Trouvé, Sauvo, and Gallois. Under the Consulate, Sauvo was placed at the head of the 'Moniteur,' and is, or lately was, editor in chief. It may be in the recollection of our readers, that during the crisis of the ministry of Polignac, that weak, foolish man sent for M. Sauvo, and handed him the famous ordonnances which produced the Revolution of July, with a view to their publication in the official journal, when the courageous journalist remonstrated with the president of the council, and pointed out to him the folly—the madness—of his course.* The minister refused, even at the twelfth hour, to listen to the voice of wisdom, and our readers know the result. During a period of nearly forty years, M. Sauvo has written in the 'Moniteur' the principal portion of the matter under the head *Théâtres*, and all parties most capable of judging of such matters admit the taste and the tact he has uniformly exhibited in this department of his labors, his criticisms being extended not merely to the pieces, but to the actors and actresses. If these essays were published separately, they would form no mean course of dramatic literature. Among the numerous collaborators of M. Sauvo, from the Consulate and Empire to our own day, we may mention Peuchet; Tourlet; the learned Jomard; Champollion, of the Academy des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres; Amar; Tissot, of the Academy; Kératry; Petit Radel; David, formerly consul-general in the East; Aubert de Vitry, and Champagnac. The 'Moniteur' is the only journal, it should be observed, which reproduces exactly the debates of the Chambers, for other journals have recourse to analysis and abridgments. The only certain basis of an exact analysis would be the words of the 'Moniteur;' but this journal, contrary to its agreement, which imposes on it the obligation of furnishing proof sheets to all the journals on the evening of its publication, appears after the latter have been printed off, and cannot consequently be of the least use for an analysis of the debates. It were, perhaps, a piece of supererogatory information to state that the 'Moniteur,' which forms a collection of more than 100 volumes, is furnished to all the higher functionaries of the state, and is constantly referred to, not merely in

France, but in every civilized country. It is the best repertory of contemporaneous history, and complete copies of it are therefore very rare, and always fetch a high price.

During the emigration, Monsieur, afterwards Louis XVIII., had a species of *Moniteur* of his own, under the title of 'Journal de Monsieur,' in which the Abbés Royon and Geoffroy, the latter afterwards so celebrated as the feuilletonist of the 'Débats,' both wrote; but this paper necessarily expired the moment his majesty landed on the French soil. The Abbé Geoffroy, indeed, played an important literary part after the Restoration; but before we speak of him, it will be necessary that we should enter into the history of that journal, which he rendered so celebrated by his criticisms. In so doing, it is indispensable that we should speak somewhat at length of the very remarkable founders of the 'Journal des Débats,' the MM. Bertin. These two brothers, François Bertin the elder, and Louis Bertin, commonly called Bertin de Vaux, were the men who first elevated journalism in France into a power in the state, and made of newspapers a great instrument, either for good or for evil. François was the elder brother of the two, and continued till the period of his death 'Rédacteur en chef and Gérant' of the 'Journal des Débats.' Louis, the other brother, after having been fifteen years a member of the Chamber of Deputies was, soon after the Revolution of 1830, sent ambassador to Holland, and elevated to the Chamber of Peers.

Bertin the elder was a man of large and liberal views, intelligent, instructed not merely in letters, but in politics and legislation,—a man of the world, in the best sense, generous, indulgent, and great, not only in accomplishments of the mind, but what is rarer and better, in virtues of the heart.

Bertin de Vaux, his brother, was an active, indefatigable man of business, and at the same time a distinguished and spirited writer, and a scholar of no mean pretensions, especially in classical literature. Both these remarkable men were born at Paris, of a rich and respectable family. Their father, who was secretary to the Duke de Choiseul, Premier of France, died young. Their mother, a woman of sense and talent, afforded them the advantage of the best and most careful education. In the Revolution of 1789 they were both young, but the elder was old enough to have witnessed many of

* *Memoires de Lafayette*, par Sarrans. *Procès des Ministres de Charles X.* "England and France; or, the Ministerial Gallomania."—Murray, 1832.

the horrors of 1793. He assisted at some of the tempestuous and sanguinary debates of that epoch, and was saved from being a victim by his extreme youth.

It is not our purpose to go over the history of the press during the Consulate. It will be sufficient to state that soon after Bonaparte had established himself in the seat of power, he practically annihilated the decree of the 9th of September, 1789, which declared that the liberty of the press was one of the inalienable rights of men. With one stroke of the pen, the little Corsican decided that among the numerous political journals existing, twelve should alone survive, and to these was conceded the exiguous liberty of publishing the list of sales of real and personal property by auction and otherwise, the bulletins and recitals of battles published in the '*Moniteur*,' the new laws, and dramatic criticisms on the spectacles of the day. It should be remembered, that in those days the largest journal was no bigger than a quarto sheet, and that charades and rebuses were then more in vogue than political disquisitions. It was in such a season as this that Bertin the elder purchased for 20,000 francs, or £800, of Baudoin, the printer, the name and copyright of a '*Journal d'Annonces*.' With the sagacity of a man of profound sense, M. Bertin soon perceived that the journal of which he had become the proprietor ought neither to resemble the journals of the ancient regime, such as the '*Mercure de France*,' of which we have already spoken, nor the journals of the Revolution, such as the '*Orateur du Peuple*,' formerly conducted by Dussault, of whom more anon, nor the journal, reeking with blood, of the cowardly Herbert, called the '*Père Duchesne*.' The '*Mercure de France*,' though supported by Marmontel, and the beaux esprits of the court, was but a pale reflection of the inane vanity and emptiness of the old monarchy. But the journal of the '*Père Duchesne*' was the very image of the blood and fury and worst democratic drunkenness of the Revolution. Such journals as either the one or the other were impossible, under a strong and intelligent government. Neither as consul nor as emperor had Napoleon permitted their existence; and even though he had, the nation would not have long supported it. It was a difficult task to hit the House 'betwixt wind and water,' to use the familiar phrase of Burke, in speaking of the wonderful success of the wonderful Charles Townshend in

the House of Commons, and no less difficult was it for M. Bertin to hit the will of the emperor, and the humor, whim, and caprice of the good people of Paris. It was, indeed, an up-hill task to make a journal palatable to a successful soldier, who had made himself emperor, and who desired that neither his laws nor his victories might be discussed or criticised. And nearly as difficult was it to conciliate the good will and favorable attention of a people accustomed to the rank and strong diatribes of the democrats. Any other man than Bertin the elder would have given the task up in despair—but the word 'despair' was no more to be found in his vocabulary than the word 'impossible' in the vocabulary of the emperor. To create a journal without freedom of speech were indeed hopeless. M. Bertin spoke, therefore, freely, but he was freely outspoken only of literature and the theatres, holding his peace on higher and more dangerous topics.

The history of the rise and progress of the '*Journal des Debats*' is a moral and psychological study, not without its interest. Tact, and management, and moderation, were necessary in order to write at all in that epoch, but the moment Bertin obtained permission to put pen to paper, he used the two-edged weapon so discreetly, that governor and governed were equally content. To use the phrase of Burke, he hit the ruler and the ruled 'betwixt wind and water.' What was the cause of this success? Bertin called to his aid men of science, learning, talent, and art, but all inexperienced in the art of journalism. There was not one among them who had ever before written a stupid leading article, or graduated in the stenographic tribune of the Constituent or National Assemblies, but they were men of mind and education,—not what in England are called literary men—i. e., men without letters—who have failed in other callings, but scholars 'ripe and good,' brimful of learning. The greater number of the earlier contributors had been bred in the schools of the Jesuits; some among them were intended for the priesthood, but all were deeply imbued with the literature of Greece and Rome. Among the earliest regular contributors of the new journal were Geoffroy, Dussault, Feletz, and Delalot. On a second floor, in a small, dingy, damp hole, in No. 17, in the Rue des Prêtres, St. Germain l'Auxerrois, where was situated the office of the journal, these choice spirits met. After having traversed

a dirty court, whose sweltering walls conducted to the first floor, they groped their way to the second floor, where the elder Bertin sat enthroned in all the pomp of editorial majesty. When the lively, intelligent, witty, and spirituel populace of Paris—for, after all, they are but a populace—but he cleverest and most gifted under the sun—when this mob of something more than fine gentlemen, though less than perfectly reasonable beings, read the first number of a journal written with moderation, yet vigorously; witty, yet with the air of good breeding and good society; learned, yet without the rust of the schools; bitter and incisive, yet without personal malignity—the town was amazed and delighted, as though a new pleasure had been invented, or, what is equivalent in France to a new pleasure, a new sauce. And a sauce piquante certainly was invented, for Julien Louis Geoffroy, the most ingenious critic of our age, and of the civilized French nation, so improved and expanded the *Feuilleton*, that it may in his hands have been pronounced a new creation. A distinguished scholar of the Jesuits, at the school of Rennes, Geoffroy afterwards entered the College of Louis le Grand. He subsequently was admitted to the Collège de Montaigu as Maître d'Etudes, and was ultimately named Professor of Rhetoric at the College of Mazarin, where for three years he successively obtained the prize for Latin prose. This success procured him the editorship of the '*Année Littéraire*,' in which he succeeded Fréron, the redoubtable adversary of Voltaire, after Renaudot, the founder of the Journal in France. In the first years of the Revolution his monarchical opinions pointed him out as the colleague of Royou, in the editorship of the '*Ami du Roi*;' but in the reign of terror he did not aspire to the crown of martyrdom, and escaped it by hiding his proscribed head in a small village, where he exercised the calling of a schoolmaster. After the 18 Brumaire (18th Nov. 1799,) he returned to Paris, and was soon after chosen as theatrical critic to the '*Journal des Débats*.' It were difficult, indeed, within the limits to which we are confined, to explain the immense vogue which his articles obtained. Every other day there appeared one of his *feuilletons*, of which the occasional bitterness and virulence were pardoned because of the learning and the wit. It was, indeed, the liveliest and most pungent criticism, but frequently partial and unjust. It was, above all, partial and unjust in regard to

some of the most remarkable actors and actresses of our own day, as Talma, Mde. Contat, Mlle. Duchenois, &c. The virulent war carried on by Geoffroy, also, against Voltaire, was indiscriminate and unjust, and in some respects ridiculous. Venality, in respect to contemporary authors and actors, has been more than once imputed to him; and it is openly said in the '*Histoire du Journal des Débats*,' that he received *cachemires*, services in porcelain, bronzes, statues, cameos, clocks, &c. But without giving too much heed to those imputations, it may be truly said, that his constant and unvarying adulation of Bonaparte is not a little disgusting and suspicious. This servile trait in his character is energetically castigated in an epigram, whose coarse, gross energy may be pardoned under the circumstances:

' Si l'Empereur faisait un pet,
Geoffroy dirait qu'il sent la rose;
Et le Sénat aspirerait
A l'honneur de prouver la chose.'

Notwithstanding these and other defects, however, the *feuilleton* of Geoffroy '*faisait fureur parmi toutes les classes*.' The lively, learned, alert, ingenious, mocking manner, of the ex-Abbé had been unequalled since the time of Fréron. The vogue and popularity of the '*Journal des Débats*' were, therefore, soon established, and the people, who were beginning to be tired of war and *Te Deums*, desired no better pastime than to read the account of new actors, new books, and new plays, by Geoffroy and Dus-sault. An unheard-of prosperity was the result. The '*Journal des Débats*' soon had 32,000 subscribers, a number never equalled, we believe, even by the '*Times*' for any lengthened period, though surpassed on particular occasions. Jules Janin relates that a friend of his saw in Provence a travelling showman, with magic lantern in hand, who exhibited for two sous the heads of the most remarkable men in France. The first of these was Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, &c.; the second was Geoffroy, writer of the *Feuilleton* of the '*Journal de l'Empire*,' as it was originally called, and indeed as it continued to be called till 1805, when it took the name of '*Journal des Débats*.' The manner in which the '*Débats*' treated public topics was dexterous in the extreme. It was not then possible or practicable, indeed it was dangerous, to dilate

openly on politics; but in speaking of the prose and poetry of Boileau and Racine and Fontenelle, the ingenious writers generally insinuated, as it were, 'par parenthèse,' a word or two on great questions of state, by which their political opinions were rather suggested than expressed. Thus was Literature the wicket by which they entered into this vast and fertile domain, which they subsequently made their own in fee. Bonaparte would not at this period have tolerated an opposition to his government and policy, though he allowed an opposition to his literary opinions—to his ideas of tragedy and of a perfect epic. When he drove Mde. de Stael from France, that woman, of a genius so masculine and profound—of feelings so deep and impassioned—the illustrious authoress of 'Corinne' was sustained and comforted by the support of the 'Débats.' Chateaubriand, too, was understood, sustained, and defended, in the 'Journal de l'Empire,' at a period when Bonaparte would allow no superiority but his own, and it is now a well-known fact that the proof sheets of 'Atala and René' were corrected by the friendly, conscientious, and critical hand of the elder Bertin.

The history of the 'Journal des Débats,' therefore, naturally divides itself into two distinct epochs. First, there was the 'Journal de l'Empire,' which at the beginning was more literary than political; and, secondly, there was the 'Journal des Débats,'—the same journal under a new name—which, in becoming openly political, did not cease to be literary. It is hardly possible to overrate the benefits which the 'Journal de l'Empire' conferred on literature and on France. Its editors and contributors were the first to revive sound literature, and a better taste. They raised up and placed on their proper pedestals the ancient models, forgotten, and cast down, without unduly depreciating any innovators distinguished by ingenuity, talent, or learning. The principal writers in the 'Journal de l'Empire,' were Geoffroy, who died in his 70th year, in 1814; Dussault, who in 1793 published the 'Orateur du Peuple;' Feletz, Delalot, Hoffman, Malte Brun, and Fievée.

The articles of Dussault were always signed Y.; but such was the spirit, taste, and immense erudition that they disclosed, that they principally contributed to establish the literary infallibility of the journal. M. de Feletz was a man of a different order. He was a gentleman of the old school,

polished, perfumed, polite, satirical, witty, instructed, writing paragraphs à la Pompadour, and articles à l'ancien regime. But this veteran of Versailles had such a varnish of finesse d'esprit, that his collaboration was of the greatest advantage. Delalot subsequently became an eminent member of the Chamber of Deputies. Hoffman, a German by birth, was distinguished by a light, agreeable, transparent style, eminently French. He was a man of real depth and learning, and who gloried in the position of a public writer—a condition of existence he would not have changed with kings or emperors. Distinguished by a love of labor and of letters, he wrote with extreme facility, and could make the very essence of a book his own in a shorter time than any man of his day. He left behind him a noble library, within the four corners of whose walls he spent the happiest days of his existence.

Hoffman became connected with the 'Journal des Débats,' then called, as we before remarked, the 'Journal de l'Empire,' in 1805. The connexion was promoted and facilitated by his friend Etienne, formerly secretary of the Duke of Bassano, and who was named by the emperor, 'Censeur du Journal de l'Empire.' Hoffman was possessed of rare qualities. He was learned, not merely as a classical scholar, but as a man of science. He was exact and scrupulous in reading and meditating on the works which he was about to criticise. He had a hatred of coteries and cliques, and a love of independence and impartiality. These creditable feelings induced him to leave Paris for Passy, in order that he might live isolated and remote from all solicitation and influence. It was from this retreat at Passy that he attacked mesmerism and somnambulism, in articles full of wit and talent. It was from Passy, too, that he wrote that series of criticisms on the works of Chateaubriand, de Pradt, and Madame de Genlis, and those celebrated articles on the Jesuits, worthy of Pascal himself, which raised the paper to 18,000 or 20,000 abonnés. Such was the effect of good literary management, that at the end of the year 1805, the Messrs. Bertin were said to be making 200,000 francs, or 8000*l.* a-year by their paper. Hoffman continued to write in the 'Débats' till the middle of April, 1828, towards the close of which month he died suddenly, in the 68th year of his age. The last time we met him was at the table of a common friend, on Twelfth-

day, 1828, since also numbered with the dead. His learning, modesty, and rare companionable qualities, made on us an impression which time has not effaced.

Articles on foreign politics became, from the period of Napoleon's letter, addressed directly to George III. (14th January, 1805,) a principal feature in the '*Journal des Débats*.' The greatest number of these articles from 1806 to the end of 1826, were written by the famous Danish geographer, Malte Conrad Brun, more commonly called in France, Malte Brun. Malte Brun was a brilliant but not a profound writer; but it must to his credit be admitted, that he was the first to render the study of geography attractive in France. It is a curious fact, yet perfectly true, and which we may state, en passant, that of the three great geographers of whom France is so proud, not one is a Frenchman. Brunn, or Malte Brun, to use his French name, was a Dane, Oscar M'Carthy is of Irish origin, and Balbi is an Italian. Of Fievée, we shall only say that his literary articles were considered solemn decisions, from which there was no appeal. He passed judgment of life or death on books, like an infallible, immovable judge, and was rewarded by his sovereign with a prefecture. We manage these things very differently in England. No critic, however eminent in England, ever obtained the place of Police Magistrate, from which an unknown Mr. Twyford has been dismissed, or the place of Consul, at Calais, to which a too well known Mr. Bonham has been appointed. Such were the men who sustained the '*Débats*' up to the year 1814, when Geoffroy died, in the 71st year of his age. The gratitude and good feeling of the proprietors of the journal, of which he had been so long the glory and the pride, secured to his widow a pension of 2400 francs, a sum equal, at that period, to 200*l.* a year in England now-a-days.

We have heard, and believe, that such good and generous things have been done by the '*Times*' in reference to old writers and reporters, and in the days of Mr. Perry, at the '*Morning Chronicle*;' but we do not believe that in any English journal, however liberal, the example has been as generally followed as it ought to have been.*

* The '*Morning Herald*' is said to have passed, recently, into the hands of Mr. Edward Baldwin, a gentleman distinguished by munificent liberality, and the most gentlemanly feelings. It is therefore to be hoped that the good example of

The death of Geoffroy, and the official occupations of Fievée obliged the elder Bertin, who had been for some time judge of the Tribunal de Commerce of the Seine, to look out for recruits. The Restoration had now taken place, and a new era dawned on literature. Men breathed more freely, and dared to utter their thoughts in a somewhat bolder tone. A hundred thousand new ideas, stifled amid the clangor of battle and the din of arms, now found free expression. The reign of terror had passed, and the reign of despotism. Men were sickened with the smell of gunpowder, and fatigued with the sound of cannon. The pen, now that the sword was sheathed, began to be used. Mind vindicated itself against matter—intellect against mere brute force. There was on the throne of France a learned and philosophic sovereign, a gentleman and a man of letters; a royal author, if not a noble one; for Louis the Eighteenth had translated Horace with spirit and fidelity, and was the writer of the '*Voyage à Coblenz*,'—not exactly a tour, but a forced march, or flight from France, made by himself on the 21st June, 1791. It was therefore a moment propitious to letters and progress. Chateaubriand gave full rein to his imagination; Lamartine composed his first '*Méditations Poétiques*;' Victor Hugo started into literary life, and Scott, Byron, Goethe, and Schiller, found hundreds of translators and imitators. The classic taste of the learned and voluptuous old king recoiled from much of the new literature:—but he resolved that, at least, the Muse should be free, that the thoughts of men should range unconfined, and that no padlock should be clapped on mind. The '*Journal des Débats*' was the first to understand the new era. Bertin the elder was a keen observer, and he comprehended the distinctive character of the Restoration as readily as he had understood the quality of the Empire. New and fresh, if not young blood, was infused into the rédaction of the paper. Duvicquet—the worthy and excellent Duvicquet, so fond of a good glass of Clos Vougeot, and so devoted an admirer of the plats truffés—had succeeded to Geoffroy. But Duvicquet was a rigid classicist, and it was necessary to find some one who would read and comprehend the rising literature of France,

the '*Débats*' will be more liberally followed in this country.

and not be disposed to make a holocaust of it. Charles Nodier, a man of an easy and facile character, of gentle manners, but of solid learning, a pupil of the school of Chateaubriand, was the censor chosen to stretch out the friendly hand to the new band of innovators. It were difficult to fix on a happier choice. Nodier was not merely a classical scholar, in the best acceptance of the word, but a man well read in the modern and living literature of England and Germany. His articles were learned without pedantry, and distinguished by an admirable freedom, freshness, and grace. While Nodier yielded to the spirit of progress in literature, the high political doctrines of the journal were maintained by Casteljau, Clausel de Cousserques, and the famous De Bonald.

In March 1815, the proprietor of the 'Débats' followed the king to Ghent, and in the September following was named President of the Electoral College of the Seine. Soon after, he was appointed to the Secretariat Général du Ministère de la Police. Meanwhile the columns of the 'Débats' resounded with the eloquent prose of Chateaubriand, and this was a step in advance of the ultra and excessive royalism of 1814. Men of genius in every walk of life were now encouraged to write in the paper, and in such a season it was that the Abbé de Lammenais, since become so famous in a democratical sense, composed some remarkable articles, not yet forgotten after the lapse of a quarter of a century. The old classical school of literature in France was fast disappearing, and Bertin soon perceived that the classical school of criticism must disappear with it. He again cast about him for young writers, and fixed upon M. St. Marc Girardin, then a nearly unknown young man, but whose 'Tableau de la Littérature Française,' subsequently to 1829, obtained the prize of eloquence from the French Academy, and who is now one of the most learned professors of the Sorbonne, and M. de Sacy, the son of the celebrated Orientalist, a young and learned advocate, of ripe studies and à pure taste. Both these gentlemen still afford their valuable assistance to the paper, and both are among the ablest writers in France. Previously to this period, Salvandy, the present Minister of Public Instruction in France, had written some remarkable articles, distinguished by a felicitous imitation of the style of Chateaubriand. From the period of the death of

Louis XVIII., in September, 1824, of whose character he gave an admirable sketch, till the present day, M. Salvandy may be considered among the contributors to the 'Débats.' There are few public men in France who have more of the talent of the journalist than Narcisse Achille de Salvandy. To an extreme vivacity of intellect he joins great power of expression, an energy and enthusiasm almost inexhaustible. Some of the best and most bitter articles against the Villèle ministry proceeded from his pen, and he it was who, from his country-house near Paris, dealt, in some very able leading articles, the deadliest blows against the Polignac ministry. To this deplorable ministry the 'Débats' was as much opposed as the 'Constitutionnel,' and both waged an inextinguishable war against the Jesuits.

From the death of Hoffmann, in 1828, Eugene Béquet, the last of the old school, took a more prominent part in the literary department. His productions were distinguished, not more by sound sense than by exact learning, and a pleasant vein of humor.

In 1826-27 the 'Débats' counted not more than 12,600 subscribers. This was not owing to any lack of interest or ability in its articles, for it was conducted with amazing tact and talent; but a formidable competitor had appeared, in the shape of a journal called the 'Globe,' to which some of the ablest and most educated young men of France contributed. Among others, M. de Rémusat, one of the Deputies for Garonne, and minister under Thiers, and M. Duvergier de Hauranne, one of the Deputies for Cher, MM. Duchatel and Dumon, now Ministers of the Interior and of Public Works respectively, and M. Piscatory, Minister of France in Greece.

Against that illegal ordonnance of Charles X. which abolished the press, the 'Débats' made no such energetic remonstrances as the other journals. In speaking of the tumultuous groups of workmen traversing the boulevards, the writer of a leading political article remarked, '*On s'attendait à des actes énergiques de la part de l'autorité, l'autorité ne se fait remarquer que par son absence.*'

When, however, the insurgents obtained the upper hand, the note of the writer suddenly changed, and Lafayette was then spoken of as '*le vieil et illustre ami de la liberté, le défenseur intrepide de l'ordre, dont l'âge ne refroidit pas le zèle patriotique.*'

This was in the first days of August, and within seven weeks afterwards M. Bertin de Vaux was named minister plenipotentiary to the king of Holland. In a very little while afterwards, Armand Bertin, the present *gérant* responsible of the journal, was appointed 'commissaire' of the Académie Royale de Musique.

After the revolution of 1830 Ducicquet retired to his native place, Clamecy, and the feuilleton* of the 'Journal des Débats' passed into the hands of Jules Janin, who had previously been connected with the 'Messager,' the 'Quotidienne' and the 'Revue de Paris,' and who was then better known as the author of 'L'Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée,' published in the year previously. The modern feuilleton, under his management, no longer resembles the ancient. Whether it has been improved is, we think, more than questionable, and it certainly no longer possesses the authority which it enjoyed in the time of Fréron, Geoffroy, Feletz, and Hoffmann. The earlier feuilleton was distinguished by learning, judgment, critical acumen, and discretion, and a measured moderation of tone. It was occasionally dry, sometimes smelling too much of the rust of the schools, almost always ignorant of, and invariably intolerant towards, foreign literature. But though it did not exhibit the variety and vivacity of tone of the modern feuilleton, it was devoid of its shallowness, pretension, and parade. The ancient feuilleton aspired to instruct, the modern seeks merely to amuse. If the ancient feuilleton adhered somewhat too strictly to certain canons of criticism, certain cardinal principles in literature and art, the modern has too freely trifled with received notions, too much indulged in paradox, and a *laissez aller* style. In seeking to avoid a

heavy, pedantic manner, the modern feuilleton has become affected, mincing, and *manéirée*. The ancient feuilleton was too learned and too erudite—the modern is too ignorant and superficial. The ancient frequently dived too deep into the subject in hand for a daily newspaper—the modern almost always skims too lightly over the surface of the subject, if it does not give the real question the go-by.

The great abuser and perverter of the modern feuilleton has undoubtedly been Jules Janin. There is, as it appears to us, in every thing that he has written, what has been well characterized a '*marivaudage de bas étage*.' He seems always to wish to be saying things uncommonly fine, witty and clever, and to be fully persuaded that it is his duty not only to write, but to think differently from other people. To accomplish this, he performs all sorts of mental gyrations and contortions, all sorts of grey-goose antics. Sometimes he is seized with a forced gaiety, which is, after all, but an abortive and lugubrious hilarity; anon he assumes a melancholy, which, if not sickly and sentimental, is put on as a mask to suit the occasion. Jules Janin is just the man who, for effect,—to use the phrase of Curran,—'would teach his tears to flow decorously down his cheeks; who would writhe with grace, and groan with melody.' He has sought the pretty, as Longinus sought the sublime. He delights in ingenious paradoxes, which he presents to you in ten different fashions: sometimes all rude and naked; sometimes with a thin robe of gauze; sometimes painted, powdered, and patched, with flounce and furbelow to match. Janin is seldom deficient in delicate irony, but is always full of mincing airs and graces, and an *esprit à-la-mode de Paris*. But in his gallon of sugared sack, there is but a 'ha'porth' of bread after all. In the stream of pet phrases which he pours forth, there is a tinyness, if not a tenuity of idea. His style might be stereotyped. It would be a great saving to the 'Débats' to have certain fond familiar words always set up, standing in case. Scores and scores of times, speaking of debutantes, he has said: '*Pauvre jeune fille aux joues roses aux mains blanches elle si pure elle si candide.*'

Would he describe an age or an epoch, here are his words:—'*Ce XVIII^e siècle en manchette, en dentelles, en talons rouges, en velours, en paillettes, avec ses mouches, son rouge, ce XVIII^e siècle si fardé si cor-*

* An explanation of the word 'feuilleton' may be needed by some of our readers. Till within the last ten years, that part of the newspaper separated by a line of demarcation from the politics and mere news, was called the feuilleton. It consisted of small, short columns, and was devoted to literature and literary criticism. It was in these columns that the Geoffroys, Hoffmanns, and other able and learned men of the day, produced articles worthy of a permanent place in the standard literature of France. This was the ancient feuilleton, which degenerated in the hands of Janin. Though subsequently sought to be restored to its pristine purity by Evariste, Dumoulin, Saint Beuve, Nisard, Gustave Planche, and others, the ancient feuilleton has now expanded into the 'Roman feuilleton,' in which all sorts of literary monstrosities are perpetrated.

rumpu, &c.' This carillon of click-clack, this fredon—to use a musical term—of phrases; this floritura of variations and doubles, called by musicians 'follia di Spagna,' is very contemptible; but it has had great vogue; for the object of this writer is more to amuse than to inform the reader, more to be playful than profound, more to be satirical than solid or satisfying. It is, therefore, no matter of marvel that Janin has many admirers and many imitators, and is the rage of men, women, and children.

One of the burning and shining lights of the higher feuilleton of the 'Débats' in 1830 and 1831, was Loëve Weymar, who had become known, in 1828 and 1829, by translations from the German. His articles were distinguished by considerable brilliancy, and secured the approbation of the minister of the day. He was, in consequence, sent on a kind of literary mission to Russia. At St. Petersburg he married a young Russian lady, with 700 or 800 slaves for a dowry, and is now Consul-general of France in some part of the eastern hemisphere. This is a sort of accident, which has never happened, we believe, to any writer in the 'Times' or 'Chronicle,' literary or political. Ministers in England claim no kindred, and have no fellow-feeling, with the press; and if the 'sublime of mediocrity,' the descendant of the Lancashire cotton-spinner, has any thing to give away, he bestows it, not on writers or literary men, but on the stupid son of some duke, who calls him Judas and traitor, or on the thirty-first cousin of some marquess, who tells him, for his pains, that he is no gentleman, and does not know what to do with his hands; or on the nephew of the Countess of Fashington,* who simpers out, with a seductive smile, that the premier is like Thresher's best silk stockings, fine and well woven on the leg, but, after all, with a cotton top.

The 'Débats' was also enriched shortly after the Revolution of 1830, by the letters and articles of Michel Chevalier, an élève of the 'Ecole Polytechnique,' and former editor of the 'Globe.' Some of his earliest productions in the 'Débats' were the Letters from America—letters remarkable in every respect, and well entitling this celebrated economist and engineer to the renown he has subsequently attained. On the early freaks of M. Chevalier as a St. Simonian,

it is no part of our business to dwell. He has outlived these follies, and is now pursuing a useful and prosperous career, not merely in the 'Débats,' but as a professor in the university; and what is better still, in his profession.

Another recruit obtained in 1830, was our excellent friend, M. Philarete Chasles, one of the half-dozen men in France who are learned in ancient lore, and complete master of their native language. M. Chasles is one of the very few Frenchmen well versed in Greek literature. He accompanied Marshal Soult to England in 1837, and wrote the articles and letters on his visit which appeared in the 'Débats' at that time. M. Chasles was then also deputed, on the part of the government, to inquire into the scholastic and university system of England; and from conversations we had with him on the subject, we can take upon ourselves to assert, that he had a more accurate knowledge on those matters than falls to the lot of the great majority of Frenchmen. M. Chasles' familiarity with ancient literature in no respect indisposes him to the modern; and he is well read in our English historians and poets.

We have now gone through the greater number of regular writers in the 'Débats,' and of these M. de Sacy, M. St. Marc Girardin, M. Philarete Chasles, and others, still afford their valuable aid. At the head of the establishment is M. Armand Bertin, the son of one of the late proprietors and the nephew of the other—a scholar, a gentleman, and a man of large and liberal feelings. The great boast of M. Armand Bertin is, that he is a journalist, and nothing but a journalist; and for renowned journalists of all countries M. Bertin has a predilection. With one of the most celebrated journalists that England ever produced, he was on terms of the warmest friendship; and we are ourselves in possession of his last gift to his and our departed friend, the rarest edition of Lucan, according to Brunet, beautifully bound by Koehler, which bears this autograph, 'To my friend, Thomas Barnes. Armand Bertin.'

But the writers who afford a literary support to the 'Débats,' and whose names are not known, or at least not avowed, are of as much, if not more, consequence to the Journal, than the regular contributors. There has been scarcely, for the last forty years, a minister of France or a councillor of state of any ability, who has not written in it; and since the accession of Louis Phil-

* This is the *mot* of a fashionable Countess.

ippe in 1830, its columns have been open to all the king's personal friends, both in the Chamber and in the House of Peers. In the Chamber of Deputies alone there are eight or ten members attached to the king personally, aid-de-camps and employés on the civil list, and such of these as are capable of wielding a quill, place it at the service of the 'Débats.' Among the feuilleton writers of this journal, are some of the most celebrated in Paris—as Jules Janin, Alexandre Dumas, Theophile Gautier, &c. Since the size of the journal has been increased, the lucubrations of Jules Janin appear more rarely, and Theophile Gautier, too, does not seem to write so often; but Alexandre Dumas often fills ten of the smaller columns with the productions of his inexhaustible pen. From two to four columns are generally dedicated to leading articles. The price of the journal is seven francs a month, 20 francs for two months, 40 francs for six months, and 80 francs for a year. The price in London is 3*l.* 10*s.* the year, 1*l.* 15*s.* the half year, and 17*s.* 6*d.* the quarter.

The 'Journal des Débats' is said now to have 9000 or 10,000 abonnés; and 10,000 abonnés at 80 francs a year, we need hardly say is equivalent to 20,000 at 40 francs, the price at which the 'Constitutionnel,' the 'Siècle,' the 'Presse,' and other journals, are published. The political articles in the 'Débats' are superior in style and reasoning to any thing in the English periodical press. They are not merely distinguished by first-rate literary ability, but by the tone of well-bred and polished society. For these articles large sums are paid in money; but they bear a value to the writers far above any pecuniary recompense. An eminent writer in the 'Débats' is sure of promotion, either to a professorship, to the situation of maître de requêtes, or conseiller d'état, to a consulship, or, peradventure, to the post of minister at some second or third-rate court—a position attained by M. Bourquenay, a fourth or fifth-rate writer in that paper, at the period of the July revolution. It was the well-founded boast of the 'Times,' little more than a twelvemonth ago, that it had made the son of one of its proprietors, and its standing counsel, Mr. (now Baron) Platt, a judge; but the 'Journal des Débats' may boast that it can give power as well as take it away. It has made and unmade ministers, ambassadors, prefects, councillors of state, and masters of requests, as well as poets, historians, orators,

musicians, dancers, modistes, perruquiers,—nay, even to that ninth part of a man called a tailor, or to that eighteenth fractional part of a man, unknown in England, called 'a tailleur de chemises.'

The 'Constitutionnel' was about twenty or twenty-five years ago, (i. e., from 1820 to 1825,) the most successful and flourishing, and certainly one of the best conducted papers in France. It had then a greater circulation than any paper in Paris, as the following figures will prove:

Débats,	13,000 abonnés.
Quotidienne, . . .	5,800 —
Journal de Paris, .	4,175 —
Courier Français, .	2,975 —
Etoile,	2,749 —
Journal de Commerce,	2,380 —
Moniteur,	2,250 —
Constitutionnel, . .	16,250 —

But the 'Constitutionnel' had, from 1815, two or three staple articles to trade in, of which it made a great literary market. First, there were the Voltairian principles and opinions, which it put forth daily; 2ndly, there were denunciations of the 'Parti Prêtre' and of the Jesuits, and the affair of the Abbé Contrefatto; and, 3rdly, there was the retrograde march of the government, caused by the intrigues of the Pavilion Marsan, which promoted, and indeed justified a vigorous opposition. The soul of this opposition was Charles William Etienne, who had shortly before, somewhere about 1817 or 1818, acquired a single share in the paper. Etienne started in Paris as secretary to the Duke of Bassano, and was named, in 1810, as we have stated, one of the higher political writers of the 'Journal des Débats.' From this position he was removed after the Restoration, and throwing himself with heart and soul into the *Minerve Française*, produced by his 'Lettres sur Paris,' a prompt and prodigious success.

It was soon after these letters had been collected in a volume, and had gone through several editions, that Etienne became a shareholder in the 'Constitutionnel.' His lively and piquant articles, full of strength and spirit, soon contributed to raise the paper. These efforts, so every way useful to the liberal cause, had fixed public attention on the most successful writer on that side of the question, and on a man who joined to this renown the additional merit of being the author of some of the very best comedies in the French language; such for

instance as the 'Deux Gendres,' the 'Intrigante,' 'Une Heure de Mariage,' 'Jeannot et Collin, &c., &c.' The Department of the Meuse selected him, therefore, in 1820, as one of its deputies, and from that period to 1830, he continued to figure as one of the firmest and steadiest defenders of the liberties secured by the charter. M. Etienne displayed at the tribune the spirit and taste with which his literary productions are imbued. Some of his discourses produced a prodigious effect on the public mind, and his general political conduct procured for him the warm friendship and esteem of Manuel, who frequently contributed to the 'Constitutionnel.' Within three years after this period, Manuel rendered him a signal service, in introducing to his notice a young and unknown writer, who within ten years was destined to be a minister of France. This was none other than Louis Adolphe Thiers, who had then just published, in conjunction with Felix Bodin, the two first volumes of his 'Histoire de la Révolution Française.' M. Etienne, with the sagacity of a practised man of the world, saw from the first the talent of his young contributor, and at once opened to him the columns of the 'Constitutionnel.' The articles of Thiers bore the impress of that clearness and logical vigor, of that liveliness and lucidity of style, which constitute his greatest charm. For six years Thiers continued to write in the 'Constitutionnel;' and it was not until August, 1829, when he founded the 'National,' in conjunction with the late Armand Carrel, of which Thiers was rédacteur en chef, that he abandoned the small room in the first floor of the Rue Montmartre, No. 121, in which we have often sat in the last days of 1828, when Etienne conducted the paper, and in which very chamber our last visit was paid to M. Merruau—at present rédacteur en chef—in the month of April, 1846. During the period of Thiers' collaboration, his friend and countryman, Mignet, occasionally wrote articles, distinguished by neatness of style and correctness of view. During the Villèle administration, the 'Constitutionnel' may be said to have attained its highest prosperity. It then numbered nearly 30,000 subscribers, and existed on the cry of 'à bas les Jésuites!' The 'Constitutionnel' of those days had no Roman feuilleton, and lived altogether on its reputation as a political paper. Many were the prosecutions which this journal had to undergo; but the most celebrated, perhaps,

was that in which its articles were accused of 'a tendency to bring the religion of the state into contempt.' It was on the occasion of this suit, that M. Dupin, the friend and counsel of M. Etienne, shut himself up for a month in his study to read theology, in order to be enabled to tear to tatters the 'acte d'accusation,' or indictment, of the attorney-general. In this he was successful, as was proved by the arrêt, or decision of the Cour Royale, and the triumph redounded to the credit of the advocate, while it greatly tended to increase the circulation of the paper. From the period of the Revolution of 1830, however, the 'Constitutionnel' began to decline, and in 1843, three years ago, it had but 3500 abonnés. In changing hands in 1844, the new proprietors reduced the price of the journal one half, *i. e.*, from 80 to forty francs, while they raised the remuneration for the feuilleton from 150 to 500 francs. In consequence of this judicious liberality, the most popular writers of Paris contributed to its columns. From the 1st of April, 1845, Alexandre Dumas bound himself to produce only eighteen volumes in the year—nine in the 'Presse,' and nine in the 'Constitutionnel,'—and Eugene Sue has also lent his exclusive co-operation to the 'Constitutionnel' for a period of fourteen years, for which he is to receive an immense sum. 'La Dame de Monsereau,' by Dumas, and 'Les Sept Péchés Capitaux,' by Eugene Sue, have both had an immense success. The 'Constitutionnel' has agreed to give Eugene Sue 10,000 francs a volume, to take him from the 'Presse;' and Dumas receives a sum very nearly equal. There are half a dozen other novels at this moment in publication in the columns of this journal; among others, the 'Cabinet Noir,' by Charles Rabou; and the subscribers are to receive (*gratis*) all that has appeared in what they call their 'Bibliothèque Choisie.'

In the political department, the 'Constitutionnel' has now first-rate assistance. De Remusat, ex-minister, Duvergier d'Hauranne, one of the most enlightened deputies of the Chamber, and M. Thiers, often lend their able aid. The editor of the 'Constitutionnel' is M. Merruau, an able political writer, and a gentleman of the blandest and most winning manners. It was Merruau who reviewed the 'History of the Consulate and the Empire,' by Thiers, in the 'Constitutionnel.' The 'Constitutionnel' consists of twenty columns, of which five are devoted to advertisements.

The price in Paris is 40 francs a year, and the number of abonnées is 24,000—a number equal to the 'Presse,' but falling far below that of the 'Siècle,' which is said to possess 42,000.

The 'Courrier Français' is one of the oldest of the Parisian papers, but it has undergone many transformations of late. In 1827-28-29, it supported the same cause as the 'Constitutionnel,' with greater spirit, if not with equal talent. When the 'Constitutionnel' had become rather indifferent or lukewarm towards those principles with which its fortunes originated, the 'Courrier Français,' though poor in respect to fortune, as compared with the 'Constitutionnel,' was foremost boldly to attack the ministers, and to defy persecution, imprisonment, and pecuniary punishment, whilst the 'Constitutionnel,' like those individuals who have amassed immense wealth, acted a more prudent part, and was content to appear as a safe auxiliary. The principal editor at the period of which we speak, was Benjamin Constant. His articles were remarkable for a fine and delicate spirit of observation, for a finessè and irony which, in saying the bitterest things, never transgressed the bounds of good breeding. The charm of his style, too, was most attractive. Shortly before the Revolution of July broke out, Constant had undergone a severe surgical operation, and had retired from Paris into the country; Lafayette wrote to him in these words—'Il se joue ici un jeu terrible : nos têtes servent d'en jeu ; apportez la votre.' Constant at once came and had an interview with the monarch now on the throne, who made to him certain propositions to which Constant replied, 'Je veux rester indépendant, et si votre gouvernement fait des fautes je serai le premier à rallier l'opposition.*' The faults of the new government hastened his death. He expired within a few months, almost despairing of the liberties of his country. Though the 'Courrier Français' was, from 1825 to 1830, supported by the eloquent pens of Constant, Villemain, Cauchois, Lemaire, and Mignet who was at one period its editor, yet it never, in these days, numbered above 5000 abonnées. There is no more practical truth in literature than that no amount of good writing will raise the fortunes of a failing newspaper. To write up a failing literary

enterprise is a task for the pen of angels, and is almost beyond the power of mortal man. After the death of Constant there were many editors, among others, Leon Faucher, original editor of the 'Temps'—a paper founded by an homme à projets, named Jacques Coste, originally a cooper at Bordeaux, and subsequently one of the editors of the 'Constitutionnel.' This gentleman, who is an able, pains-taking, and well informed man, and who has recently made himself more advantageously known by a work called 'Etudes sur l'Angleterre,' continued at the 'Courrier' till the end of 1842. Under him it represented the Gauche, and he had the merit of operating a fusion with the Centre Gauche; but, notwithstanding this fact, and the occasional appearance of good articles, the fortunes of the 'Courrier' did not improve. A change in the distribution of parts was next tried. M. Adolphe Boule was named directeur of the journal; M. E. de Reims, secrétaire du comité du Centre Gauche, rédacteur en chef, with M. Eugene Guinot as feuilletoniste, but this combination was no more successful than all previous ones. Some time at the latter end of November, or the beginning of December, the 'Courrier' was sold, and it is now conducted by M. Xavier Durrieu, by M. de Limerac, and by M. du Coing, the defender of Rosas. The circulation is not more than 3000 or 4000.

The 'Gazette de France,' as we stated at the beginning of this article, is one of the oldest newspapers in France. Under Villèle and Peyronnet, in 1827 and 1828, it was converted into an evening paper, and substituted for the 'Etoile.' It was then the organ of the jesuitical party, and expressed in all its hideous nakedness the frenzy of the most fanatical ultraism. It had in 1827 no support whatever from private subscribers, but drew all its resources from the treasury, where it had powerful and influential friends. The Bishop of Hermopolis—Count Frassynous—at that period minister of worship and of public instruction, was one of its most able and influential supporters; M. de Genoude, then a married man, now an abbé and a priest, was the theatrical critic, and M. benabbin, formerly of the 'Etoile,' his associate. Genoude, having since become a widower, entered holy orders, and is now a mundane abbé, so devoured by ambition, that he looks to the cardinalate. Though a regular priest, Genoude is a thorough

* We are indebted for these details concerning our lamented friend to Monsieur J. P. Pagès.

Jesuit at heart, and we verily believe neither honest nor sincere as a priest or politician. Like Henry of Exeter, his great object is personal advancement, and he endeavors to compass his ends by all and every means: to-day by flattering the aristocracy; and to-morrow, by pandering to the lowest tastes of the lowest rabble. De Genoude pretends to write under the inspiration of M. de Villèle, who lives at Toulouse, altogether retired from public life, but it may be well doubted whether so able a man would commit himself in any way with such a charlatan. It would be unjust not to admit that there are occasionally (there were the contributions of Colnet, from 1836 to 1837) good articles in the *Gazette*; but, on the other hand, it must be averred that it is generally an unreadable paper, unless to such as are strongly tinged with a Carlist or priestly bias. The great writer and chief support of the '*Gazette de France*'—Colnet—died of cholera, in May 1832. The last time we spent a day in his company, was in September 1831. We had just returned from Russia, where the cholera was raging furiously, and well remember his making many inquiries as to the progress of the complaint, which had then reached Germany, and which he predicted would soon rage in France. Within four months afterwards, it had reached France, and within seven, poor Colnet was a victim to it. Colnet was born a noble, being the son of a garde-du-corps who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy. His first studies were made at the Military College of Brie, then at the Military College of Paris, where Bonaparte and Bertrand were his fellow-students and associates. Neither his taste nor his feeble health allowing him to enter the army, he studied medicine under Cabanis and Corvisart, but expelled from the capital, in 1793, as a noble, he passed more than two years in solitude at Chauny, at the house of a poor apothecary. Returning to Paris in 1796, he established himself as a bookseller at the corner of the Rue du Bac, opposite the Porte Royale. He was so prosperous in this enterprise, that in 1805 he was enabled to establish a second shop in the Quai Malaquais. Here, in a little room which he called his caverne, he assembled around him some able writers, a majority of whom were hostile to the imperial government. These half dozen men were deemed so formidable, that Fouché tried every means to silence or

bribe the chief. But Colnet was as inflexible as incorruptible. During fifteen years, *i. e.*, from 1816 to 1831, he labored at the '*Gazette de France*,' signing all his articles with his name; and it may be truly said, that nine out of every ten readers only took up the journal to read Colnet. His lively and learned attacks against the apocryphal memoirs in vogue about twenty years ago, which he exposed with the hand of a master, induced the Minister of the Interior, Count Corbière, to thank him in a friendly and flattering letter. But we order these things differently in England. A man might now write with the eloquence of Burke, the wisdom of Plato and Socrates, and the wit of Sheridan, and neither the Peels, nor the Gladstones, nor the Goulburns, nor any of the mediocre fry whom we in our besotted ignorance call statesmen, would take the least notice of him. It was not always so. The minister Wyndham, within the memory of living men, wrote to that racy writer of pure Saxon, Cobbett, thanking him for his aid, and saying that he deserved a statue of gold. By the means of translations and open plagiarisms from Colnet, a late Right Hon. Secretary of the Admiralty and great Quarterly Reviewer, obtained the praise of being a good French scholar and historian. The staple of most of the articles on French literature and memoirs, published about ten or twelve years ago in the '*Quarterly*,' was contraband, stolen from Colnet, and smuggled into the Review as though it were native produce. There was not a critic in England to detect or expose this plagiarism, or to prove to our countrymen that there was scarcely an original thought in the articles, all being borrowed or literally translated from the French. The ignorance of France and of French literature in England is astonishing. With the exception of Mr. Crowe, recently foreign editor of the '*Morning Chronicle*,' we do not believe there is a single man at the press of England well informed on France and French literature.

Under the ministry of Villèle, Genoude was made a *Counseiller d'Etat*. He then placed the prefix to his name, and obtained, although son of a limonadier of Grenoble, letters of nobility. Now it suits M. de Genoude to demand *assemblées primaires*—or a general council of the nation—in the hope—the vain hope—that the people would call back the elder branch of the Bourbons. This cry has failed to cause any

fusion of ultra-royalists and republicans. The people well know that Genoude and his party are not sincere, and that he and they only clamor for universal suffrage, under the impression that power would be transferred from the bourgeoisie to the grands and petits seigneurs and their dependents. M. Lourdoueix, formerly an *ex-chef des Belles Lettres* in the Ministry of the Interior, is supposed to write many of the articles conceived in this spirit. He is undoubtedly a man of talent, but, to use a vulgar phrase, he has brought his talent to a wrong market. Theatres are supposed to be reviewed by M. de la Forest, and a few years ago the place of Colnet was filled—though his loss was not supplied—by another bookseller, M. Bossange, author of a theatrical piece.

M. de Nettement, son of the late consul-general of France in London, frequently writes in the '*Gazette de France*,' and also in the '*Corsaire Satan*,' another paper of M. Genoude. The circulation of the '*Gazette de France*' has diminished within the last year. It had, a couple of years ago, about 1500 subscribers in Paris, and about 4000 in the provinces, but now the abonnés in Paris are scarcely a thousand, and it is said not to have 3000 in the provinces. The legitimist press is reported to have lost 4000 subscribers since the *feuilletons* of Alexandre Dumas, and of that lively writer, Theophile Gautier, have been admitted into it. Both these gentlemen are liberals, and your true Carlist, too much like some of the same breed among ourselves, would scorn to be instructed, and will not deign to be even entertained by the most amusing liberal in Christendom.

The '*Quotidienne*' was a most furiously bigoted high church paper in the days of Villèle, and it is so still. It detests the very name of the Revolution, and abhors the memory of all those who remained in France during its progress. In 1827 and 1828, the '*Quotidienne*' was written in a most obsolete and barbarous style, by young seminarists, who had never seen the world, and who were taught to admire the ages of monks and inquisitors. During the Martignac administration, the '*Quotidienne*' was enthusiastically supported by the pure Ultras, at the head of whom were La Bourdonnaye, Delalot, and Hyde de Neuville. M. de la Bourdonnaye, then the leader of the Centre opposition, and afterwards, for a short period, a member of the Polignac administration, frequently wrote

in it; and one of the recognized editors at this period was the founder of the journal, Joseph Michaud, author of the '*History of the Crusades*.' M. Merle used to write the theatrical, and M. Balzac the *feuilletons*; but of late, this latter person has ceased to write. The circulation of the '*Quotidienne*' is under 4000.

We are now about to speak of a remarkable man and a remarkable journal—the man, the late Armand Carrel—the journal, the '*National*.' Carrel was born at Rouen, in 1800, of a legitimist family. From his earliest youth, though his family were all engaged in commerce, he exhibited a predominant passion for the military profession, and was entered of the college of St. Cyr. While a sous-lieutenant of the 29th regiment of the line, in garrison at Belfort, he took an active part in the conspiracy of 1821, which failed miserably. He was not either discovered or denounced, and proceeded with his regiment to Marseilles.

The war of 1824 had just broken out in Spain, when, impelled by a love of adventure, he resigned the military service of his country, embarked on board a fishing-boat at Marseilles for Barcelona, and entered the French regiment of Napoleon the Second. This foreign legion, after much adverse fortune, capitulated to the French troops. The capitulation included the French as well as the Spanish soldiers. They were, nevertheless, thrown into prison, and ultimately dragged before a council of war. Carrel was tried and acquitted. But this affair put an end to all hope of preferment in the army, or, indeed, to a military career, and Carrel thought of studying the law. But he was not a Bachelor of Arts, or, as the French say, a Bachelor in Letters, and the law, too, he was obliged to renounce. He became the secretary of a distinguished historian, and in this way it was that his literary and political labors commenced. He wrote a *resumé* of the Histories of Scotland and Modern Greece for the booksellers; and various articles in the '*Revue Americaine*,' the '*Constitutionnel*,' the '*Globe*,' the '*Revue Française*,' and the '*Producteur*.' In 1827, he published, in his twenty-seventh year, his '*Histoire de la contre Révolution en Angleterre*,' a work of sterling merit, and was rising into the first eminence as author and journalist, when, in 1829, Jules de Polignac was called from the embassy of London, to fill the place of President of the Council of Ministers in France. Carrel's eager mind, weary

of what appeared to him the languor and indifference of the other journals, conceived the idea of founding the 'National.' He communicated his intention to Thiérs and Mignet. It was agreed that they should each in turn take the place of *redacteur-en-chef* for a year. Thiérs, as the eldest of the three, was first installed, and conducted the paper with energy and spirit till the Revolution of 1830 broke out. From the first the 'National' set out with the idea that the dynasty was incorrigible, and that it was necessary to change it. The leading principle of the journal was Orleanism, yet at this period Thiérs had never seen the Duke of Orleans, now Louis-Philippe.* The effect produced by the refusal of a budget, and the refusal to pay taxes, was immense—a refusal owing altogether to the spirited counsels and articles of the 'National.' The crisis and the coup d'état of the incapable ministry were hastened, if not produced, by this journal.

On the 26th of July, 1830, the editors behaved nobly. At the office of the 'National' it was, that the famous protest was drawn up and signed, which proclaimed the right, and exhibited the example, of resistance. The authors of this remarkable document were Thiérs and Rémusat—both afterwards ministers—and Cauchois Lemaire, a journalist and man of letters. To issue such a document was to put one's head in peril; yet it was signed, and speedily, too, by the soldiers of the pen. On the following day the office of the paper was surrounded by the police, aided by an armed force, and there the presses of the journal were broken, Thiérs and Carrel protesting against this illegal violence. It was Carrel's turn, after the Revolution had been happily accomplished, to take the conduct of the paper, for Thiérs and Mignet had both received employments in the new government. Ably for some time did he fulfil his task, till public opinion pointed him out as the fittest person to be sent on a pacific mission to the insurgent west. On his return from this mission he was named Prefect du Cantal, and also offered promotion in the army; but he rejected both offers, and resumed the editorship of the 'National,' now the firmest as well as the ablest organ of the democracy. In the columns of the journal, which he conducted with such

surpassing ability, he never concealed or mitigated his radical and republican tendencies. His idea of a supreme magistrate was, that he should be elective and responsible; that the second chamber should be elective, and the press inviolable. Political reforms were, in his opinion, the only sure logical and legitimate mode of producing social reforms. To the arbitrary and high-handed ministry of Périer he opposed a vigorous resistance. When the rich banker, merchant, manufacturer, and minister, who had all the arrogance of a *nouveau riche*, and all the insolence of a *vieux talon rouge*, wished to proceed to extremities against the press, Carrel said, in the 'National,' 'That every writer, with a proper sense of the dignity of a citizen, would oppose the law to illegality, and force to force—that being a sacred duty, come what might.' The minister hesitated in his plans, and Carrel remained victor. The masculine breadth of Carrel's style—his bold, brave, and defiant tone—which, to use the graphic description of his friend, M. de Cormenin, 'semblait sonner du clairon et monter à l'assaut,' procured him many enemies; and there were not wanting those who speculated to rise in life, by coming into personal encounter with a man so formidable, and filling so large a space in the public eye. Just, generous, disinterested, Carrel was intrepid as a lion—chivalrous, and, like all noble natures, somewhat touchy on the point of honor; prompt to take offence, yet forgetful of injuries. He became engaged in a miserable quarrel or squabble, which was not his, and this remarkable man, and most eminent writer—to the irresistible ascendancy of whose character all who came in contact with him bowed down—was shot, in 1836, by the hand of M. Emile Girardin, the editor of 'La Presse.'

Thus perished, in his thirty-sixth year, the founder—the creator—the life and soul of the 'National'—a person of rare courage—of a bold and manly eloquence—the eloquence of feeling, not of phrases or of words—and a political writer of the very highest order. There was a simplicity, a clearness, a firmness, and a noble coloring and grandeur in all he said and in all he wrote, for he was a man of heart and conviction, simple, sincere, and straightforward. The two greatest geniuses of France—representing the Poetry and Prose of our epoch—followed him to the tomb. His friends Béranger and Chateaubriand wept over his mangled remains, and have record-

* He has stated this in his last famous speech, in the month of March, in the Chamber of Deputies.

ed—the one in undying verse, the other in imperishable prose—their deep and mournful sense of the loss which France sustained in his premature and melancholy end. Carrel was tall and handsome, with a countenance sicklied over with the pale cast of thought. His air was chivalrous, and that of a soldier, but his manners were somewhat haughty and stern. His habits and tastes were what would be called aristocratic, and he was no lover of equality or of communism. He had engaged, a few months before his death, to write the life of Napoleon, and had he lived he would have produced a work worthy of the subject—worthy of himself. It was so arranged, also, that if he had been spared a month longer, the Chamber would have resounded with his earnest and eloquent voice; but the hopes of his friends and his country concerning him were soon to be for ever blighted. Since the death of Carrel the 'National' has been conducted with much less talent, and with a total absence of judgment. It has ever remained a pure republican paper, and conscientiously so; but it is possible to be purely republican without sowing noxious national hatred, or seeking to set Englishmen and Frenchmen by the ears, as it now does designedly, and with malice prepense. We desire a good intelligence with all the world, but a friendly, a kindly intelligence with France. 'The Douglas and the Percy both together' are more than a match for all the other nations of the earth. The 'National' now reflects the opinions of a portion of the French working classes, but it has not above 3000 or 4000 abonnés. In 1836, before Carrel was killed, it had 4300 abonnés. But though the number of subscribers was then small, the influence of the journal was immense. This is no uncommon thing in France. The 'Globe,' under the Restoration, though far from having so many subscribers as the 'Constitutionnel,' had much more influence—influence not merely upon the men, but upon the ideas of the epoch. A journal may have a great and wide publicity, without a great many subscribers. The publicity of the 'Reforme' and the 'National' is as real and as great as the publicity of the 'Siècle' and the 'Presse.' They may have less abonnés, but they have as many readers. It were a great mistake to suppose that the numbers of a French journal subscribed for, or sold, is any test of the number of its readers. The 'Debats,' for instance, has about 9000 subscri-

bers, and probably not above 20,000 readers, *i. e.*, two and a fraction to each paper, whereas, the 'National,' with only 4000 abonnés, probably has 24,000 readers, or six to each paper.

Every Frenchman, high or low, is more or less of a politician, and therefore newspapers are in greater number, and circulate through infinitely more hands than in England. This is true of the dearest among them, the organ of every government, the 'Debats;' but it is true in a ten-fold degree of a paper appealing to popular sympathies and popular prejudices, written in a popular style, and advocating doctrines which obtain a ready acquiescence and favor among the working classes. In every cabinet de lecture—in every restaurant—in every café—in every gargoté—in every guinguette—on the counter of every marchand de vin—in every workshop where ouvriers are congregated—such a paper is to be found. In the workshop it is read aloud by some one workman, *pro bono publico*—in the restaurant, the café, the gargoté, and the guinguette, it is eagerly passed from hand to hand. Though, therefore, it may be admitted that the 'Debats' has more abonnés than the 'National,' and makes more money, yet the 'National' makes more converts, for its sentiments are diffused more widely and take deeper root. La Roche and Marrast, formerly of the 'Tribune,' conducted the 'National' subsequently to the death of Carrel. It is now, we believe, conducted by Bastide and Thomas.

The *Siècle* is a paper which, though established within the last eleven years, has a greater circulation than any journal in Paris. This is owing partly to its having been the first journal to start at the price of forty francs a year, at a period when every other journal was published at a cost of from seventy to eighty francs; partly to its being published under the auspices of the deputies of the constitutional opposition—and partly to its being what the 'Constitutionnel' was, from 1820 to 1825, the journal of the shopkeepers and epicier. Since it started into being, every journal in Paris, with the exception of the 'Debats,' has lowered its price, and all of them have enlarged their form; but these mutations and transformations have not injured the '*Siècle*,' because it represents the opinion of the majority—the opinion, in a word, of la petite bourgeoisie—the small shopkeepers in cities and towns, and the prole-

taires throughout the country. The 'Siècle' is said to have 42,000 abonnés, and the shares of 200 francs, which have always borne an interest, have been nearly reimbursed to the proprietors, and are now worth five or six times their original cost. Ten years ago there were only two journals which paid, as a literary and commercial speculation: these were the 'Gazette des Tribunaux' and the 'Constitutionnel'; but now the 'Siècle' and the 'Presse' are the most successful as commercial speculations. To show the vicissitudes of newspaper property in France, it may be here stated, that in 1839 the 'Presse' was sold for 1200 francs, but in 1841, two years afterwards, it was worth a million to its new proprietors.

The editor of the 'Siècle' is M. A. Chambolle, a member of the Chamber; and M. Gustave Beaumont, the author of a work on Ireland, forms a portion of the conseil de rédaction. The pains-taking and laborious Leon Faucher also writes in the political department. That very dull, common-place, pompous, overrated man, Odillon Barrot, to whose family, comprising brothers, brothers-in-law, uncles, and nephews, the Revolution has given 130,000*f.* a year, and concessions of land in Africa, valued at 42,000*f.* a year, is the object of the 'Siècle's' idolatry. This is not to be wondered at. Ferdinand Barrot, brother of Odillon, a writer, and a shareholder in and supporter of the 'Siècle,' received 24,000*f.* as *avocat du Trésor*; and on the first of May, in the past year, one of the editors of the *Siècle* obtained the decoration of the Legion of Honor. No wonder, then, that the writers in this journal call the ex *Volontaire Royal*, who wept over the boots of Louis the Eighteenth the night of his departure for Ghent, and who received in recompense of his loyal tears, at the period of the second Restoration, as a gift from the king, a place which he afterwards sold to the Jew advocate, Cremieux, for 300,000*f.*—no wonder that they call this patriotic recipient and dispenser of good fat sinecures, 'orateur eminent, homme, politique considerable.' If a pompous and prophetic tone, a magisterial and solemn air, and common-place ideas and sentiments, suffice to make an eminent orator, and the postponing of electoral reform till liberty is secured by the erection of the *enceinte continuée*, a considerable politician—what an anti-climax!—then is Odillon Barrot an eminent orator and a considerable politician.

The *Siècle* has not enlarged its size. It consists of twelve columns, exclusive of advertisements, and is about eighteen inches long, and twelve and a half broad. The feuilleton consists of six columns, and is much better written than any other portion of the paper. Alphonse Karr, the author of the 'Guèpes,' is one of the principal contributors, and Frederic Soulié has sold his pen as a feuilletoniste for six years to the 'Siècle' and the 'Presse' conjointly. The 'Siècle' has always appeared to us a dull paper—probably it is necessary that the writers should level themselves down to the intellect of the *genre epicier*—and indifferently written. The review of Thiers' History, which made some noise, was by Chambolle, the editor, as the review in the 'Constitutionnel' was written by Merruau, the Friend of Thiers. But a far more correct, comprehensive, copious, and fairer review of this work, appeared just after its publication, in No. 69 of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' published in the month of April, last year.

We are now to speak of the oldest of the new order of journals—we mean 'La Presse.' This paper was founded in June, 1836, by M. Emile de Girardin, said to be a natural son of the Count Alexander, or his brother, Stanislas Girardin, by an English mother. The Revolution of 1830 saw Emile de Girardin an *Inspecteur des Beaux Arts*. Shortly after that event, he became the editor of the 'Journal des Connaissances Utiles,' of the 'Panthéon Littéraire,' of the 'Musée de Familles,' and of the 'Voleur;' but all these journals died in quick succession. He then published a book called 'Emile,' which had no great success. This is certainly no proof of want of talent, or, at best, but negative proof, while it affords positive evidence of no common energy, and very great industry. As M. Girardin had no fortune, and had married the pretty Delphine Gay, (daughter of Sophie Gay,) who had nothing but her pen and poetry, it was necessary he should do something to create an existence, or a name and an existence, if that were possible. Conjointly, then, with an *homme à projets*, one M. Boutmey, who had invented a machine called *paracrotte*, or mud-defender, which was to be attached to the heels of pedestrians, and another instrument, called a *physiotype*, the ingenious Emile launched on the waters of the Seine the project of the 'Presse.' As the journal was larger and cheaper than all other French journals—as it was a joint-stock

company on a new plan, as applied to newspapers—as, in a word, there was a garish, slap-dash flourish, and melodramatic charlatanism about the thing, and a certain varnish of cleverness, shrewdness, modest assurance, novelty, and *rouerie*—the prospectus took; the shares went off briskly; and, lo, and behold! the journal was born, a strong and healthy babe, after no long or painful gestation. In 1837, when only a year old, it had 15,000 abonnés; and in 1838, the product of its advertisements amounted to 150,000 francs. It must, in justice to this journal, be stated, that it was the first to teach the French public the use and advantage of advertisements. Twenty years previously, there were not two columns of advertisements in any French paper; whereas, two years after the existence of the ‘*Presse*,’ it could boast of five columns well filled. The mother of Mde. Emile de Girardin—Sophie Gay, née Lavalette—had published, under the title of ‘*Causeries du Monde*,’ a periodical work, of which she had sold the copyright to Alphonse Karr, the sharp writer of the ‘*Guêpes*.’ This maternal precedent, doubtless, suggested to the daughter, then of the ripe age of thirty, but of considerable beauty, no mean accomplishments, of rare talents, and already favorably known as a poetess, to help her husband Emile in his new avocation. She started accordingly in the ‘*Presse*,’ with a series of articles called ‘*Causeries Parisiennes*,’ signed the Vicomte de Launay, which papers had immense success. Many of the vulgar-minded and title-worshipping of our countrymen—and their name is Legion—will suppose that this was from the aristocratic pseudonyme with which the articles were signed; but no human being in France cares a rush for a title, unless the bearer of it has something better to recommend him. In Paris, and, indeed, in all France, society has agreed that—

‘The rank is but the guinea’s stamp,
The man’s the *goud* for a’ that.’

If De Beranger, Chateaubriand, and De la Martine, were in a salon in France with the De Montmorencys, the De Levis, the De Guiches, the poets and men of genius would march to the *salle à manger* before the feudal, territorial, and mentally undistinguished aristocracy; and the place of honor would be assigned them in any assembly. Not so, indeed, in free and liberal England. It was not, therefore, because of

the aristocratic name attached, that the ‘*Causeries*’ were read, but because of the ease, grace, spirit, and talent which they disclosed. That they were what is called a ‘*lucky hit*,’ and pleased readers, there can be no doubt. Meanwhile the paper was practically conducted, and in a most mercantile spirit. The interests of the commercial and shop-keeping classes, as well as of the very numerous class of *petits rentiers*, were considered, sustained, and pandered to. In the political department, the journal had no very fixed or staple principles, and took for its motto ‘*Au jour le jour*.’ As to political creed or conviction, the thing never entered into the head of Girardin, unless as a means to wealth, consideration, and what the French call, a position. But the man was adroit, confident, ready, and full of resources, and never despaired, even when his prospects were of the gloomiest. With all his address and management, he barely paid his expenses. The Russian emperor and the Russian system of government, however, were without a champion at the Parisian press, and Girardin entered the lists. That this was done from pure love and affection, all Paris believes; for every body knows that the Russian emperor never pays literary men either in paper roubles or silver roubles. Whether they are ever paid by him in Dutch ducats, or malachite vases, or bills drawn by the Baron Stieglitz, the Jewish banker on the English Quay, at Petersburg, is best known to those who pay and to those who receive, what Frederick of Prussia called the ‘*yellow hussars*.’ Though variable in other sentiments, feelings, and opinions, Girardin has ever been true to the monster, Nicholas, and his system; and whenever he dares say a word in favor of either the one or the other, he is sure to do so. His pure love for the Cossack might be pardoned, and would be unsuspicious, if it were not contemporaneous with a fierce resentment against England and the English. There is not a vile or a base imputation, which the ‘*Presse*,’ in its murky malignity, does not calumniously cast at perfidious Albion. Inhumanity, savage barbarity, fraud, trickery, hypocrisy, avarice, and corruption, are weekly, if not daily, imputed to us, by a man whose journal is conducted in the most shopkeeping spirit—by a print which seeks to put all classes under contribution, from the autocrat of the Russias to the smallest actor and actress of the Odeon or Porte St. Martin, or to the most miserable tailor who

pants for notoriety. If this be doubted, the proofs are at hand. Among the works placed at the head of this article, is a pamphlet, intituled 'Venalité des Journaux, par Constant Hilbey, Ouvrier.' This poor tailor tells us, at p. 12 of his pamphlet, that not only did he pay two francs a line for the insertion of a poem in the 'Presse,' according to the tenor of the receipt in the marginal note at foot,* but that at the request of one of the editors (Granier de Cassagnac), who had noticed his volume of poems, he sent that person, who first wished for a silver teapot, value 200 francs, four couverts d'argent and six small spoons. A couvert d'argent, as the reader is aware, means a silver fork, a silver spoon, and a silver-handled knife. Thus was the tailor put under contribution for four silver forks, four silverspoons, four silver-handled knives, and six small spoons, the cost of which, at the very least, must have been 200 francs. This was pretty well for a column and a half of criticism, even though the critic spoke of the author (as he did) in conjunction with Brutus, Cassius, Staberius, Quintus Remius, Quintus Cecilius, Atticus, Abelard, Cardinal d'Ossat, St. Paul, the Magdalen, and Victor Hugo.

Perfidious Albion should not, however, despair. If she should ever think the advocacy of the 'Presse' worth having—a not very likely supposition—Emile will take her brief, if the quiddam honorarium be forthcoming. What though he be now the most untiring vilipender of our name and our country—calling us robbers in China, and butchers in India; what though he be the most curt and contumelious in his epithets of abuse, crying, Death and hatred to the English government! what though he revel in prosperous and well-paid malignity, offer him but the brief to-morrow, and he will straightway become our zealous advocate. The scales will then fall from his eyes, and our sanguinary and sordid policy will not appear so utterly indefensible as it did when he had a retainer from Russia only. The financial prosperity of the 'Presse' is said to have been in a great measure due to M. Dujarrier.

Though M. Emile lived in 1839, 'en grand train,' possessing a fine, well-fur-

nished house; or, to use the words of Jules Janin, 'aussi bien logé que les agents de change,'* with pictures, livery-servants, carriages, horses, &c., yet somehow or other there was nothing to justify this; for the journal was sinking by little and little, and the shareholders were perpetually required to pay fresh calls. From the moment M. Dujarrier entered the concern, however, things wore a flourishing aspect; and, though the expenses of management amount to 282,000 francs annually, yet each cinquantième share originally negotiated at 4000 francs, now sells from 30,000 to 35,000, albeit the shareholders have yearly received ten per cent. for their money. An unlucky fatality seems, however, to hang over this journal. In 1836, as we before stated, Girardin, the principal editor of the 'Presse,' shot, in a duel, the able and eloquent Carrel; and in March, 1845, Dujarrier, the associate and co-editor of Girardin, lost his life in a duel with a person of the name of Rosemond de Beauvallon, till within the last three weeks an exile in Spain,† in consequence of an arrêt of the Cour Royale de Rouen, which declared that he committed 'un homicide volontaire sur la personne de M. Dujarrier, et d'avoir commis cet homicide avec préméditation.'

In 1843, at the suggestion of Dujarrier, the 'Presse' published, under the title of a supplement, 'Le Bulletin des Tribunaux,' adding 20 francs to its price. Six thousand additional subscribers were in consequence obtained in a very few months. The last accounts published by the 'Presse' place its profits at 200,000 francs, or £8000 a year; and if its agreement with the 'Compagnie Duveyrier' prove a successful speculation, it is estimated that its net profits will be 300,000 francs, or £12,000 a year, at the end of 1846.

To the English reader, some explanation of the 'Compagnie Duveyrier' is quite indispensable. This company farms out the advertisements of certain journals, allowing the proprietors so many thousand francs a year net. To the 'Presse,' for instance, Duveyrier and Co. allow 100,000 francs, or £4000, and for this sum the 'Société Générale des Annonces,' as it is called, has a

* Lettre à Mde. Emile de Girardin, par Jules Janin.

† Since this was written, M. Beauvallon has returned to France and taken his trial.—See the 'Journal des Débats' of the 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, and 31st March; the 'Morning Chronicle' of the 3d, and the 'Daily News' of the 4th April.

* 'La Presse, Rue St George, 16

'Reçu de M. Hilbey, la somme de cent soixante francs, pour insertion dans le journal. Nature de l'insertion, poesie: A la Mère de celle que j'aime.

'Le Cassier, PRAVAZ.'

'Paris, 7 Septembre, 1839.'

right to so many columns of the journal. The head office of the society is in the Place de la Bourse, No. 8; but there are 214 bureaux d'insertion in various quarters of Paris, or from five to a dozen in each arrondissement, according to its population, commerce, &c. There is a scale of charges peculiar to the society. What are called 'les annonces agréées,' are charged at two francs la petite ligne, or twelve francs la grande ligne, en petit texte. It is a great problem whether this company will be successful—a problem which time alone can solve; but it is the opinion of an excellent friend of ours—the editor of the 'Constitutionnel'—M. Merruau, that the undertaking will be successful. Though the small teasing and worrying usually thrown at the English by the 'Presse,' may have made it popular with a portion of the populace of Paris, yet its greatest success (apart from the roman feuilleton) is owing to its commercial intelligence, its dramatic accounts of robberies, murders, fires, and sudden deaths; not forgetting its chronicle of affairs before the Police Correctionnelle.

What is the roman feuilleton, our readers will naturally ask? It is a novel or tale, written in the most ad captandum and exaggerated fashion, from seven to fifteen small columns of which are published daily, with a view to obtain readers, and, by necessary implication, advertisements; for the advertiser will assuredly go to the journal which is most read. The 'Presse' was the first to invent this execrable system, by which literature is made alternately the prostitute and decoy duck of the most sordid venality. Before 1830 the main feature and distinguishing characteristic of each French paper was its political party or color. The greedy spirit of speculation has changed this. The desire of the traders in newspapers now is by the feuilleton to absorb all literature, unless such as is published in their own pages, and to render such literature as they put forth tributary to this soul-degrading money-grubbing. The great object of the Girardins and Cassagnacs is to get money, money, money. 'Rem quocunque modo rem' is their stereotyped motto. In their anxiety to procure customers—i. e. readers and advertisements—they may be likened to the Hebrews of Holywell-street, or the old clothesmen of Moumouth-street and Rag-fair, who, to use the cant of the trade, are of the 'pluck you in' school. The 'Presse' and the 'Epoque' are of the 'pluck you in' and fripier school in lit-

erature. In their morality any trick is fair to gain an abonné or an annonce at two francs the 'petite ligne,' or, still better at twelve francs 'la grande ligne en petit texte.' Journalism and literature run equal dangers from these tricky tradesmen. In seeking to make newspapers books and books newspapers, these men destroy the distinctive character and nature of books and newspapers. The book in being cut into fragments, and written not to portray truth and nature, but to suit the journal and its customers, is written to sample and pattern. At the end of the tenth, or twelfth, or seventh column, as the case may be, there is an interesting situation, where the tale breaks off, on the Monday. The grocer's daughter, the dyer's wife, the baker's cousin, and the priest's niece, are in raptures, and look for the paper on Tuesday with eager expectation. The tale or the novel is therefore like Peter Pindar's razors, not made to shave, but to sell; not written to represent life as it really is, but to present it as a series of startling incidents and surprising contrasts. It will result from this system that as a political authority the journal must be lowered, and as a literary effort the book discredited. Independently of this consideration the public taste becomes as a consequence daily more vitiated and perverted. All relish for serious literature, or matured, well reflected productions, is lost. The moral, the political, and the literary views of the question are sacrificed to the mercantile, mechanical, and money-getting. Romances are now ordered by the wholesale houses, in the journal line, by the square yard or the square foot, with so many pounds of abuse of priestcraft; so many grains of double adultery; so many drachms of incest; so many ounces of poisoning; so many scruples of simple fornication or seductions of soubrettes; and so many pennyweights of common sense to knead together the horrid and disjointed masses of parricide, fratricide, incest, murder, seduction, suicide, fraud, covin, gambling, robbery, and rouerie of all sorts, of which the odious whole is compounded. The Girardins and Cassagnacs, notwithstanding all their shrewdness and sharpness, are of that vulgar order of men who think that with money at command they can do any thing and obtain every thing. Hence it is that the 'Presse' pays nearly 300 francs per day for feuilletons to Alexandre Dumas, George Sand, De Balzac, Frederic Soulié, Theophile Gautier, and

Jules Sandeau. But what will be the result in 1848? That each of these personages will have made from 32,000 to 64,000 francs per annum for two or three years for writing profitable trash of the color of the foulest mud in Paris; marked with the mark of the beast, and furnished according to sample, as per order of Girardin, Cassagnac and Co. They will have had little labor and much money, it is true; but they will also have for ever lowered their names and fame; and, what is worse, they will have lowered literature and literary men for many a long day to come. To be the hack of booksellers is no doubt to suffer unutterable bondage; but to be the hack of scheming political adventurers and chevaliers d'industrie is the last and worst of human calamities. The literary men of France may well say, with our own Cowley—

'Come the eleventh plague rather than this should be;

Come sink us rather in the sea,
Come rather pestilence, and reap us down,
Come God's sword rather than our own.

In all the bonds we ever bore

We grieved, we sighed, we wept; we never blushed before.'

It is not only with existing literary celebrities that the 'Presse' plays these gainful pranks, but the death of men of eminence is speculated upon during their lifetime, and an ostentatious postobit publication of the memoirs of Chateaubriand, and the souvenirs of La Martine is promised so soon as these illustrious authors shall have ceased to breathe. That the feuilletonists of the 'Presse' are all men and women of genius and talent cannot be denied; but one of them, with all his genius and talent, is an arrant literary impostor and quack. Only think of Honoré Balzac, who came to Paris in 1820, a poor printer of Touraine, sporting the 'gentilhomme d'ancienne souche,' and wearing a cane studded with precious stones, worth £80, to which Mde. de Girardin has consecrated a volume. The pretentious, aristocratical airs of this very foolish man, but who as a writer may be called a literary Rembrandt, or Albert Durer, so burgeoise and Flemish is his style, so detailed and minute his finishing, were properly treated, according to the Gazette of Augsburg, by a monarch, for whom we have no love, but who, for once in his life, was right. After the admirable and truthful book of M. de Custine had laid bare the infamies and atrocities of the

Russian system, the Czar expressed a desire that it should be answered by a Frenchman. Balzac, on this hint, started for Petersburg, and on his arrival forwarded to his Imperial Majesty a note, of which the following is a copy:—

'M. de Balzac l'écrivain et M. de Balzac le gentilhomme sollicitent de sa Majesté la faveur d'une audience particulière.'

On the following day, one of the gentlemen in ordinary of H.M. suite delivered to Balzac a letter written in the royal and imperial hand, to the following effect:—

'M. de Balzac le gentilhomme et M. de Balzac l'écrivain peuvent prendre la poste quand il leur plaira.'

The fault of Balzac is the incorrigible permanency, notwithstanding ten thousand humiliations and exposures, of a most glowing, yet most despicable vanity. The foolish fellow believes himself poet, historian, metaphysician, statesman, dandy of the first water, journalist, dramatic author, man of family, man of fortune, and above all, charmant et beau garçon! Not content with being one of the cleverest observers and painters of manners of a certain class or classes, he aspires to be as diplomatic as Talleyrand and Metternich combined; as poetic as D. Beranger, Chateaubriand, and La Martine; and as fashionable and foppish as the De Guiches, D'Orsays, Septeuils, and Canouvilles. This universal pretension has destroyed the little that remained of De Balzac's waning reputation; and the man whose productions, a dozen years ago, were read in every clime, is now fast sinking into unpitied obscurity.

'The nations which envied thee erewhile
Now laugh (too little 'tis to smile),
They laugh and would have pitied thee, (alas!)
But that thy faults all pity do surpass.'

To return, however, to the Presse. For a short time Girardin, the editor, was deputy of the Meuse. At his election, his civil rights as a Frenchman were ungenerously and unjustly attempted to be called in question. For many years the influence of Count Molé was paramount at the 'Presse,' and even still his opinions are visible in some articles; but at present this journal must be considered as the organ of M. Guizot, and of his forty or forty-five personal adherents, who think him the only possible minister. We have said that the 'Presse' is an authority on commercial

subjects. M. Blanqui writes much on these topics, and his name is sufficient to create a reputation.

As to general intelligence, this paper is well made up. There is not a fact of the least importance, nor a promotion in the army, navy, the clergy, the municipal body, &c., which is not published. There is not a scientific, mechanical, or commercial discovery, nor an important cause pleaded, nor a change in the value of merchandise or commodities, of which it does not give an account. Yet it is neither a respectable, nor an honorable, nor a truth-speaking, nor a purely, nor honestly conducted newspaper, and it has done more to degrade the press and literature, and to corrupt and debase literary men, than any other journal, always excepting the 'Globe' and the 'Epoque.'

The 'Globe,' commenced in 1841 by Granier de Cassagnac, when that person quarrelled with his co-editor, Girardin, cannot be said to have died, though it never had above 2000 abonnés. The 'Globe' fell to 1800 before it expanded into the 'Epoque,' which arose from its ashes. Cassagnac wrote under or conjointly with Girardin in the 'Presse,' but now they are deadliest enemies, and in their war of ribald personalities have disgraced themselves, and degraded the press.*

Cassagnac was originally the editor of the journal 'Politique et Littéraire de Toulouse,' and transferred his services from

* Girardin says, that Cassagnac is an impudent Gascon, who was struck at Toulouse, and flogged in the public street till he took refuge in a diligence; and Cassagnac replies, that Girardin, sitting by his wife, the pretty and clever Delphine Gay, was struck at the Opera before 3000 persons. Girardin says, that Bohain, Solar, and Cassagnac, the proprietors of the 'Epoque,' sent about loads of prospectuses of their journal to the subscribers of other papers by itinerant commis voyageurs; Cassagnac replies, that the electors of Bourganau preferred Vidocq, the police spy, to Emile de Girardin, and twits the latter with the affair of the coal-mine of St. Bérain, and asks who pocketed the money. Girardin says, that Cassagnac ordered gaiters of a particular cut for the colporteurs of his journal, to excite attention, for which gaiters he afterwards refused to pay; Cassagnac rejoins, that Girardin went on a hot July day to his bedchamber, took off his sweltering shirt, and thinking clean linen comfortable, clothed himself in one of his (Cassagnac's) best chemises. Lest our readers should think we invent or exaggerate, we refer them to the 'Globe,' (now the 'Epoque,') of the 12th August, 1845. Such are the 'faquins de bas étage,' the Peachums and Lockits of the press, who strut and fret their hour now on the great stage of Literature.

this provincial journal to the Parisian press. He is a writer of considerable talent and incontestable sharpness, but prone to personalities and utterly unscrupulous. As to Bohain, his associate, he is well known—too well known in our own metropolis, as the editor of the 'Courrier de l'Europe.' The 'Epoque' is an immense journal, the size of a 'Morning Chronicle,' before that journal adopted a double sheet, and consists of ten separate departments; 1. Journal politique; 2. Journal de l'armée et de la flotte; 3. Journal des cultes; 4. Journal des Travaux publics; 5. Journal administratif et commercial; 6. Journal de l'instruction publique; 7. Journal des sciences et médecine; 8. Journal du droit et des tribunaux; 9. Journal commercial et agricole; 10. Journal littéraire (feuilleton). The price half yearly is 22f. and the price of advertisements is in proportion to the number of abonnés—one centime for every 1000 abonnés for the annonces omnibus; three centimes for every 1000 abonnés for booksellers' and commercial advertisements; four centimes for railways, &c.

Cassagnac is the political editor of the 'Epoque.' He is devoted to Guizot. Desnoyers is the rédacteur of the feuilleton, at a salary of 8000f. a year, assisted by Eugene Guinot.

The theatres are under the supervision of Hippolite Lucas, formerly of the 'Siècle.' The rédacteur en chef receives 12,000f. a year; and the feuilleton is paid at 150f. or 5l. 5s. per day. The circulation of the 'Epoque' fluctuates considerably; but we believe it has never exceeded 3000.

'La Democratie Pacifique' is a journal published at forty francs a year, which is not sold, but given away. It is the organ of the Communists, and is conducted by the disciples of Charles Fourier, of whose life and theories we should wish to have given some account, but we have already exceeded the space allotted to us. The doctrines proclaimed are not unlike those of Robert Owen. The founder and principal editor of this journal is Victor Considerant, an élève of the Polytechnic School, and an ex-officer of engineers. He is assisted in his labors by Dr. Pellarin, author of a life of Fourier; by la Vernaud, a native of the Mauritius; De Permont; Victor Daly, an architect, of Irish origin; Hugh Doherty, a writing master; Brisbane, an American; Meill, a German; and a John Journet, a working man. The 'Democratie' is, as

the reader will see, a universal cosmopolitan journal. There are editors of all countries. Doherty, an Irishman, writes the French language, if not with purity, at least with originality; but when he touches on religious subjects, he is 'fou à lier.' Brisbane has established many Fourierist journals in America, and comes every year to France, but does not write in the French language. Meill, the German, is a tailor by trade, and a Jew by religion. He is a self-educated man, and writes French like Doherty, more originally (so to speak) than correctly. He is a lively, active, turbulent man, who would play an important part in any civil commotion. Journet is a working man, who travels through France from end to end, proclaiming the doctrines of the sect. He is dressed in a paletot à capuchon, and wears a long beard, like all good Fourierists.

Every Wednesday evening there is a soirée at the office of the 'Democratie Pacifique'—a soirée of men only,—where the initiated talk and weary themselves and others, and drink large tumblers of eau sucrée and rum cobbler. Sometimes the soirées are diversified by a wonder in the shape of a musician, a traveller, a somnambulist, or a mesmerist, who relieves the natural dullness of the assembly. Several eminent avocats and hommes de lettres are members of this sect, and among others, M. Hennequin, the son of unquestionably the most learned advocate in France. We may be thought to have paid too much attention to the reveries of these enthusiasts, but the professors of these doctrines may play a most important part in France before the end of 1850.

As the 'Epoque' rose out of the ashes of the 'Globe,' so did the 'Esprit Public' out of the ashes of the 'Commerce.*' The 'Commerce,' some years ago, was the property of our friend Mauguin, who purchased it, it is believed, at the request, if not with the money, of the ex-King of Spain. It was then a journal avowedly in the interest of the Bonaparté family; but after the insane attempt of Prince Louis, at Boulogne, in July or August, 1840, this cause seemed hopeless, and the abonnés of the 'Commerce' rapidly declined. The pecuniary embarrassments of Mauguin induced him to part with the property to a

proprietary imbued with Napoleonic ideas. Subsequently, M. Guillemot, who had managed the 'Capitole,' the avowed organ of Prince Louis, became the editor. It then passed into the hands of the eloquent and philosophic De Tocqueville, deputy for La Manche, and author of the very able work, 'De la Démocratie en Amérique.' It represented the jeune gauche in opposition to the gauche Thiers. Not proving successful, however, it fell into the hands of M. Lesseps, who had formerly been secretary to M. Mauguin. M. Lesseps is a middle-aged Basque, smart, self-willed, and with some talent as a writer, but the 'Commerce' did not, under his auspices, improve. In fact, it was a journal which had obtained a bad name, and, as we before observed, it requires the pen of an angel to write such a journal up. On the 1st August, 1845, the paper was put up to auction at 100,000 francs, but could find no purchasers. It was ultimately sold at 6000 francs, or 240*l.*, with a burden of debt of 400,000 francs, or 16,000*l.* of our money. Out of the debris of the 'Commerce' arose the 'Esprit Public,' of which Lesseps is the acknowledged editor. It is the cheapest daily journal in Paris, being published at a cost of twenty-eight francs, or 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* yearly. Its *capital social* is fixed at 500,000 francs. As the 'Esprit Public' has been barely six months in existence, it is difficult to pronounce on its chances of vitality, and no easy matter to obtain an accurate account of its bonâ-fide circulation. We believe it to be very small—in fact, of the *infimement petit*.

'La Réforme' is a journal of extreme opinions, appearing every day. It pays considerable attention to provincial questions, and to matters connected with electoral reform. Godefroy Cavaignac was, till his death, the editor; but it is now chiefly sustained by the pens of Guinard Arago, and Etienne Arago. It is understood that Ledru Rollin, the advocate and rich deputy for Sarthe, pays the expenses. Dupoty—the unfortunate Dupoty, formerly editor of the 'Journal du Peuple,' and who, under the ministry of Thiers, was tried and sentenced to five years' imprisonment as a regicide, because a letter was found open in the letter-box of the paper of which he was editor, addressed to him by a man said to be implicated in the conspiracy of Quenisset—wrote, and, it is said, still writes in the 'Réforme.'

The 'Univers' is a daily paper quite in

* The 'Commerce,' we believe, still lingers on, but so much 'in extremis' that it may be said to be dead.

the interests of the Jesuits. The editor is M. Jules Goudon, author of a pamphlet on the recent religious movement; and M. Louis Veuillet, author of 'Rome Moderne.'

The 'Nation' is a three-day paper, which appears every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday, at a cost of twenty-five francs the year. The programme of this paper is as follows:—

SOUVERAINETE NATIONALE.

ORDRE, LIBERTE, GLOIRE.

Le loi se fait par le consentement du peuple.
En fait et en droit, les Français ne peuvent être imposés que de leur consentement.
L'impôt doit être voté par ceux qui le paient.
Tout contribuable est électeur, tout électeur est éligible.

The 'Nation' therefore proclaims electoral reform in the largest and widest sense—for all, in a word, who pay taxes—i. e., eight millions of Frenchmen; but, knowing that M. de Genoude, of the 'Gazette de France,' is the editor of this journal, we confess we look on the programme with more than suspicion. M. the Abbé de Genoude, however, makes every effort to push the paper, as he also does to push the sale of his translation of the Bible, in twenty-two volumes! But though the 'Nation,' like the 'Figaro' of Bohain, of 1841, is to be sold in the shop of every grocer and baker of Paris and the banlieu, yet it has been found that this forced sales does not answer the expectations of the projectors.

There are in Paris a number of Papers specially devoted to law, the fine arts, &c., but it cannot be expected that we should enter at any length into the literary history and circulation of these periodicals. The 'Journal des Tribunaux' and the 'Courrier des Tribunaux' are both conducted by advocates, and have a very large circulation. There are also a number of small satirical papers, conducted with infinite talent, wit, and esprit—as the 'Figaro,' the 'Charivari,' the 'Corsaire,' the 'Corsaire Satan.' Articles have occasionally appeared in the 'Figaro' and 'Charivari' worthy of Voltaire, Beaumarchais, or Champfort; but although these journals have existed, almost at our door, for a period of more than twenty years, no attempt was made to imitate them in England, till our able and facetious contemporary, 'Punch,' entered the field. There are also a number of small theatrical journals, but on these it is not needful to dwell.

No account of the French press can aspire to the praise of fidelity or correctness without making mention of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' one of the best conducted periodicals in the world, and of as much authority in France as the 'Edinburgh Review' or 'Quarterly Review' in their very best days—in the days of Sidney Smith, Jeffrey, McIntosh, Horner, and Canning, Walter Scott, Southey, and Gifford. This periodical was established by Count Molé, and the first literary men in France write in its pages. The proprietor of this review is the patentee of the Theatre Français. Within the last three or four years, the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' has assumed a political character. The 'Political Chronicle,' which excites much attention, was, a couple of years ago, written by a very over-rated, and eminently servile Genoese, named Rossi, now envoy of France at the court of Rome. A personal favorite of Louis Philippe, and a friend and formerly brother professor of Guizot, this very ordinary person has risen, without commanding talent of any kind, to some of the highest employments in the state.

The 'Revue de Legislation et de Jurisprudence' has been eleven years established, and is also a well conducted miscellany. It is published under the direction of Troplong, Giraud, and Edouard Laboulaye, members of the Institute; Faustin Hélié, chef du Bureau des Affaires Criminelles; Ortolan, professor at the Faculty of Law; and Wolowski, professor of Legislation Industrielle au Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers.

It were no easy task to fix with precision the number of journals at present existing in Paris—a capital in which newspaper births and deaths are equally sudden and unexpected, and in which the journal of to-day may be dead to-morrow, and the journal of to-morrow may jump, *uno flatu*, into a prosperous manhood—but the following resumé approximates nearly to the truth:—

There are daily Journals of admitted repute	21
Smaller satirical Journals	6
Journals not daily (such as weekly, monthly, &c.)	27
Journals Religious and Moral, of which twelve are Protestant	24
Journals of Legislation and Jurisprudence	38
—of Political Economy and Administration	3

Journals of History, Statistics, and Travels	12
— of Literature	44
— of Fine Arts, Painting, and Music	9
— of Theatres and Theatrical Matters	2
— of Mathematical and Natural Sciences	13
— of Medicine	28
— of Military and Naval Art	12
— of Agriculture and Rural Economy	22
— of Commerce and Industry	23
— of Public Instruction	7
— of Women, Girls, and Children	20
— of Fashions	11
— of Picturesque Sites, Landscapes, &c	4
— of Advertisements	17

343

This astonishing number comprises Paris only, for the departmental press, ten years ago, counted 258 journals, which the statisticians thus divided:—

Political and Administrative Journals	153
Literary Miscellanies	4
Newspapers solely devoted to Local News	101

258

Provincial journals have, since 1836, considerably increased. Two or three departments which were then without broad sheets have now obtained them, and we should probably not err in stating that the provincial journals of France now amount in round numbers to 280.

The Chevalier F. de Tapiès has calculated that in 1835, there were 82,208 "broad sheets" printed. This number, multiplied by 1500, the medium circulation, would give a result of 120,000,000 of printed papers, and as it is no extravagant supposition that each newspaper has at least five readers at home and abroad, we conclude that there must be 600,000,000 of readers of French newspapers in and out of Europe. The same ingenious statistic to whom we have before referred, calculates that the matter of 20 volumes, in 8vo, is daily published in Paris, by the journals, and that the French press produces, in the year, 2,500,000 pages. Not content with these particulars, he further informs us, that 500,000 reams of paper are destroyed every twelve months by the pens and ink of the gentlemen of the press, and he goes on to add (for which many of our readers will think that he ought at once to be sent to Coventry)—that if all these sheets were folded together, so as to form and immense riband—these are his very words—this file of

fustian and feuilleton would thrice go round the broad circumference of the habitable globe.

TRAVELLING LETTERS, WRITTEN ON THE ROAD.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Since our last number, Mr. Dickens has resumed his graphic and entertaining sketches of Italian life and travel, in a separate form. We suppose that the great merit of the Letters, in respect of both subject and style, will justify to our readers the re-publication of the remainder of the series.—ED.]

IX.

THROUGH BOLOGNA AND FERRARA.

THERE was such a very smart official in attendance at the Cemetery where the little Cicerone had buried his children, that when the little Cicerone suggested to me, in a whisper, that there would be no offence in presenting this officer, in return for some slight extra service, with a couple of pauls (about tenpence, English money), I looked incredulously at his cocked hat, wash-leather gloves, well-made uniform, and dazzling buttons, and rebuked the little Cicerone with a grave shake of the head. For, in splendor of appearance, he was at least equal to the Deputy Usher of the Black Rod; and the idea of his carrying, as Jeremy Diddler would say, "such a thing as tenpence" away with him, seemed monstrous. He took it in excellent part, however, when I made bold to give it him, and pulled off his cocked hat with a flourish that would have been a bargain at double the money.

It seemed to be his duty to describe the monuments to the people—at all events he was doing so: and when I compared him, like Gulliver in Brobdignag, "with the Institutions of my own beloved country, I could not refrain from tears of pride and exultation." He had no pace at all; no more than a tortoise. He loitered as the people loitered, that they might gratify their curiosity; and positively allowed them, now and then, to read the inscriptions on the tombs. He was neither shabby nor inso-

lent, nor churlish nor ignorant. He spoke his own language with perfect propriety, and seemed to consider himself, in his way, a kind of teacher of the people, and to entertain a just respect both for himself and them. They would no more have such a man for a Verger in Westminster Abbey, than they would let the people in (as they do at Bologna) to see the monuments for nothing.

Again, an ancient sombre town, under the brilliant sky; with heavy arcades over the footways of the older streets, and lighter and more cheerful archways in the newer portions of the town. Again, brown piles of sacred buildings, with more birds flying in and out of chinks in the stones; and more snarling monsters for the bases of the pillars. Again, rich churches, drowsy masses, curling incense, tinkling bells, priests in bright vestments: pictures, tapers, laced altar cloths, crosses, images, and artificial flowers.

There is a grave and learned air about the city, and a pleasant gloom upon it, that would leave it, a distinct and separate impression in the mind, among a crowd of cities, though it were not still further marked in the traveller's remembrance by the two brick leaning towers (sufficiently unsightly in themselves, it must be acknowledged), inclining cross-wise as if they were bowing stiffly to each other—a most extraordinary termination to the perspective of some of the narrow streets. The colleges and churches, too, and palaces, and above all, the Academy of Fine Arts, where there are a host of interesting pictures, especially by GUIDO, DOMENICHINO, and LUDOVICO CARACCI, give it a place of its own in the memory. Even though these were not, and there were nothing else to remember it by, the great Meridian on the pavement of the church of San Petronio, where the sunbeams mark the time among the kneeling people, would give it a fanciful and pleasant interest.

Bologna being very full of tourists, detained there by an inundation which rendered the road to Florence impassable, I was quartered up at the top of an Hotel, in an out-of-the-way room which I never could find: containing a bed, big enough for a boarding-school, which I could not fall asleep in. The chief among the waiters who visited this lonely retreat, where there was no other company but the swallows in the broad eaves over the window, was a man of one idea in connection with the

English; and the subject of this harmless monomania, was Lord Byron. I made the discovery by accidentally remarking to him, at breakfast, that the matting with which the floor was covered was very comfortable at that season, when he immediately replied that Milor Beeron had been much attached to that kind of matting. Observing, at the same moment, that I took no milk, he exclaimed with enthusiasm, that Milor Beeron had never touched it. At first, I took it for granted, in my innocence, that he had been one of the Beeron servants; but no, he said no, he was in the habit of speaking about my Lord, to English gentlemen; that was all. He knew all about him, he said. In proof of it, he connected him with every possible topic, from the Monte Pulciano wine at dinner (which was grown on an estate he had owned), to the big bed itself, which was the very model of his. When I left the inn, he coupled with his final bow in the yard, a parting assurance that the road by which I was going had been Milor Beeron's favorite ride; and before the horse's feet had well begun to clatter on the pavement, he ran briskly up stairs again, I dare say to tell some other Englishman in some other solitary room that the guest who had just departed was Lord Beeron's living image.

I had entered Bologna by night—almost midnight—and all along the road thither, after our entrance into the Papal territory; which is not, in any part, supremely well governed, Saint Peter's keys being rather rusty now; the driver had so worried about the danger of robbers in travelling after dark, and had so infected the Brave Courier, and the two had been so constantly stopping and getting up and down to look after a portmanteau which was tied on behind, that I should have felt almost obliged to any one who would have had the goodness to take it away. Hence it was stipulated, that, whenever we left Bologna, we should start so as not to arrive at Ferrara later than eight at night; and a delightful afternoon and evening journey it was, albeit through a flat district which gradually became more marshy from the overflow of brooks and rivers in the recent heavy rains.

At sunset, when I was walking on alone, while the horses rested, I arrived upon a little scene, which, by one of those singular mental operations of which we are all conscious, seemed perfectly familiar to me, and which I see distinctly now. There

was not much in it. In the blood-red light, there was a mournful sheet of water, just stirred by the evening wind; upon its margin a few trees. In the foreground was a group of silent peasant girls leaning over the parapet of a little bridge, and looking, now up at the sky, now down into the water; in the distance, a deep bell; the shadow of approaching night on every thing. If I had been murdered there, in some former life, I could not have seemed to remember the place more thoroughly, or with a more emphatic chilling of the blood; and the real remembrance of it, acquired in that minute, is so strengthened by the imaginary recollection, that I hardly think I could forget it.

More solitary, more depopulated, more deserted, old Ferrara, than any city of the solemn brotherhood! The grass so grows up in the silent streets, that any one might make hay there, literally, while the sun shines. But the sun shines with diminished cheerfulness in grim Ferrara; and the people are so few who pass and repass through the public places, that the flesh of its inhabitants might be grass indeed, and growing in the squares.

I wonder why the head coppersmith in an Italian town always lives next door to the Hotel, or opposite: making the visitor feel as if the beating hammers were his own heart, palpitating with a deadly energy! I wonder why jealous corridors surround the bedroom on all sides, and fill it with unnecessary doors that can't be shut, and will not open, and abut on pitchy darkness! I wonder why it is not enough that these distrustful genii stand agape at one's dreams all night, but there must also be round open port-holes, high in the wall, suggestive, when a mouse or rat is heard behind the wainscot, of a somebody scraping the wall with his toes, in his endeavors to reach one of these port-holes and look in! I wonder why the faggots are so constructed as to know of no effect but an agony of heat when they are lighted and replenished, and an agony of cold and suffocation at all other times! I wonder, above all, why it is the great feature of domestic architecture, in Italian inns, that all the fire goes up the chimney except the smoke!

The answer matters little. Coppersmiths, doors, port-holes, smoke, and faggots, are welcome to me. Give me the smiling face of the attendant, man or woman; the courteous manner; the amiable desire to

please and to be pleased; the light-hearted, pleasant, simple air—so many jewels set in dirt—and I am theirs again to-morrow!

ARIOSTO's house, TASSO's prison, a rare old gothic cathedral, and more churches of course, are the sights of Ferrara. But the long silent streets, and the dismantled palaces, where ivy waves in lieu of banners, and where rank weeds are slowly creeping up the long-untrodden stairs, are the best sights of all.

The aspect of this dreary town, half an hour before sunrise one fine morning, when I left it, was as picturesque as it seemed unreal and spectral. It was no matter that the people were not yet out of bed; for if they had all been up and busy, they would have made but little difference in that desert of a place. It was best to see it, without a single figure in the picture; a city of the dead, without one solitary survivor. Pestilence might have ravaged streets, squares, and market-places; and sack and siege have ruined the old houses, battered down their doors and windows, and made breaches in their roofs. In one part, a great tower rose into the air; the only landmark in the melancholy view. In another, a prodigious Castle, with a moat about it, stood aloof: a sullen city in itself. In the black dungeons of this castle, Parisina and her lover were beheaded in the dead of night. The red light, beginning to shine when I looked back upon it, stained its walls without, as they have, many a time, been stained within, in old days; but for any sign of life they gave, the castle and the city might have been avoided by all human creatures, from the moment when the axe went down upon the last of the two lovers: and might have never vibrated to another sound.

Beyond the blow that to the block
Pierced through with forced and sullen shock.

Coming to the Po, which was greatly swollen, and running fiercely, we crossed it by a floating bridge of boats, and so came into the Austrian territory, and resumed our journey: through a country of which, for some miles, a great part was under water. The Brave Courier and the soldiery had first quarrelled, for half an hour or more, over our eternal passport. But this was a daily relaxation with the Brave, who was always stricken deaf when shabby functionaries in uniform came, as they constantly did come, plunging out of wooden boxes to look at it—or in other

words to beg—and who, stone deaf to my entreaties that the man might have a trifle given him, and we resume our journey in peace, was wont to sit reviling the functionary in broken English: while the unfortunate man's face was a portrait of mental agony framed in the coach window, from his perfect ignorance of what was being said to his disparagement.

There was a Postilion, in the course of this day's journey, as wild and savagely good-looking a vagabond as you would desire to see. He was a tall, stout-made, dark-complexioned fellow, with a profusion of shaggy black hair hanging all over his face, and great black whiskers stretching down his throat. His dress was a torn suit of rifle green, garnished here and there with red; a steeple-crowned hat, innocent of nap, with a broken and bedraggled feather stuck in the band; and a flaming red neck-kerchief hanging on his shoulders. He was not in the saddle, but reposed, quite at his ease, on a sort of low footboard in front of the postchaise, down among the horses' tails—convenient for having his brains kicked out, at any moment. To this Brigand, the Brave Courier, when we were at a reasonable trot, happened to suggest the practicability of going faster. He received the proposal with a perfect yell of derision; brandished his whip about his head (such a whip! it was more like a home-made bow); flung up his heels much higher than the horses; and disappeared, in a paroxysm, somewhere in the neighborhood of the axle-tree. I fully expected to see him lying in the road, a hundred yards behind, but up came the steeple-crowned hat again, next minute, and he was seen reposing, as on a sofa, entertaining himself with the idea, and crying, "Ha ha! what next. Oh the devil! Faster too! Shoo—hoo—o—o!" (This last ejaculation, an inexpressibly defiant hoot.) Being anxious to reach our immediate destination that night, I ventured, by and by, to repeat the experiment on my own account. It produced exactly the same effect. Round flew the whip with the same scornful flourish, up came the heels, down went the steeple-crowned hat, and presently he reappeared, reposing as before, and saying to himself, "Ha ha! what next! Faster too. Oh the devil! Shoo—hoo—o—o!"

X.

AN ITALIAN DREAM.

I had been travelling, for some days; resting very little in the night, and never in the day. The rapid and unbroken succession of novelties that had passed before me, came back like half-formed dreams; and a crowd of objects wandered in the greatest confusion through my mind, as I travelled on, by a solitary road. At intervals, some one among them would stop, as it were, in its restless flitting to and fro, and enable me to look at it, quite steadily, and behold it in full distinctness. After a few moments, it would dissolve, like a view in a magic-lantern; and while I saw some part of it quite plainly, and some faintly, and some not at all, would show me another of the many places I had lately seen, lingering behind it, and coming through it. This was no sooner visible than, in its turn, it melted into something else.

At one moment, I was standing again before the brown old rugged churches of Modena. As I recognized the curious pillars with grim monsters for their bases, I seemed to see them, standing by themselves in the quiet square at Padua, where there were the staid old university, and the figures, demurely gowned, grouped here and there in the open space about it. Then I was strolling in the outskirts of that pleasant city, admiring the unusual neatness of the dwelling-houses, gardens, and orchards, as I had seen them a few hours before. In their stead, arose, immediately, the two towers of Bologna; and the most obstinate of all these objects failed to hold its ground a minute before the monstrous moated castle of Ferrara, which, like an illustration to a wild romance, came back again in the red sunrise, lording it over the solitary, grass-grown, withered town. In short, I had that incoherent but delightful jumble in my brain, which travellers are apt to have, and are indolently willing to encourage. Every shake of the coach in which I sat, half dozing in the dark, appeared to jerk some new recollection out of its place, and to jerk some other new recollection into it; and in this state I fell asleep.

I was awakened after some time (as I thought) by the stopping of the coach. It was now quite night, and we were at the water side. There lay here, a black boat, with a little house or cabin in it of the same mournful color. When I had taken my

seat in this, the boat was paddled, by two men, towards a great light, lying in the distance on the sea.

Ever and again, there was a dismal sigh of wind. It ruffled the water, and rocked the boat, and sent the dark clouds flying before the stars. I could not but think how strange it was, to be floating away at that hour: to be leaving the land behind, and going on towards this light upon the sea. It soon began to burn brighter: and from being one light became a cluster of tapers, twinkling and shining out of the water, as the boat approached towards them by a dreamy kind of track, marked out upon the sea by posts and piles.

We had floated on, five miles or so, over the dark water, when I heard it rippling, in my dream, against some obstruction near at hand. Looking out attentively, I saw, through the gloom, a something black and massive—like a shore, but lying close and flat upon the water, like a raft—which we were gliding past. The chief of the two rowers said it was a burial-place.

Full of the interest and wonder which a cemetery lying out there, in the lonely sea, inspired, I turned to gaze upon it as it should recede in our path, when it was quickly shut out from my view. Before I knew by what, or how, I found that we were gliding up a street—a phantom street; the houses rising on both sides, from the water, and the black boat gliding on beneath their windows. Lights were shining from some of these casements, plumbing the depth of the black stream with their reflected rays; but all was profoundly silent.

So we advanced into this ghostly city, continuing to hold our course through narrow streets and lanes, all filled and flowing with water. Some of the corners, where our way branched off, were so acute and narrow, that it seemed impossible for the long slender boat to turn them; but the rowers, with a low melodious cry of warning, sent it skimming on, without a pause. Sometimes the rowers of another black boat like our own echoed the cry, and slackening their speed (as I thought we did ours) would come flitting past us, like a dark shadow. Other boats, of the same sombre hue, were lying moored, I thought, to painted pillars, near to dark mysterious doors that opened straight upon the water. Some of these were empty; in some the rowers lay asleep; towards one, I saw some figures coming down a gloomy archway from the interior of a palace, gayly dressed, and at-

tended by torch-bearers. It was but a glimpse I had of them; for a bridge, so low and close upon the boat that it seemed ready to fall down and crush us: one of the many bridges that perplexed the dream: blotted them out instantly. On we went, floating towards the heart of this strange place—with water all about us where never water was—elsewhere, clusters of houses, churches, heaps of stately buildings growing out of it—and, every where, the same extraordinary silence. Presently, we shot across a broad and open stream; and passing, as I thought, before a spacious paved quay, where the bright lamps, with which it was illuminated, showed long rows of arches and pillars, of ponderous construction and great strength, but as light to the eye as garlands of hoar-frost or gossamer—and where, for the first time, I saw people walking—arrived at a flight of steps leading from the water to a large mansion, where, having passed through corridors and galleries innumerable, I lay down to rest; listening to the black boats stealing up and down below the window, on the rippling water, till I fell asleep.

The glory of the day that broke upon me in this dream; its freshness, motion, buoyancy; its sparkles of the sun in water; its clear blue sky and rustling air; no waking words can tell. But, from my window, I looked down on boats and barks; on masts, sails, cordage, flags; on groups of busy sailors, working at the cargoes of these vessels; on wide quays, strewn with bales, casks, merchandise of many kinds; on great ships lying near at hand in stately indolence; on islands, crowned with gorgeous domes and turrets: and where golden crosses glittered in the light, atop of wondrous churches springing from the sea! Going down upon the margin of the green sea, rolling on before the door, and filling all the streets, I came upon a place of such surpassing beauty, and such grandeur, that all the rest was poor and faded, in comparison with its absorbing loveliness.

It was a great piazza, as I thought; anchored, like all the rest, in the deep ocean. On its broad bosom was a palace, more majestic and magnificent in its old age than all the buildings of the earth, in the high prime and fulness of their youth. Cloisters and galleries; so light, that they might have been the work of fairy hands; so strong, that centuries had battered them in vain; wound round and round this palace, and enfolded it with a cathedral, gorgeous in

the wild luxuriant fancies of the East. At no great distance from its porch, a lofty tower, standing by itself, and rearing its proud head, alone, into the sky, looked out upon the Adriatic sea. Near to the margin of the stream were two ill-omened pillars of red granite; one having on its top a figure with a sword and shield; the other, a winged lion. Not far from these again, a second tower; richest of the rich in all its decorations, even here, where all was rich; sustained aloft a great orb, gleaming with gold and deepest blue: the Twelve Signs painted on it, and a mimic sun revolving in its course around them; while above, two bronze giants hammered out the hours upon a sounding bell. An oblong square of lofty houses of the whitest stone, surrounded by a light and beautiful arcade, formed part of this enchanted scene; and here and there gay masts for flags rose, tapering, from the pavement of the unsubstantial ground.

I thought I entered the Cathedral, and went in and out among its many arches; traversing its whole extent. A grand and dreamy structure, of immense proportions; golden with old mosaics, redolent of perfumes; dim with the smoke of incense; costly in treasure of precious stones and metals, glittering through iron bars; holy with the bodies of deceased saints; rainbow-hued with windows of stained glass; dark with carved woods and colored marbles; obscure in its vast heights, and lengthened distances; shining with silver lamps and winking lights; unreal, fantastic, solemn, inconceivable throughout. I thought I entered the old palace: pacing silent galleries and council-chambers, where the old rulers of this mistress of the waters looked sternly out, in pictures, from the walls, and where her high-prowed galleys, still victorious on canvass, fought and conquered as of old. I thought I wandered through its halls of state and triumph—bare and empty now!—and musing on its pride and might, extinct: for that was past: all past: heard a voice say, "Some tokens of its ancient rule, and some consoling reasons for its downfall, may be traced here yet!"

I dreamed that I was led on, then, into some jealous rooms, communicating with a prison near the palace; separated from it by a lofty bridge crossing a narrow street; and called, I dreamed, The Bridge of Sighs.

But first, I passed two jagged slits in a stone wall; the lions' mouths—now toothless—where in the distempered horror of

my sleep, I thought denunciations of innocent men to the old wicked Council, had been dropped through, many a time, when the night was dark. So, when I saw the council-room to which such prisoners were taken for examination, and the door by which they passed out, when they were condemned—a door that never closed upon a man with life and hope before him—my heart appeared to die within me.

It was smitten harder though, when, torch in hand, I descended from the cheerful day into two ranges, one below another, of dismal, awful, horrible, stone cells. They were quite dark. Each had a loop-hole in its massive wall, where, in the old time, every day, a torch was placed—I dreamed—to light the prisoner within, for half an hour. The captives, by the glimmering of these brief rays, had scratched and cut inscriptions in the blackened vaults. I saw them. For their labour with a rusty nail's point had outlived their agony and them, through many generations.

One cell, I saw, in which no man remained for more than four-and-twenty hours; being marked for dead before he entered it. Hard by, another, and a dismal one, whereto, at midnight, the confessor came—a monk, brown-robed and hooded—ghastly in the day, and free bright air, but in the midnight of that murky prison, Hope's extinguisher, and Murder's herald. I had my foot upon the spot, where, at the same dread hour, the shriven prisoner was strangled; and struck my hand upon the guilty door—low browed and stealthy—through which the lumpish sack was carried out into a boat, and rowed away, and drowned where it was death to cast a net.

Around this dungeon stronghold, and above some part of it; licking the rough walls without, and smearing them with damp and slime within: stuffing dank weeds and refuse into chinks and crevices, as if the very stones and bars had mouths to stop: furnishing a smooth road for the removal of the bodies of the secret victims of the state—a road so ready that it went along with them, and ran before them, like a cruel officer—flowed the same water that filled this dream of mine, and made it seem one, even at the time.

Descending from the palace by a staircase, called, I thought, the Giant's—I had some imaginary recollection of an old man abdicating, coming, more slowly and more feebly, down it, when he heard the bell, proclaiming his successor—I glided off, in

one of the dark boats, until we came to an old arsenal guarded by four marble lions. To make my dream more monstrous and unlikely, one of these had words and sentences upon its body, inscribed there, at an unknown time and in an unknown language; so that their purport was a mystery to all men.

There was little sound of hammers in this place for building ships, and little work in progress; for the greatness of the city was no more, as I have said. Indeed, it seemed a very wreck found drifting on the sea; a strange flag hoisted in its honorable stations, and strangers standing at its helm. A splendid barge in which its ancient chief had gone forth, pompously, at certain periods, to wed the ocean, lay here, I thought, no more; but, in its place, there was a tiny model, made from recollection like the city's greatness; and it told of what had been (so are the strong and weak confounded in the dust) almost as eloquently as the massive pillars, arches, roofs, reared to overshadow stately ships that had no other shadow now, upon the water or the earth.

An armory was there yet. Plundered and despoiled; but an armory. With a fierce standard, taken from the Turks, drooping in the dull air of its cage. Rich suits of mail, worn by great warriors, were hoarded there; cross bows and bolts; quivers full of arrows; spears; swords, daggers, maces, shields, and heavy-headed axes. Plates of wrought steel and iron, to make the gallant horse a monster cased in metal scales; and one spring-weapon (easy to be carried in the breast) designed to do its office noiselessly, and made for shooting men with poisoned darts.

One press or case I saw, full of accursed instruments of torture: horribly contrived to cramp, and pinch, and grind, and crush men's bones, and tear and twist them with the torment of a thousand deaths. Before it were two iron helmets, with breast-pieces: made to close up tight and smooth upon the heads of living sufferers; and fastened on to each, was a small knob or anvil, where the directing devil could repose his elbow at his ease, and listen, near the walled-up ear, to the lamentations and confessions of the wretch within. There was that grim resemblance in them to the human shape—they were such moulds of sweating faces, pained and cramped—that it was difficult to think them empty; and terrible distortions lingering within them, seemed to follow me,

when, taking to my boat again, I rowed off to a kind of garden or public walk in the sea, where there were grass and trees. But I forgot them when I stood upon its farthest brink—I stood there, in my dream—and looked, along the ripple, to the setting sun: before me, in the sky and on the deep, a crimson flush; and behind me the whole city resolving into streaks of red and purple, on the water.

In the luxurious wonder of so rare a dream, I took but little heed of time, and had but little understanding of its flight. But there were days and nights in it; and when the sun was high, and when the rays of lamps were crooked in the running water, I was still afloat, I thought: plashing the slippery walls and houses with the cleavings of the tide, as my black boat, borne upon it, skimmed along the streets.

Sometimes, alighting at the doors of churches and vast palaces, I wandered on, from room to room, from aisle to aisle, through labyrinths of rich altars, ancient monuments; decayed apartments where the furniture, half awful, half grotesque, was mouldering away. Pictures were there, replete with such enduring beauty and expression: with such passion, truth, and power: that they seemed so many fresh realities among a host of spectres. I thought these often intermingled with the old days of the city: with its beauties, tyrants, captains, patriots, merchants, courtiers, priests: nay, with its very stones, and bricks, and public places; all of which lived again, about me, on the walls. Then, coming down some marble staircase, where the water lapped and oozed against the lower steps, I passed into my boat again, and went on in my dream.

Floating down narrow lanes, where carpenters, at work with plane and chisel in their shops, tossed the light shaving straight upon the water, where it lay like weed, or ebbd away before me in a tangled heap. Past open doors, decayed and rotten from long steeping in the wet, through which some scanty patch of vine shone green and bright, making unusual shadows on the pavement with its trembling leaves. Past quays and terraces, where women, gracefully veiled, were passing and repassing, and where idlers were reclining in the sunshine, on flag-stones and on flights of steps. Past bridges, where there were idlers too: loitering and looking over. Below stone balconies, erected at a giddy height, before the lofti-

est windows of the loftiest houses. Past plots of garden, theatres, shrines, prodigious piles of architecture—Gothic—Saracenic—fanciful with all the fancies of all times and countries. Past buildings that were high, and low, and black, and white, and straight, and crooked; mean and grand, crazy and strong. Twining among a tangled lot of boats and barges, and shooting out at last into a Grand Canal! There, in the errant fancy of my dream, I saw old Shylock passing to and fro upon a bridge all built upon with shops and humming with the tongues of men; a form I seemed to know for Desdemona's leaned down through a latticed blind to pluck a flower. And, in the dream, I thought that Shakspeare's spirit was abroad upon the water somewhere: stealing through the city.

At night, when two votive lamps burnt before an image of the Virgin, in a gallery outside the great cathedral, near the roof, I fancied that the great piazza of the Winged Lion was a blaze of cheerful light, and that its whole arcade was thronged with people; while crowds were diverting themselves in splendid coffee-houses opening from it—which were never shut, I thought, but open all night long. When the bronze giants struck the hour of midnight on the bell, I thought the life and animation of the city were all centered here; and as I rowed away, abreast the silent quays, I only saw them dotted, here and there, with sleeping boatmen wrapped up in their cloaks, and lying at full length upon the stones.

But, close about the quays and churches, palaces and prisons; sucking at their walls, and welling up into the secret places of the town: crept the water always. Noiseless and watchful: coiled round and round it, in its many folds, like an old serpent: waiting for the time, I thought, when people should look down into its depths for any stone of the old city that had claimed to be its mistress.

Thus it floated me away, until I awoke in the old market-place of Verona. I have many and many a time thought, since, of this strange Dream upon the water, half-wondering if it lie there yet, and if its name be VENICE.

XI.

BY VERONA, MANTUA, AND MILAN, ACROSS
THE PASS OF THE SIMPLON INTO SWITZERLAND.

I HAD been half afraid to go to Verona, lest it should at all put me out of conceit with Romeo and Juliet. But, I was no sooner come into the old Market-place, than the misgiving vanished. It is so fanciful, quaint, and picturesque a place, formed by such an extraordinary and rich variety of fantastic buildings, that there could be nothing better at the core of even this romantic town: scene of one of the most romantic and beautiful of stories.

It was natural enough to go straight from the Market-place, to the House of the Capulets, now degenerated into a most miserable little inn. Noisy vetturini and muddy market carts were disputing possession of the yard, which was ankle-deep in dirt, with a brood of splashed and bespattered geese; and there was a grim-visaged dog, viciously panting in a doorway, who would certainly have had Romeo by the leg, the moment he put it over the wall, if he had existed and been at large in those times. The orchard fell into other hands, and was parted off many years ago; but there used to be one attached to the house—or at all events there may have been,—and the hat (Cappello) the ancient cognizance of the family, may still be seen, carved in stone, over the gateway of the yard. The geese, the market-carts, their drivers, and the dog, were somewhat in the way of the story it must be confessed; and it would have been pleasanter to have found the house empty, and to have been able to walk through the disused rooms. But the hat was unspeakably comfortable; and the place where the garden used to be, hardly less so. Besides, the house is a distressful, jealous-looking house as one would desire to see, though of a very moderate size. So I was quite satisfied with it, as the veritable mansion of old Capulet, and was correspondingly grateful in my acknowledgments to an extremely unsentimental middle-aged lady, the Padrona of the Hotel, who was lounging on the threshold looking at the geese; and who at least resembled the Capulets in the one particular of being very great indeed in the "Family" way.

From Juliet's home to Juliet's tomb, is a transition as natural to the visitor, as to fair

Juliet herself, or to the proudest Juliet that ever has taught the torches to burn bright in any time. So, I went off, with a guide, to an old, old garden, once belonging to an old, old convent, I suppose; and being admitted, at a shattered gate, by a bright-eyed woman who was washing clothes, went down some walks where fresh plants and young flowers were prettily growing among fragments of old wall, and ivy-covered mounds; and was shown a little tank, or water trough, which the bright-eyed woman—drying her arms upon her 'kerchief, called "*La tomba di Giulietta la sfortunata.*" With the best disposition in the world to believe, I could do no more than believe that the bright-eyed woman believed; so I gave her that much credit, and her customary fee in ready money. It was a pleasure, rather than a disappointment, that Juliet's resting-place was forgotten. However consolatory it may have been to Yorick's Ghost, to hear the feet upon the pavement overhead, and, twenty times a day, the repetition of his name, it is better for Juliet to lie out of the track of tourists, and to have no visitors but such as come to graves in spring-rain, and sweet air, and sunshine.

Pleasant Verona! With its beautiful old palaces, and charming country in the distance, seen from terrace walks, and stately balustraded galleries. With its Roman gates still spanning the fair street, and casting, on the sun-light of to-day, the shade of fifteen hundred years ago. With its marble-fitted churches, lofty towers, rich architecture, and quaint old quiet thoroughfares, where shouts of Montagues and Capulets once resounded,

And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave, beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partizans.

With its fast-rushing river, picturesque old bridge, great castle, waving cypresses, and prospect so delightful, and so cheerful! Pleasant Verona!

In the midst of it, in the Piazza di Brá—a spirit of old time among the familiar realities of the passing hour—is the great Roman Amphitheatre. So well preserved, and carefully maintained, that every row of seats is there, unbroken. Over certain arches, the old Roman numerals may yet be seen; and there are corridors, and staircases, and subterranean passages for beasts, and winding ways, above-ground and below, as when the fierce thousands

hurried in and out, intent upon the bloody shows of the arena. Nestling in some of the shadows and hollow places of the walls, now are smiths with their forges, and a few small dealers of one kind or other; and there are green weeds and leaves, and grass, upon the parapet. But little else is greatly changed.

When I had traversed all about it, with great interest, and had gone up to the topmost round of seats, and turning from the lovely panorama closed in by the distant Alps, looked down into the building, it seemed to lie before me, like the inside of a prodigious hat of plaited straw, with an enormously broad brim and a shallow crown; the plaits being represented by the four-and-forty rows of seats. The comparison is a homely and fantastic one, in sober remembrance and on paper, but it was irresistibly suggested at the moment, nevertheless.

An equestrian troop had been there a short time before—the same troop, I dare say, that appeared to the old lady in the church at Modena—and had scooped out a little ring at one end of the arena; where their performances had taken place, and where the marks of their horses' feet were still fresh. I could not but picture to myself, a handful of spectators gathered together on one or two of the old stone seats, and a spangled Cavalier being gallant, or a Policinello funny, with the grim walls looking on. Above all, I thought how strangely those Roman mutes would gaze upon the favorite comic scene of the travelling English, where a British nobleman (Lord John), with a very loose stomach, dressed in a blue tailed coat down to his heels, bright yellow breeches, and a white hat, comes abroad, riding double on a rearing horse, with an English lady (Lady Betsy) in a straw bonnet and green veil, and a red spencer; and who always carries a gigantic reticule, and a put-up-parasol.

I walked through and through the town all the rest of the day, and could have walked there until now, I think. In one place, there was a very pretty modern theatre, where they had just performed the opera (always popular in Verona) of *Romeo and Juliet*. In another, there was a collection, under a colonnade of Greek, Roman, and Etruscan remains, presided over by an ancient man who might have been an Etruscan relic himself; for he was not strong enough to open the iron gate, when he had unlocked it, and had neither voice enough to be audi-

ble when he described the curiosities, nor sight enough to see them; he was so very old. In another place there was a gallery of pictures: so abominably bad, that it was quite delightful to see them mouldering away. But any where: in the churches, among the palaces, in the streets, on the bridge, or down beside the river: it was always pleasant Verona, and in my remembrance always will be.

I read *Romeo and Juliet* in my own room at the inn that night—of course, no Englishman had ever read it there before—and set out for Mantua next day at sunrise, repeating to myself (in the coupé of an omnibus, and next to the conductor, who was reading the *Mysteries of Paris*)

There is no world without Verona's walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence-banished is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death —

which reminded me that *Romeo* was only banished five-and-twenty miles after all, and rather disturbed my confidence in his energy and boldness.

Was the way to Mantua as beautiful in his time, I wonder! Did it wind through pasture land as green, bright with the same glancing streams, and dotted with fresh clumps of graceful trees! Those purple mountains lay on the horizon, then, for certain; and the dresses of those peasant girls, who wear a great, knobbed, silver pin like an English "life-preserver" through their hair behind, can hardly be much changed. The hopeful feeling of so bright a morning, and so exquisite a sunrise, can have been no stranger even to an exiled lover's breast; and Mantua itself must have broken on him in the prospect, with its towers, and walls, and water, pretty much as on a common-place and matrimonial omnibus. He made the same sharp twists and turns, perhaps, over two rumbling drawbridges; passed through the like long, covered, wooden bridge; and leaving the marshy water behind, approached the rusty gate of stagnant Mantua.

If ever a man were suited to his place of residence, and his place of residence to him, the lean Apothecary and Mantua came together in a perfect fitness of things. It may have been more stirring then, perhaps. If so, the Apothecary was a man in advance of his time, and knew what Mantua would be in eighteen hundred and forty-four. He fasted much, and that assisted him in his foreknowledge.

I put up at the Hotel of the Golden Lion,

and was in my own room arranging plans with the Brave Courier, when there came a modest little tap at the door, which opened on an outer gallery surrounding a courtyard; and an intensely shabby little man looked in, to inquire if the gentleman would have a Cicerone to show the town. His face was so very wistful and anxious, in the half opened doorway, and there was so much poverty expressed in his faded suit and little pinched hat, and in the threadbare worsted glove with which he held it—not expressed the less, because these were evidently his genteel clothes, hastily slipped on—that I would as soon have trodden on him, as dismissed him. I engaged him on the instant, and he stepped in directly.

While I finished the discussion in which I was engaged, he stood beaming by himself in a corner, making a feint of brushing my hat with his arm. If his fee had been as many napoleons as it was francs, there could not have shot over the twilight of his shabbiness such a gleam of sun, as lighted up the whole man, now that he was hired.

"Well!" said I, when I was ready, shall we go out now?"

"If the gentleman pleases. It is a beautiful day. A little fresh, but charming; altogether charming. The gentleman will allow me to open the door. This is the Inn Yard. The court-yard of the Golden Lion! The gentleman will please to mind his footing on the stairs."

We were now in the street.

"This is the street of the Golden Lion. This, the outside of the Golden Lion. The interesting window up there, on the first Piazza, where the pane of glass is broken, is the window of the gentleman's chamber!"

Having viewed all these remarkable objects, I inquired if there was much to see in Mantua.

"Well! Truly, no. Not much! So, so," he said, shrugging his shoulders apologetically.

"Many churches?"

"No. Nearly all suppressed by the French."

"Monasteries or convents?"

"No. The French again! Nearly all suppressed by Napoleon."

"Much business?"

"Very little business."

"Many strangers?"

"Ah Heaven!"

I thought he would have fainted.

"Then, when we have seen the two

large churches yonder, what shall we do next?" said I.

He looked up the street, and down the street, and rubbed his chin timidly; and then said, glancing in my face as if a light had broken on his mind, yet with a humble appeal to my forbearance that was perfectly irresistible:

"We can take a little turn about the town, Signore!" (Si può far 'un piccolo giro della città.)

It was impossible to be any thing but delighted with the proposal, so we set off together in great good-humor. In the relief of his mind, he opened his heart, and gave up as much of Mantua as a Cicerone could.

"One must eat," he said, "but, bah! it was a dull place, without doubt!"

He made as much as possible of the Basilica of Santa Andrea—a noble church—and of an inclosed portion of the pavement, about which tapers were burning, and a few people kneeling, and under which is said to be preserved, the Sangreal of the old Romances. This church disposed of, and another after it (the cathedral of San Pietro), we went to the Museum, which was shut up. "It was all the same," he said; "Bah! There was not much inside!"

Then, we went to see the Piazza del Diavolo, built by the Devil (for no particular purpose) in a single night; then, the Piazza Virgiliana; then the statue of Virgil—our Poet, my little friend said, plucking up a spirit, for the moment, and putting his hat a little on one side. Then, we went to a dismal sort of farm-yard, by which a picture-gallery was approached. The moment the gate of this retreat was opened, some five hundred geese came waddling round us, stretching out their necks, and clamoring in the most hideous manner, as if they were ejaculating, "Oh! here's somebody come to see the pictures! Don't go up! Don't go up!" While we went up, they waited very quietly about the door, in a crowd, cackling to one another occasionally, in a subdued tone; but the instant we appeared again, their necks came out like telescopes, and setting up a great noise, which meant, I have no doubt, "What, you would go, would you! What do you think of it! How do you like it!" they attended us to the outer gate, and cast us forth, derisively, into Mantua.

The geese who saved the Capitol, were, as compared with these, Pork to the learned Pig. What a gallery it was! I would take their opinion on a question of art, in

preference to the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Now that we were standing in the street, after being thus ignominiously escorted thither, my little friend was plainly reduced to the "piccolo giro," or little circuit of the town, he had formerly proposed. But my suggestion, that we should visit the Palazzo Tè (of which I had heard a great deal, as a strange, wild place) imparted a new life to him, and away we went.

The secret of the length of Midas' ears, would have been more extensively known, if that servant of his, who whispered it to the reeds, had lived in Mantua, where there are reeds and rushes enough to have published it to all the world. The Palazzo Tè stands in a swamp, among this sort of vegetation; and is, indeed, as singular a place as I ever saw.

Not for its dreariness, though it is very dreary. Nor for its dampness, though it is very damp. Nor for its desolate condition, though it is as desolate and neglected as house can be. But chiefly for the unaccountable nightmares with which its interior has been decorated (among other subjects of more delicate execution), by Giulio Romano. There is a leering Giant over a certain chimney-piece, and there are dozens of Giants (Titans warring with Jove) on the walls of another room, so inconceivably ugly and grotesque, that it is marvellous how any man can have imagined such creatures. In the chamber in which they abound, these monsters, with swollen faces and cracked cheeks, and every kind of distortion of look and limb, are depicted as staggering under the weight of falling buildings, and being overwhelmed in the ruins; upheaving masses of rocks, and burying themselves beneath; vainly striving to sustain the pillars of heavy roofs that topple down upon their heads; and, in a word, undergoing and doing every kind of mad and demoniacal destruction. The figures are immensely large, and exaggerated to the utmost pitch of uncouthness; the coloring is harsh and disagreeable; and the whole effect more like (I should imagine) a violent rush of blood to the head of the spectator, than any real picture set before him by the hand of an artist. This apoplectic performance was shown by a sickly-looking woman, whose appearance was referable, I dare say, to the bad air of the marshes; but it was difficult to help feeling as if she were too much haunted by the Giants, and they were frightening her to death, all

alone in that exhausted cistern of a Palace, among the reeds and rushes, with the mists hovering about outside, and stalking round and round it continually.

Our walk through Mantua showed us, in almost every street, some suppressed church: now used for a warehouse, now for nothing at all: all as crazy and dismantled as they could be, short of tumbling down bodily. The marshy town was so intensely dull and flat, that the dirt upon it seemed not to have come there in the ordinary course, but to have settled and mantled on its surface as on standing water. And yet there were some business dealings going on, and some profits realizing; for there were arcades full of Jews, where those extraordinary people were sitting outside their shops: contemplating their stores of stuffs, and woollens, and bright handkerchiefs, and trinkets: and looking, in all respects, as wary and business-like, as their brethren in Houndsditch, London.

Having selected a Vetturino from among the neighboring Christians, who agreed to carry us to Milan in two days and a half, and to start next morning, as soon as the gates were opened, I returned to the Golden Lion, and dined luxuriously in my own room, in a narrow passage between two bedsteads: confronted by a smoky fire, and backed up by a chest of drawers. At six o'clock next morning, we were jingling in the dark through the wet cold mist that enshrouded the town; and, before noon, the driver (a native of Mantua, and sixty years of age, or thereabouts) began *to ask the way to Milan*.

It lay through Bozzolo: formerly a little republic, and now one of the most deserted and poverty-stricken of towns: where the landlord of the miserable inn (God bless him! it was his weekly custom) was distributing infinitesimal coins among a clamorous herd of women and children, whose rags were fluttering in the wind and rain outside his door, where they were gathered to receive his charity. It lay through mist, and mud, and rain, and vines trained low upon the ground, all that day and the next; the first sleeping-place being Cremona, memorable for its dark brick churches, and immensely high tower, the Torrazzo—to say nothing of its violins, of which it certainly produces none in these degenerate days; and the second, Lodi. Then we went on, through more mud, mist, and rain, and marshy ground: and through such a fog, as Englishmen, strong in the faith of

their own grievances, are apt to believe is nowhere to be found but in their own country: until we entered the paved streets of Milan.

The fog was so dense here, that the spire of the far-famed Cathedral might as well have been at Bombay, for any thing that could be seen of it at that time. But as we halted to refresh, for a few days then, and returned to Milan again next summer, I had ample opportunities of seeing the glorious structure in all its majesty and beauty.

All Christian homage to the saint who lies within it! There are many good and true saints in the calendar, but San Carlo Borromeo has—if I may quote Mrs. Primrose on such a subject—"my warm heart." A charitable doctor to the sick, a munificent friend to the poor, and this, not in any spirit of blind bigotry, but as the bold opponent of enormous abuses in the Romish church, I honor his memory. I honor it none the less, because he was nearly slain by a priest, suborned, by priests, to murder him at the altar: in acknowledgment of his endeavors to reform a false and hypocritical brotherhood of monks. Heaven shield all imitators of San Carlo Borromeo as it shielded him! A reforming Pope would need a little shielding, even now.

The subterranean chapel in which the body of San Carlo Borromeo is preserved, presents as striking and as ghastly a contrast, perhaps, as any place can show. The tapers which are lighted down there, flash and gleam on *alti-relievi* in gold and silver, delicately wrought by skilful hands, and representing the principal events in the life of the saint. Jewels, and precious metals, shine and sparkle on every side. A windlass slowly removes the front of the altar; and, within it, in a gorgeous shrine of gold and silver, is seen, through alabaster, the shrivelled mummy of a man: the pontifical robes with which it is adorned, radiant with diamonds, emeralds, rubies: every costly and magnificent gem. The shrunken heap of poor earth in the midst of this great glitter, is more pitiful than if it lay upon a dunghill. There is not a ray of imprisoned light in all the flash and fire of jewels, but seems to mock the dusty holes where eyes were, once. Every thread of silk in the rich vestments seems only a provision from the worms that spin, for the behoof of worms that propagate in sepulchres.

In the old refectory of the dilapidated

Convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie, is the work of art, perhaps better known than any other in the world: the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci—with a door cut through it by the intelligent Dominican friars, to facilitate their operations at dinner time.

I am not mechanically acquainted with the art of painting, and have no other means of judging of a picture than as I see it resembling and refining upon nature, and presenting graceful combinations of forms and colors. I am, therefore, no authority whatever, in reference to the "touch" of this or that master; though I know very well (as any body may who chooses to think about the matter) that few very great masters can possibly have painted, in the compass of their lives, one half of the pictures that bear their names, and that are recognized by many aspirants to a reputation for taste, as undoubted originals. But this, by the way. Of the Last Supper, I would simply observe, that in its beautiful composition and arrangement, there it is, at Milan, a wonderful picture; and that, in its original coloring, or in its original expression of any single face or feature, there it is not. Apart from the damage it has sustained from damp, decay, and neglect, it has been (as Barry shows) so retouched upon, and repainted, and that so clumsily, that many of the heads are, now, positive deformities, with patches of paint and plaster sticking upon them like wens, and utterly distorting the expression. Where the original artist set that impress of his genius on a face, which, almost in a line or touch, separated him from meaner painters and made him what he was, succeeding bunglers, filling up, or painting across seams and cracks, have been quite unable to imitate his hand; and putting in some scowls, or frowns, or wrinkles, of their own, have botched and spoiled the work. This is so well established as a historical fact, that I should not repeat it, at the risk of being tedious, but for having observed an English gentleman before the picture, who was at great pains to fall into what I may describe as mild convulsions, at certain minute details of expression which are not left in it. Whereas, it would be comfortable and rational for travellers and critics to arrive at a general understanding that it cannot fail to have been a work of extraordinary merit, once: when, with so few of its original beauties remaining, the grandeur of the general design is

yet sufficient to sustain it, as a piece replete with interest and dignity.

We achieved the other sights of Milan, in due course, and a fine city it is, though not so unmistakeably Italian as to possess the characteristic qualities of many towns far less important in themselves. The Corso, where the Milanese gentry ride up and down in carriages, and rather than not do which, they would half starve themselves at home, is a most noble public promenade, shaded by long avenues of trees. In the splendid theatre of La Scala, there was a ballet of action performed after the opera, under the title of Prometheus: in the beginning of which, some hundred or two men and women represented our mortal race before the refinements of the arts and sciences, and loves and graces, came on earth to soften them. I never saw any thing more effective. Generally speaking the pantomimic action of the Italians is more remarkable for its sudden and impetuous character than for its delicate expression; but, in this case, the drooping monotony: the weary, miserable, listless, moping life; the sordid passions and desires of human creatures, destitute of those elevating influences to which we owe so much, and to whose promoters we render so little: were expressed in a manner really powerful and affecting. I should have thought it almost impossible to present such an idea so strongly on the stage, without the aid of speech.

Milan soon lay behind us, at five o'clock in the morning; and before the golden statue on the summit of the cathedral spire was lost in the blue sky, the Alps, stupendously confused in lofty peaks and ridges, clouds and snow, were towering in our path.

Still, we continued to advance towards them until nightfall; and, all day long, the mountain tops presented strangely shifting shapes, as the road displayed them in different points of view. The beautiful day was just declining, when we came upon the Lago Maggiore, with its lovely islands. For however fanciful and fantastic the Isola Bella may be, and is, it still is beautiful. Any thing springing out of that blue water, with that scenery around it, must be.

It was ten o'clock at night when we got to Domo d'Ossola, at the foot of the Pass of the Simplon. But as the moon was shining brightly, and there was not a cloud in the starlit sky, it was no time for going

to bed, or going any where but on. So, we got a little carriage, after some delay, and began the ascent.

It was late in November; and the snow lying four or five feet thick in the beaten road on the summit (in other parts the new drift was already deep), the air was piercing cold. But the serenity of the night, and the grandeur of the road, with its impenetrable shadows, and deep glooms, and its sudden turns into the shining of the moon, and its incessant roar of falling water, rendered the journey more and more sublime at every step.

Soon leaving the calm Italian villages below us, sleeping in the moonlight, the road began to wind among dark trees, and after a time emerged upon a barer region, very steep and toilsome, where the moon shone bright and high. By degrees, the roar of water grew louder; and the stupendous track, after crossing the torrent by a bridge, struck in between two massive perpendicular walls of rock that quite shut out the moonlight, and only left a few stars shining in the narrow strip of sky above. Then, even this was lost, in the thick darkness of a cavern in the rock, through which the way was pierced; the terrible cataract thundering and roaring close below it, and its foam and spray hanging, in a mist, about the entrance. Emerging from this cave, and coming again into the moonlight, and across a dizzy bridge, it crept and twisted upward, through the Gorge of Gondo, savage and grand beyond description, with smooth-fronted precipices, rising up on either hand, and almost meeting overhead. Thus we went, climbing on our rugged way, higher and higher, all night, without a moment's weariness: lost in the contemplation of the black rocks, the tremendous heights and depths, the fields of smooth snow lying in the clefts and hollows, and the fierce torrents thundering headlong down the deep abyss.

Towards daybreak we came among the snow, where a keen wind was blowing fiercely. Having, with some trouble, awakened the inmates of a wooden house in this solitude, round which the wind was howling dismally, catching up the snow in wreaths and hurling it away; we got some breakfast in a room built of rough timbers, but well warmed by a stove, and well contrived (as it had need to be) for keeping out the bitter storms. A sledge being then made ready, and four horses harnessed to it, we went ploughing through the snow.

Still upward, but now in the cold light of morning, and with the great white desert on which we travelled, plain and clear.

We were well upon the summit of the mountain: and had before us the rude cross of wood, denoting its greatest altitude above the sea: when the light of the rising sun struck, all at once, upon the waste of snow, and turned it a deep red. The lonely grandeur of the scene was then at its height.

As we went sledging on, there came out of the Hospice founded by Napoleon, a group of Peasant travellers, with staves and knapsacks, who had rested there last night, attended by a Monk or two, their hospitable entertainers, trudging slowly forward with them, for company's sake. It was pleasant to give them good morning, and pretty, looking back a long way after them, to see them looking back at us, and hesitating presently, when one of our horses stumbled and fell, whether or no they should return and help us. But he was soon up again, with the assistance of a rough waggoner whose team had stuck fast there too; and when we had helped him out of his difficulty, in return, we left him slowly ploughing his way towards them, and went softly and swiftly forward, on the brink of a steep precipice, among the mountain pines.

Taking to our wheels again, soon afterwards, we began rapidly to descend; passing under everlasting glaciers, by means of arched galleries, hung with clusters of dropping icicles; under and over foaming waterfalls; near places of refuge, and galleries of shelter against sudden danger; through caverns, over whose arched roofs the avalanches slide, in spring, and bury themselves in the unknown gulf beneath. Down, over lofty bridges, and through horrible ravines: a little shifting speck in the vast desolation of ice and snow, and monstrous granite rocks: down through the deep Gorge of the Saltine, and deafened by the torrent plunging madly down, among the riven blocks of rock, into the level country far below. Gradually down, by zig-zag roads, lying between an upward and a downward precipice, into warmer weather, calmer air, and softer scenery, until there lay before us, glittering like gold or silver in the thaw and sunshine, the metal-covered, red, green, yellow, domes and church-spires of a Swiss town.

The business of these recollections being with Italy, and my business, consequently,

being to scamper back thither as fast as possible, I will not recall (though I am sorely tempted) how the Swiss villages, clustered at the feet of Giant mountains, looked like playthings; or how confusedly the houses were heaped and piled together; or how there were very narrow streets to shut the howling winds out in the winter time; and broken bridges, which the impetuous torrents suddenly released in spring, had swept away. Or how there were peasant women here, with great round fur caps: looking, when they peeped out of casements and only their heads were seen, like a population of Sword-bearers to the Lord Mayor of London; or how the town of Vevay, lying on the smooth lake of Geneva, was beautiful to see; or how the statue of Saint Peter in the street at Fribourg, grasps the largest key that ever was beheld; or how Fribourg is illustrious for its two suspension bridges, and its grand cathedral organ.

Or how, between that town and Bâle, the road meandered among thriving villages of wooden cottages with overhanging thatched roofs, and low protruding windows, glazed with small round panes of glass like crown-pieces; or how, in every little Swiss homestead, with its cart or wagon carefully stowed away beside the house, its little garden, stock of poultry, and groups of red-cheeked children, there was an air of comfort, very new and very pleasant after Italy; or how the dresses of the women changed again, and there were no more sword-bearers to be seen; and fair white stomachers, and great black, fan-shaped, gauzy-looking caps, prevailed instead.

Or how the country by the Jura mountains, sprinkled with snow, and lighted by the moon, and musical with falling water, was delightful; or how, below the windows of the great hotel of the Three Kings of Bâle, the swollen Rhine ran fast and green; or how, at Strasbourg, it was quite as fast but not as green: and was said to be foggy lower down: and, at that late time of the year, was a far less certain means of progress, than the highway road to Paris.

Or how Strasbourg itself, in its magnificent old Gothic Cathedral, and its ancient houses with their peaked roofs and gables, made a little gallery of quaint and interesting views; or how a crowd was gathered inside the cathedral at noon, to see the famous mechanical clock in motion, striking twelve. How, when it struck twelve, a whole army of puppets went through many

ingenious evolutions; and, among them, a huge puppet-cock, perched on the top, crowed twelve times loud and clear. Or how it was wonderful to see this cock at great pains to clap its wings, and strain its throat; but obviously having no connection whatever with its own voice, which was deep within the clock, a long way down.

Or how the road to Paris, was one sea of mud; and thence to the coast, a little better for a hard frost. Or how the cliffs of Dover were a pleasant sight, and England was so wonderfully neat—though dark, and lacking color on a winter's day, it must be conceded.

Or how, a few days afterwards, it was cool, re-crossing the channel, with ice upon the decks, and snow lying pretty deep in France. Or how the Malle Poste scrambled through the snow, headlong, drawn in the hilly parts by any number of stout horses at a canter; or how there were, outside the Post-office Yard in Paris, before daybreak, extraordinary adventurers in heaps of rags, groping in the snowy streets with little rakes, in search of odds and ends.

Or how, between Paris and Marseilles, the snow being then exceeding deep, a thaw came on, and the mail waded rather than rolled for the next three hundred miles or so; breaking springs on Sunday nights, and putting out its two passengers to warm and refresh themselves pending the repairs, in miserable billiard-rooms, where hairy company, collected about stoves, were playing cards; the cards being very like themselves—extremely limp and dirty.

Or how there was detention at Marseilles from stress of weather; and steamers were advertised to go, which did not go; or how the good Steam-packet Charlemagne at length put out, and met with such weather that now she threatened to run into Toulon, and now into Nice, but, the wind moderating, did neither, but ran on into Genoa harbor instead, where the familiar Bells rang sweetly in my ear. Or how there was a travelling party on board, of whom one member was very ill in the cabin next to mine, and being ill was cross, and therefore declined to give up the Dictionary, which he kept under his pillow; thereby obliging his companions to come down to him, constantly, to ask what was the Italian for a lump of sugar—a glass of brandy and water—what's o'clock? and so forth: which he always insisted on looking out, with his own sea-sick eyes, declining to intrust the book to any man alive.

Like GRUMIO, I might have told you, in detail, all this and something more—but to as little purpose—were I not deterred by the remembrance that my*business is with Italy. Therefore, like GRUMIO's story, it "shall die in oblivion."

From Frazer's Magazine.

THE CHAMBER OF THE BELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE events which we are about to relate occurred in a small and obscure German town, which, for our own convenience, we will designate Nienburg. Who, in the present day, is unacquainted with the general outline of the petty towns of the "Fatherland?" Suffice it, that Nienburg formed no exception to the rule, but showed its narrow streets of tall, many-gabled, and picturesque-looking houses, its dark, mysterious churches, its long lines of convent walls, its close and irregular-shaped *places*, and its motley population of peasants, monks, soldiers, *bèguines*, and beggars. As regarded its geography, it was seated at the base of one of two conical hills; that immediately in its rear being cultivated to nearly two-thirds of its height, and planted on the southern side with vines, while the more lofty and more distant eminence was crowned by the mouldering remains of what had evidently once been a formidable stronghold. Upon this rock no trace of vegetation could be detected; all was arid, bleak, and desolate; the crude and abrupt outline of the height being broken in many places by the remains of cyclopean masonry, indicating the extent and direction of the outworks, which, on the more accessible sides of the acclivity, descended almost to the valley. Portions of now mouldering towers, blending their hoary tints with that of the stones on which they had been seated for centuries, afforded shelter to the foul birds of carnage and darkness, whose shrill screams and hoarse hootings swelled and quivered upon the night-wind, like the wailings of the dead over the ruins of their former pride. The valley or gorge between the two hills was scarcely more cheerful than the castled height which frowned above it, for it was occupied throughout its whole extent with graves; save that, immediately under the shadow of the eminence

last described, stood a low and small erection of stone, parted by this city of the dead from the living town of Nienburg; which, cut off by an angle of its own vine-clad eminence from all view of this dreary necropolis, was further enlivened by a cheerful stream, which swept swiftly and smilingly at its foot, hurrying to cast its pure and sparkling waters into the bosom of the Rhine. A few light craft, moored along the shore, heaved lazily upon the current, and the nets of the fishers spread upon the bank sufficiently denoted the uses of the little fleet.

Beyond the town, in the opposite direction to the ruins, spread one of those fine old forests to which Germany is indebted for so much of her prosperity and so many of her superstitions; and where the warm sun and the flying clouds produced the most fantastic effects, as they grappled for power above the stern old trees, spread over the rarely occurring glades, or succeeded each other upon the dancing leaves. The blast which had howled its defiance over the neighboring ruins, where it beat freely against the sharp rock and the rigid masonry, took another and a wilder tone as it penetrated into the mystic depths of the dark wood, or forced its way through the living network of the swinging branches. None ventured there at nightfall: the goat-herd drove home his flock, the woodsman laid by his axe, and the benighted fowler hastened to escape into the open country, without venturing to cast one glance behind upon the scenes of his day's sport.

Such was the position of the little town, to some of whose inhabitants we are about to introduce our readers. It was evening, and a bright moon was paving the river with flakes of silver, which looked like the armor of some water-giant, beneath which his huge frame was quivering with desire to visit the tranquil earth that slept so peacefully beside him. The breeze was sighing through the vines, and heaving aside their large glossy leaves and delicate tendrils; the laughter of children and the voices of women might be heard at intervals; and here and there, upon the bosom of the stream, rested a bright red glare which was reflected upon the trembling current. The fishermen were busy, plying their trade by torchlight.

Upon the very verge of the town stood a house, separated from the street by a high wall inclosing a spacious garden, laid out with scrupulous care and almost painful

formality. Flowers of every scent, and of every color, blossomed in minute patches of the most grotesque and varied shapes; trim-cut hedges of yew, with their outline broken at intervals by strange uncouth figures, clipped into deformity from the same material; monstrous statutes of discolored stone, and of proportions which defied criticism, mounted upon square pedestals; basins, fringed with water-plants and peopled with gold-fish; and paths, smoothly and brightly gravelled, formed the *matériel* of this pleasance; in the midst of which stood the house, with its tall gable turned towards the street, the heavy beams of its roof carved at the extremities into whimsical finials, and its leaden gurgoyles grinning like an assemblage of demon heads, beneath the shadow of the slender cupola which supported the vane.

Nor did the appearance of the mansion within belie its outward promise. It was spacious and cleanly. No accessory to comfort was wanting. The high-backed chairs, whose carving was terminated by a rude representation of the family crest, were well cushioned. There was a soft carpet on the centre of the floor; family portraits were pannelled into the walls; and the doors and windows were screened by heavy draperies of fringed damask. Every thing bore the stamp of extreme care and scrupulous management. There were birds and flowers upon a table, which stood within the deep bay of an immense window looking upon the garden from the apartment where our story is to begin; and upon a second, drawn near to the porcelain stove, which occupied an angle of the room, were placed a lamp, some female working materials, such as Berlin wool, colored silks, and a half-knitted stocking; a few books, and some fishing apparatus.

On one side of the stove sat a female, of about five-and-thirty years old. She was comely but not handsome; her eyes were fine and clear, but the dark brows by which they were overhung almost met in the centre, forming that waving line beneath the forehead so prized by the modern Greeks, but which gives such a harshness to the countenance. There was, moreover, a terseness and decision about the lines of her mouth which accorded well with those dark brows; and her head was seated upon her shoulders with a majesty which would have become an empress. Her complexion was perfectly fair, but its freshness was gone; her teeth were beautiful, and her

hands and arms faultless. Her face wore a pained expression, as though the sorrows which had passed over her had never been forgotten, and as though she did not yet believe them to be over. At the moment in which we are describing her, she was buried in deep and evidently painful thought: even her knitting, that everlasting resource of a German woman, was thrown aside, and she sat with her arms crossed upon her bosom, and her head bowed down, as though her reflections were too heavy a burden for her to support upright. Her brows were knit together, and her thin lips compressed, while she beat upon the floor with her foot rapidly and feverishly, as if in this monotonous movement she found vent for the feeling by which she was oppressed.

She was still in this attitude when the door was suddenly opened, and she hastily roused herself, and resumed the abandoned knitting.

The intruder was a fine strongly-built man, some five years her junior, and it was easy to decide at a glance that they were nearly related; there were the same thick continuous brows, the same stern expression about the mouth, the same high forehead surmounted by masses of rich brown hair, the same majestic carriage of the head; but all these features which, in the case of the female, produced an effect almost repelling, made of the man a noble specimen of masculine beauty. Nevertheless, it was a fearful beauty, and wore the brightness of the lurid vapor which veils the summer thunder. There was a light in his large brown eyes which, even in his calmest moments, betrayed the fiery spirit that slept within, and a scorn in the curve of his thin lips which gave a bitterness to their harshness.

"You are late, Elric," said the lady; "the supper has been served for the last hour."

"I have been in the forest," was the reply, "and took no heed of time."

"During our mother's life ——" commenced the watcher.

"I know what you are about to say, Stephanie," interposed the young man, impatiently. "During our mother's life I was compelled to a rigid punctuality; now, I am my own master, and have to answer to no one for an hour's delay."

"Could I only be assured that you were wandering there alone ——" murmured the lady.

"Hark you, gräfine," said Elric, turning his flashing eyes full upon her, as he twist-

ed tightly about his fingers a trout-line which he had caught up from the table; "I have already warned you that I will hear no more upon this subject. Do I ever thwart your wishes? Do I ever control your amusements? Do I ever dictate to your affections? You may marry, if you will, the veriest boor in Nienburg: your destiny will be of your own seeking, and you are old enough to exert your free-will; but I will be equally unfettered. I respected the prejudices of my mother, because she *was* my mother; but I will brook no more womanly dictation. Be warned in time."

"The daughter of a fisherman!" exclaimed the lady, scornfully, as she raised her eyes to his.

The young count sprang a pace towards her, with a red spot burning upon either cheek; but he instantly checked himself, and said, with a laugh of bitter scorn, "Even so, my lady countess, the daughter of a fisherman; and you have yet to learn that the subtle essence which men call mind can be diffused through the being of a fisher's daughter as freely and fully as though that of a landgrave's heiress; that the sublime —"

"Supper waits, Herr Graf," said his sister, rising haughtily from her seat, and leading the way to an inner apartment.

The meal passed in silence. The presence of the servants prevented any allusion to the subject which occupied the minds of both, and neither was willing to make an effort to banish it. Under such circumstances it is, therefore, scarcely surprising that on their return to the drawing-room the brother and sister at once recurred to the obnoxious theme.

It is, however, time that we should explain to the reader the position of the noble orphans. Count Elric Königstein was the last representative of a proud and ancient family, which, originally both powerful and wealthy, had become impoverished by the loyalty and improvidence of its chiefs, and, as a natural consequence, had lost its influence with its riches. *Geschenke halten die Freundschaft warm* had for generations been the motto of their race; and they had so long been distinguished for an open hand and an ungrudging generosity, that at length they found themselves with nothing more to give.

The Thirty Years' War had cost Count Elric the small remains of the family treasure and the life of his father; and he

found himself, at the age of sixteen, under the tutelage of his mother, with, for all patrimony, the house at Nienburg, a small estate in the neighborhood, and the moiety of her jointure, scrupulously divided between himself and his sister at the death of their last parent. The young man, like all the other males of his race, panted for a military life; but the old Countess von Königstein positively negatived his inclination. He was the last hope of the family; and as she looked upon the noble promise of his magnificent person, she had proud dreams of the total restoration of their house by his alliance with some high-born and wealthy heiress.

Meanwhile, the high-spirited Elric led what was, for him, a life of slow torture. Denied the education suited to his rank by the utter inability of the countess to meet the expense of one of the universities, he was placed under the care and tuition of a priest attached to the principal church of Nienburg, and soon mastered the very limited stock of erudition which was boasted by the good father, while his hours at home were even more heavy and unprofitable. Disappointed in her ambition, crippled in her means, and soured by her trials, the widowed countess, weak in mind and tyrannical by nature, expended upon trifles the energy and order which were better suited to matters of importance. Her pleasure ground was typical of her whole life. She had not one enlarged idea; not one great perception; but pressed her iron rod upon rushes and weeds. All was monotony and submissiveness in the old mansion; and it will be easily understood that an under-current of lassitude and disgust soon destroyed the beautiful unity of nature which is so blessed an attribute of the young. Father Eberhard preached obedience to the revolting spirit of the youth, and he obeyed in so far as by word and action he could follow the counsel he received, but in the depths of his spirit he rebelled. No word of encouragement, no sentence of endearment, ever escaped the pinched lips of the countess. Like many other weak persons, she believed that dignity consisted in an absence of all concession, and gratified her vanity by adopting as her creed that an absence of rebuke should satisfy all around her, but that none should venture to presume upon her indulgence.

In this dreary way did she fritter away her age, but the evil did not end there; for she wasted along with it the fresh youth

and pure spirits of her children, already sufficiently unfortunate from their exceptionable position. In her daughter she found a docile pupil; nor did Stephanie resist, even when her mother dashed the cup of happiness from her lips by refusing her consent to a marriage which would have crowned her dearest hopes. The suitor, unexceptionable as he was in point of character, income, and disposition, failed in exhibiting—like the Königsteins—his nine quarterings, and was rejected accordingly. Stephanie, as we have said, submitted; but she was blighted in heart from that day forth; and—last and worst misery for the young—she ceased to hope in the future. What could it offer to her which would remedy the past? And with her occasional bursts of cheerfulness fled the sole charm of home to her boy-brother. Yet still he controlled himself, for his was not a nature to waste its strength on trifles which he felt to be unworthy of the strife. There was a fire within, but it was buried deep beneath the surface, like that of a volcano, which, suffering even for years the vicinity of man and of man's works, slowly collects its deadly power, and then in one dread effort spreads ruin and desolation on all within its influence.

At length the countess died, and her children mourned for her as we all mourn over accustomed objects of which we are suddenly deprived. They missed her every day and every hour; they missed her harsh and cold accents; they missed her imperious orders; her minute reproaches; her restless movements. They felt themselves alone; abandoned to self-government after years of unquestioning subjection; the world of their own home appeared too vast to them when they were called upon to inhabit it without the presence of the ruling spirit which had hitherto sufficed to fill its void. Nor did the orphans draw more closely together as they walked away, hand in hand, from beside the grave of their last parent. They had no longer a feeling in common. Stephanie was like the tree prostrated by the lightning, and crushed into the earth by the weight of its own fall: Elric was like the sturdy sapling braving the tempest, and almost wooing it to burst, that he might feel its wild breath rioting among the leaves which now lay hushed and motionless upon their boughs. Moreover, debarred the healthful and exciting exercises of her brother, the young countess had never passed a day, and scarcely an

hour, beyond her mother's presence; and, careless of herself, she had necessarily followed the monotonous routine of her home duties, until she had ceased to see to how poor and pitiful a result the majority of them led. The spring of her life—if such a life can be said ever to have had a spring—was over; the little vanities of her sex had ceased to occupy her; and she pursued the same dreary round of occupations and anxieties, eventually as much from choice as custom.

If Elric, as he turned away from his mother's grave, hoped for a brighter home or a more congenial companionship, it was not long ere he was fully undeceived. Nothing could arouse Stephanie from the moral torpor into which she had fallen; and, never doubting that her privilege of eldership would leave her right of control unquestioned, she endeavored to compel her young and fiery brother to the same wearisome, heart-sickening monotony of which she had herself long ceased to feel the bitterness. In this attempt she was destined, however, signally to fail. Crippled as he was in his worldly career by the comparative poverty in which he found himself, Elric was, nevertheless, like the wounded eagle, which, although it cannot soar against the sun, may still make its ærie in the free air and upon the mountain-heights. His strength was crushed but not subdued. It is impossible to say what he might have been had his impetuous passions been diffused and rightly directed. The leaping torrent may be diverted into a channel, and turned to purposes of usefulness, in which its headlong fury, exhausting itself by degrees, may leave it to flow on ultimately in a clear and placid stream; while, unheeded and unguided, it must prove only a source of ruin and destruction. And such was the moral condition of Count Elric. He felt his strength, but he was yet ignorant of its power, and utterly unskilled in its control.

Many years, however, had passed over the orphans in dreamy listlessness. Once the young man had endeavored to condole with his sister upon the heart-stroke inflicted by the prejudices of their mother; but his sympathy awakened no response in her cicatrized heart. She even applauded the rigor which had saved her from the remorse of disgracing her family, and urged upon him the necessity of being careful that her sacrifice should not be made in vain.

This was the last attempt of Elric to open up the springs of family affection; and he felt his failure the more bitterly, that he yearned for a companionship of spirit. Even the worthy Father Eberhard was lost to him; for he had been called to a distant mission and had quitted Nienburg, in all probability, for ever. He looked around him, and envied the busy inhabitants of the little town, who pursued alike their avocations and their amusements in common; while he sighed as he remembered that from these he was alike shut out. He could not, now that he had attained the age of manhood, volunteer a partnership in the social occupations of the plebeian citizens with whom he had been forbidden all association during his youth, and with whom he could now never hope to meet upon equal terms.

The solitary young man turned, in his isolation, to Nature; and Nature is a marvellous comforter to those who can appreciate her consolations and her endearments. He threw aside his books; they had long ceased to afford him either amusement or instruction; he abandoned his sister to her solitary home. She scarcely seemed to remark his absence, save when it interfered with the clock-work regularity of the little household; and he rushed away to the forest depths, and flung himself down beneath the shadows of the tall trees, and thought until thought became madness; and then he seized his gun, and pursued the game through the tangled underwood, until, in fatigue of body he forgot his bitterness of soul; or plunged once more into the sunshine, and paddling his boat into the centre of the stream, waged war upon the finny tribes that peopled it. His return, when laden with these spoils, was always welcome to the countess, for she was too good a housewife not to appreciate such an assistance to their slender means; but suddenly this resource, upon which she had begun to calculate in her daily arrangements, failed her all at once; nor could Elric, when questioned upon the subject, offer such reason for his defection as tended to satisfy her mind. With the true perception of a woman, she felt that there was a mystery. Where could Elric spend the long hours in which he was daily absent from home? and with whom?

Suddenly a suspicion grew upon her, and a deep crimson flush overspread her usually pale cheek as she began, with a

beating heart, to take a mental survey of her distant neighborhood.

"It cannot be the gräfine Rosa," she murmured to herself: "for although Elric could row to the schloss in three hours, he could not return in the same time against the current; nor would the proud countess encourage him: he is too poor. No, no—it cannot be the gräfine Rosa. Baron Kadschan's daughter?—Equally impossible. Elric has no horses, and there are five long leagues between us. Constance von Hartheim?—Still more improbable. She is to take the vows next year in Our Lady of Mercy. Poor, too, as himself, and as noble. No, no, her family would not permit it. And we know none other! Unless, indeed, the dark-eyed daughter of the Burgo-meister of Nienburg. But I am mad—he DARE not!—I would rather see him stretched out yonder in the death-valley."

The eye of the proud countess flamed, and the deep red glow burned on her cheek and brow; she clenched her slender hands tightly together, and her breath came thick and fast; but she soon controlled her emotion, and whispered to herself with a bitter laugh, which sounded strangely in that silent room, "No, no, he DARE not."

CHAPTER II.

"Whist, whist, Mina; here is the Herr Graf!"

A joyous and graceful peal of laughter was the sole, and evidently incredulous reply to this warning. There was no mistaking the origin of that melodious mirth: you felt at once that the lips from which it had gushed were fresh, and rich, and youthful; and that the eyes which danced in their own light as it rang out were eyes such as poets dream of when they have visions of a world unknown of sin.

"Once more, Mina, dear Mina, I vow by my patron-saint! here is the Herr Graf."

These words were uttered by a young girl in the costume of a peasant, with a round, good-humored, sun-burnt face, bare arms, bronzed by exposure to the weather, and one of those stunted and muscular figures which seem to herald an existence of toil and hardship. She was standing near a cluster of marsh-willows which overshadowed a little runlet, that, descending from the height above the town, swept onward to the river. As Elric, for it was of

him that she spoke, reached the spot, a second figure sprang from a sitting position, and stood before him. The young count started, and forgetting that he was in the presence of two mere peasant girls, with intuitive courtesy withdrew his cap. Well might he start; for such a vision as that upon which he looked had never before met his eyes.

It was that of a young girl in the first dawn of her beauty. The glow of fifteen summers was on her cheek, the light of heaven dwelt in the depths of her dark blue eyes, whose lashes, long and lustrous, tempered without concealing their brightness. A flood of hair of that precious shade of auburn which seems to catch the sunbeams, and to imprison them in its glowing meshes, fell upon her finely developed shoulders, which were partially bare. Her little feet, moulded like those of an antique nymph, and gleaming in their whiteness through the limpid waves by which they were bathed, were also necessarily uncovered; one small delicate hand still grasped, and slightly lifted the coarse, but becoming drapery in which she was attired. Her figure was perfect, and bending slightly forward, half in fear and half in shame, looked as though a sound would startle and impel it into flight. The lips, parted by the same impulse, revealed teeth like ivory; and the whole aspect and attitude of the girl was so lovely that Canova might have created his masterpiece after such a model.

For an instant there was silence, but only for an instant; for, his first surprise over, the young count sprang forward and offered his hand to the fair maid to lead her to the bank. She obeyed without remonstrance, for so great an honor had rendered her powerless to resist; and, in the next moment she stood beside him, with her small white feet half-buried among the yielding grass.

Who cannot guess the sequel of such a meeting? Intoxicated by her beauty, thrall'd by her graceful simplicity, an hour had not passed ere Elric had forgotten the nine-quarterings of the Königsteins and the real position of the fisherman's daughter. A new world had developed itself to the fascinated recluse. Hitherto, he had dwelt only amid coldness and restraint; no kindred spirit had awakened at his touch; no heart had throbbed beneath his gaze. Now, he saw a fair cheek glow and a bright eye sink under his praise; he felt the trembling of the little hand which he

grasped within his own; and he began to understand that he was not alone on earth.

The father of Mina was poor, very poor. Her mother was dead. She was the one pet lamb which to the fisher was dearer than the flock of the rich man: she was the child of his age and of his prayers; the light of his narrow dwelling; the sunbeam of his home. He was not long ere he heard of the meeting under the alder-trees; and poor and powerless as he was, he resolved, as he kissed the pure brow of his daughter when she lay down to rest, to remonstrate with the Herr Graf, that his pure one might be left unto him pure. He did so on the morrow, when once more, Mina and Elric had met beside the mountain-stream. The girl was there because the count had made her promise to meet him; and he, because his whole soul was already wrapped up in the peasant-maiden. They were sitting side by side, and hand in hand, when the old fisher came upon them; and they both looked up, Mina with a blush, and Elric with a smile, but neither shrank beneath the stern and anxious eye of the old man.

"Is this well, Herr Graf?" asked the father, in a voice which was full of tears; "the strong against the weak, the rich against the poor, the proud against the humble? Have pity upon me, I have but her."

"And she is worth all the world, old man," replied Elric calmly; "possessed of her, *you* are the rich, the strong, and the proud. I was alone until I found her."

"And now, my lord count?"

"Now she must be mine."

The sturdy fisher clenched his hand, and moved a pace nearer to the young noble.

Elric sprang to his feet and grasped the convulsed hand.

"She has promised, and she will perform: will *you* condemn me again to solitude and to despair?"

"My lord count," gasped the grey-haired man; "heaven knows how I have toiled to keep a roof above her head, and comfort at her hearth; and my labor has been light, for her evening welcome has more than paid me for the struggle of the day. Leave us then in peace. Do not make me weep over the shame I may not have the power to avert."

"You are her father," murmured Elric

passionately, as his large eyes flashed, and his lips quivered; "or you should not live again to couple her name with the idea of shame. Mina shall be my wife!"

The astonished fisherman staggered as though he had been struck by a heavy hand.

"Your wife, Herr Graf! You dream! Mina can never be your wife. Your name is the noblest that has ever met her ear. You dwell in a palace, and may stand before the emperor. And what is she?"

"My affianced bride!" said the young count proudly: "my life had become a bitter burden, and she has turned it to one long dream of delight; the future was a vision of which I feared to dwell upon the darkness; she is the sunbeam which has brought day into the gloom, and spread before me a long perspective of happiness. Talk not to me of my proud name; I would I had been born a cotter's son, that so I might have had fellowship with my kind."

Mina only wept.

"Surely I dream!" murmured the old man, passing his hard hand across his brow. "My child is so young—so ignorant"

"I will be her tutor."

"So unfitted to be the wife of a noble."

"I am poor enough to be a peasant."

"I shall die if I am left desolate"

"You shall be her father and my father; her friend and my friend." While he spoke Elric bent his knee, and drew Mina to his bosom; and as the beams of the declining sun fell upon the group, the long shadow of the old man rested upon the kneeling pair. The aged fisher bent his grey head and wept.

No vows were plighted: none were needed; and henceforth the whole soul of Elric was wrapped up in his peasant-love. One only weight pressed upon his spirit. He remembered the prejudices of his sister, and shrank before the bitter scorn with which he well knew that she would visit the timid and unoffending Mina. This was the only evil from which he felt powerless to screen her. That the cold and proud Countess Stephanie and the fisher's daughter could share one common home, he did not dare to hope; yet his roof must be the shelter of his young bride; nor could he contemplate the departure of his sister from the dwelling of her ancestors without a

pang of anguish; he felt that she would go forth only to die. This conviction made a coward of him; and he left her knowledge of his defalcation to chance.

It was not long ere a rumor reached her of the truth, but she spurned it in haughty disbelief. It could not be—day and night might change their course, and the stars of heaven spring to earthly life amid the green sward of the swelling hills—but a Königstein to wed with a peasant!—No—no—the young countess remembered her own youth, and laughed the tale to scorn. Still she watched, and pondered over the long and profitless absences of Elric; and still her midnight dreams were full of vague and terrible visions; when at length she was compelled to admit the frightful truth.

Had the gräfine been a woman of energy and impetuous passions, she would have become insane under the blow; but she had passed a life of self-centred submissiveness; and if the thunder was indeed awakened, it reverberated only in the depths of her spirit, and carried no desolation upon its breath. Cold, uncompromising, and resolute, she had gradually become under the example of her mother and the force of circumstances. The one great end of her existence was now the honor of her race, of which she was only the more jealous as their poverty rendered it the more difficult to uphold. All else had been denied to her; a home of loving affection, the charm of social intercourse, the pleasures of her sex and of her rank—she had grasped nothing but the overweening pride of ancestry, and a deep scorn for all who were less nobly born.

The last bolt had now fallen! Months passed on; months of dissension, reproach, and bitterness. For awhile she hoped that what she deemed the wild and unworthy fancy of her brother would not stand the test of time: nay, in her cold-hearted pride, she perhaps had other and more guilty hopes, but they were equally in vain. Mina was daily more dear to the young count, for she had opened up to him an existence of affection and of trust to which he had been hitherto a stranger; his time was no longer a burden upon his strength. The days were too short for the bright thoughts which crowded upon him, the nights for his dreams of happiness. Mina had already become his pupil, and they studied beside the running streams and under the leafy boughs; and when the page was too difficult to read, the young girl lifted her

sun-bright eyes to those of her tutor, and found its solution there.

The lovers cared not for time, for they were happy; and the seasons had once revolved, and when the winter snows had forbidden them to pursue their daily task in the valley or upon the hill-side, the last descendant of the counts of Königstein had taken his place beside the fisher's hearth, without bestowing one thought upon its poverty. But the father's heart was full of care. Already had idle tongues breathed foul suspicions of his pure and innocent child. She was becoming the subject of a new legend for the gossips of the neighborhood; and he was powerless to avenge her. Humble himself as he might to their level, the fisherman could not forget that it was the young Graf von Königstein who was thus domesticated beneath his roof; and as time wore on, he trembled to think how all this might end. Should he even preserve the honor of his beloved Mina, her peace of mind would be gone for ever, and she would be totally unfitted for the existence of toil and poverty, which was her birthright. He could not endure this cruel thought for ever in silence, and on the evening in which we have introduced the orphans to our readers, he had profited by the temporary absence of Mina to pour out before the young count all the treasure of wretchedness which he had so long concealed. Elric started as the frightful fact burst upon him. He had already spurned the world's sneer, but he could not brook that its scorn should rest upon his innocent young bride.

"Enough, old man!" he said, hoarsely; "enough. These busy tongues shall be stayed. These wonder-mongers shall be silenced. And when once Mina has become my wife, woe be to him who shall dare to couple her pure image with suspicion!"

He left the hut with a hasty step, and was soon lost among the dense shadows of the neighboring forest. A bitter task was before him, but it was too late to shrink from its completion; yet still he lingered, for he dared not picture to himself what might be the result of his explanation with his sister.

We have already described their meeting; and now, having acquainted the reader with the excited state of mind and feeling in which the young count entered his dreary home, we will rejoin the noble orphans in the apartment to which they had returned from the supper-room. The

countess at once resumed her seat beside the stove, and drawing her frame towards her, affected to be intently occupied on the elaborate piece of embroidery which it contained; but Elric had less self-government. He paced the floor with hurried and unequal steps: and the moisture started to his brow as he strove to control the emotion which shook his frame. At length he spoke, and his voice was so hoarse, so deep, and so unnatural, that the young gräfin involuntarily started.

"Stephanie!" he said; "the moment is at last come in which we must understand each other without disguise. We are alone in the world—we are strangers in heart—as utterly strangers as on the day when we buried our last parent. I sought in vain, long years ago, to draw the bond of relationship closer, but such was not your will. You had decided that my youth and my manhood alike should be one long season of weariness and isolation. I utter no reproach, it was idle in me to believe that without feeling for yourself you could feel for me. You knew that I had no escape, that I had no resource; but you cared not for this, and you have lived on among the puerilities of which you have made duties, and the prejudices of which you have made chains of iron, without remembering their effect on me. I have endured this long, too long; I have endured it uncomplainingly, but the limits of that endurance are now overpast. Henceforth we must be more, far more, or nothing to each other."

"I understand your meaning, Gräfin von Königstein," said the lady, rising coldly and haughtily from her seat; "there is to be a bridal beneath the roof of your noble ancestors; the daughter of a serf is to take our mother's place and to sit in our mother's chair. Is it not so? Then hear me in my turn; and I am calm, you see, for this is an hour for which I have been long prepared. Hear me swear that, while I have life, this shall never be!"

There was rage as well as scorn in the laughter by which the count replied.

"Beneath the roof of my father was I born," pursued the countess; "and beneath his roof will I die. I, at least, have never sullied it by one thought of dishonor. I can look around me boldly, upon these portraits of our honored race, for the spirits of the dead will not blush over my degeneracy. Mistake me not. My days shall end here where they began; and no

churl's daughter shall sit with me at my ancestral hearth."

"Stephanie, Stephanie, forbear!" exclaimed the count, writhing like one in physical agony. "You know not the spirit that you brave. Hitherto I have been supine, for hitherto my existence has not been worth a struggle; to-day it is otherwise; I will submit no longer to a code of narrow-hearted bigotry. You say truly. There will ere long be a bridal in my father's house, and purer or fairer bride never pledged her faith to one of his ancient race."

"None fairer, perchance," said the lady with a withering gesture of contempt; "but profane not the glorious blood that fills your veins, and that ought now to leap in hot reproach to your false heart, by slandering the blameless dead! Purer, said you? The breath of slander has already fastened upon the purity you seek to vaunt. Your miracle of virtue has long been the proverb of the chaste."

The young man struck his brow heavily with his clenched hand, and sank into a chair.

"Once more," he gasped out, "I warn you to beware. You are awakening a demon within me! Do you not see, weak woman, that you are yourself arming me with weapons against your pride? If slander has indeed rested upon the young and innocent head of her whom you affect to despise, by whom did that slander come?"

"Herein we are at least agreed," answered the countess, in the same cold and unimpassioned tone in which she had all along spoken; "had you, Herr Graf, never forgotten what was due to yourself and to your race, the fisher's daughter might have mated with one of her own class, and so have escaped; but you saw fit to drag her forth from the slough which was her natural patrimony into the light, that scorn might point its finger at her and blight her as it passed her by."

"Could I but learn whose was that devilish finger—could I but know who first dared to breathe a whisper against her fair fame—"

"What vengeance would you wreak upon the culprit, Count von Königstein? Suppose I were to tell you that it was I, who to screen the honor of our house, to screen your own, rebutted the rumor which was brought to me of your mad folly, and bade the gossips look closer ere they

dared to couple your name with that of a beggar's child? Suppose that others spoke upon that hint, do you deem that I am likely to tremble beneath your frown?"

"Devil!" muttered the young man from between his clenched teeth; "you may have cause! Thus, then, gräfine, you have dishonored your sister," he said after a pause.

The lady threw back her head scornfully.

"Do you still persist?" she asked, as her heavy brow gathered into a storm.

"Now more than ever. Those who have done the wrong shall repair it, and that speedily. You have declared that you will die beneath the roof of your ancestors; be it so: but that roof shall be shared by your brother's wife; and woe be to them who cause the first tear that she shall shed here!"

"Madman and fool!" exclaimed the exasperated countess, whose long pent-up passions at length burst their bounds, and swept down all before them: "complete this disgraceful compact if you dare! Remember, that although your solitary life might have enabled you to marry without the interference of the Emperor, had you chosen a wife suited to your birth and rank, one word from me will end your disgraceful dream; or should you still persist you will exchange your birthplace for a prison. This word should have been said ere now, but that I shrank from exposing your degeneracy; trust no longer, however, to my forbearance: the honor of our race is in my hands, and I will save it at whatever cost. Either pledge yourself upon the spot to forego this degrading fancy, or the sun of to-morrow shall not set before I depart for Vienna."

Elric gasped for breath. He well knew the stern and unflinching nature of his sister, she felt that he was indeed in her power. The whole happiness of his future life hung upon that hour, but he scorned to give a pledge which he had not the strength, nay more, which he had no longer even the right, to keep.

"Beware, Stephanie, beware!" he exclaimed in a tone of menace; "beware alike of what you say and of what you do; for you are rapidly bursting the bonds by which we are united."

"You have yourself already done so," was the bitter retort; "when you sought to make me share your affection with a base-born hind's daughter, you released

me from those ties which I no longer recognise."

"Are you seeking to drive me to extremity?"

"I am endeavoring to awaken you to a sense of duty and of honor."

"Stephanie, we must part! The same roof can no longer cover us. You have aroused an evil spirit within my breast which I never knew abided there. Take your inheritance and depart."

"Never! I have already told you that I have sworn to live and die under this roof, and that while I have life you shall be saved from dishonor. You dare not put me forth, and I will perform my vow."

"Gräfine, I am the master here!"

"It may be so, and yet I despise your menace. We will talk no more on this hateful subject."

"On this or none. If you remain here, you remain as the associate of my wife."

"Never! And were my eyes once profaned by her presence within these walls, she would have cause to curse the hour in which she entered them."

"Ha!"

"Nature, the laws of your class, and the custom of your rank, oppose so glaring a degradation; nor am I more forbearing than Nature, custom, and the law. My determination is irrevocable."

"It may be that it is of slight importance," said the young noble, as he turned upon her eyes whose pupils were dilated, and seemed slightly tinged with blood. "I cannot condescend to further entreaty or expostulation. We now understand each other."

As he ceased speaking the countess re-seated herself, with a sarcastic smile playing about her lip, but the tempest which was raging in the breast of Elric was frightful. His hands were so tightly clenched that the blood had started beneath the nails. The veins of his throat and forehead were swollen like cords, and his thin lips were livid and trembling. As he passed athwart the apartment he suddenly paused; a deadly paleness overspread his countenance, and he gasped for breath, and clung to a chair, like one suddenly smitten with paralysis. Then came a rush of crimson over his features, as though his heart had rejected the coward blood which had just fled to it, and flung it back as a damning witness to his burning brow. And still the lady wrought upon her tapestry with a steady hand beneath the broad light of the lamp; nor could

a line of passion be traced upon her calm, pale face.

Before the count retired to rest that night, he heard the voice of his sister desiring that a seat might be secured for her in the post-carriage which passed through Nienburg during the following day, on its way to Vienna. She had uttered no idle threat, and Elric was not ignorant of the stringency of that authority which she was about to evoke. Should his intended marriage once reach the ears of the emperor, Mina was lost for ever. Driven almost to frenzy, the young man raised in his powerful hand the heavy lamp which still burnt upon the table, and eagerly made the circuit of the room, pausing before each picture, as though still he hoped to find among those of his female ancestors a precedent for his own wild passion; but he looked in vain. Upon all he traced the elaborately-emblazoned shield and the pompous title. He had long known that it was so; but at that moment he scrutinized them closely, as though he anticipated that a miracle would be wrought in his behalf. This done, he once more replaced the lamp on its accustomed stand; and after glaring for awhile into the flame, as if to brave the fire that burnt pale beside that which flashed from beneath his own dark brows, he walked slowly to a cabinet which occupied an angle of the apartment.

It contained a slender collection of shells and minerals, the bequest of Father Eberhard to his pupil on his departure from Nienburg; a few stuffed birds, shot and preserved by the count himself; and, finally, a few chemical preparations with which the good priest had tried sundry simple experiments as a practical illustration of his lessons. It was to this latter division of the cabinet that the young man directed his attention. He deliberately lighted a small taper at the lamp, and then drew from their concealment sundry phials, containing various colored liquids. Of these he selected one two-thirds full of a white and limpid fluid, which he placed in his breast; and this done, he extinguished his taper, returned it to its niche, and, closing the cabinet, threw himself into a chair, pale, haggard, and panting.

He had not been seated many seconds when, at the sound of an approaching step, he lifted his aching head from his arm, and endeavored to assume an appearance of composure. It was that of the venerable woman who had been the favorite attendant

of his mother, and who had, upon her marriage, followed her from her home, and ultimately become his nurse. A shuddering thrill passed through his veins, for he was awaiting her. She was accustomed each night, after his sister had retired, to prepare for both a draught of lemonade as their night-beverage, and first leaving one with her young master, to carry the other to the chamber of the countess. Her appearance was therefore anticipated; and she remained for an instant, as usual, in order to receive the praise which her beloved nursing never failed to lavish upon her skill; but, for the first time, Elric objected to the flavor of the draught, and requested her to bring him a lemon that he might augment its acidity. The discomfited old woman obeyed, and having deposited her salver upon the table, left the room. Elric started up, grasped a mass of his dishevelled hair in his hand with a violence which threatened to rend it from the roots, uttered one groan which seemed to tear asunder all the fibres of his heart, and then glared about him, rapidly but searchingly, ere he drew the fatal phial from his breast, and slowly, gloatingly poured out the whole of the liquid into the porcelain cup which had been prepared for his sister. As he did so, a slight acrid scent diffused itself over the apartment, but almost instantly evaporated, and the death-draught remained as clear and limpid as before.

"To-morrow!" murmured the wretched young man, as he watched the retiring form of the grey-haired attendant when she finally left the room; and then he once more buried his face in his hands, and fell into a state of torpor.

"To-morrow!" he repeated, as he at length rose, staggeringly, to seek his chamber. "Mina, beloved Mina, I have bought you at a fearful price!"

CHAPTER III.

The voice of lamentation was loud upon the morrow in that ancient house. The Countess Stephanie had ceased to exist. The aged nurse had drawn back the curtains of the window, that her mistress might, as usual, be awakened by the cheerful sunlight; but she was no longer conscious of its beams. She lay upon her bed, pale, placid, and unchanged, like one who had passed from the calm slumber of repose to the deep sleep of death. One hand pillowed her cheek, and the other still clasped her

rosary. Death had touched her lovingly, for there was almost a smile upon her lips; and the hard lines which the world traces upon the countenance had disappeared beneath his gentle pressure.

The count stood gloomily beside her bed, awaiting the arrival of the physician who had been summoned. He trembled violently, but he was surrounded by the voice of wailing and the sight of tears; he had lost his only sister, his last relative. How, then, could he have remained unmoved? The physician came; he felt the small and rounded wrists, but there was no pulsation: he bared the white and beautiful arm to the shoulder, and applied the lancet, but the blood had ceased to circulate in the blue veins. The man of science shook his head, and extended his hand in sympathy to the anxious brother. The catastrophe, he said, was subject of regret to him rather than of surprise. The young gräfin had long suffered from an affection of the heart. A little sooner or a little later the blow must have fallen. It was a mere question of time. All human aid was useless. And so he departed from the house of mourning.

The few individuals of Nienburg and its immediate neighborhood who were privileged to intrude at such a moment, crowded to the mansion to offer their condolences to the young graf, and to talk over the sudden and melancholy death of his sister; and meanwhile, Elric, unable to rest for an instant in the same place, wandered through the desolate apartments, tearless and silent, occasionally lifting the different articles which had belonged to Stephanie in his trembling hands, and looking intently upon them, as though he dreaded to behold the characters of his crime traced upon their surface.

The German ceremonial of interment is complicated and minute, and all persons of high birth are expected to conform to it in every particular. Among the rites which precede burial is one which, trying as it cannot fail to prove to the principal actor, must, nevertheless, greatly tend to tranquilize the minds of the survivors. It is necessary that we should describe this.

For four-and-twenty hours the corpse remains beneath the roof where the death has taken place, and while there all the affecting offices necessary to its final burial are performed. This time elapsed, it is carried to the cemetery, and laid, in its winding-sheet, upon a bed in the inner apartment of the low stone building to which, in our

description of the death-valley of Nienburg, we have already made allusion. This solitary erection consists only of two rooms; that in which the body is deposited is called the Hall of Resurrection, and contains no other furniture than the bed itself and a bell-rope, the end of which is placed in the hand of the corpse. This cord is attached to a bell which rings in the next room, and which is thence called the Chamber of the Bell. Thus, should it occur that the friends of an individual may have been deceived, and have mistaken lethargy for death, and that the patient should awake during the night (for the body must remain all night in this gloomy refuge), the slightest movement which he may make necessarily rings the bell, and he obtains instant help. It is customary for the nearest relative to keep this dreary watch; and from a beautiful sentiment, which must almost tend to reconcile the watcher to his ghostly task, he is fated to watch there alone, that it may be he who calls back the ebbing life, and that none may share in a joy so holy and so deep—a joy, moreover, so rare and so un hoped for!

The long day, and the still longer night in which the Countess Stephanie lay dead beneath the roof she had so revered throughout her life, passed over; and all the pompous accessories which could be commanded in so obscure a neighborhood were secured to do honor to her obsequies. The mournful train moved slowly onward to the cemetery, where a grave had already been prepared for her beside her mother; and, passing near the spot where she was finally to rest, entered the Hall of Resurrection, and gently and carefully stretched her upon the bed of gloom. The wildest of the mourners was the poor old nurse, who, with her grey hair streaming over her shoulders, and her dim eyes swollen with tears, knelt near the head of her mistress, and clasped her clay-cold hands. But it was the young count who was the centre of commiseration. The last four-and-twenty hours had done the work of years upon him; a sullen, leaden tinge had spread over his skin, his voice was deep and hollow, and his trembling hands could scarcely perform their offices. "No wonder!" ejaculated those who looked upon him; "for years they had been every thing to each other."

At length the funeral train departed, for the sun was setting. Elric listened in horror to their retreating footsteps, for he felt that he was soon to be alone. Alone with

what? With the dead, stretched there by his own hand—With his murdered sister! This was his companionship within; and without, graves, nothing but graves, sheeted corpses, and the yawning tomb which was awaiting his victim. The sweat rolled in large drops down the forehead of the young man. He had watched near the body of his mother in peace and prayer, for she had been taken from him, and he was innocent then, and full of hope; but now—now! He tottered to the window and looked out. The twilight was thickening, and the light came pale through the narrow leaded panes of the little casement. He glanced around the sepulchral chamber in which he was to pass the night. There was a small fire burning upon the open hearth at which he lighted his lamp, and a prayer-book lying upon the table, on which he vainly endeavored to concentrate his thoughts. At that moment he was beyond the reach of prayer! The strong man was bowed, body and spirit, beneath the pressure of his crime! Again and again he asked himself, with a pertinacity that bordered on delirium, what it was over which he watched? And again and again the question was answered in his own heart. Over his sister, his only surviving relative, murdered by his own hand. The murderer was watching beside his victim!

At intervals he strove against the horror by which he was oppressed; he endeavored to rally the pride of his sex and of his strength. What could he fear? The dead are powerless over the living; and yet, fiercer and sharper came the memory that his crime had been gratuitous, for had he not been told that the death which he had given must ere long have come? "A little sooner, or a little later," had said the man of science. Oh, had he only waited, promised, temporised; but all was now too late! She lay there cold, pale, stark, within a few paces of him, and tears of blood could not recall the dead!

It was the close of autumn, and as the sun set, masses of lurid and sulphureous clouds gathered upon the western horizon, but save an occasional sweep of wind which moaned through the funereal trees, all remained still, buried in that ringing silence which may be heard; and the moon, as yet untouched by the rising vapors, gleamed on the narrow window of the cell, and cast upon the floor the quivering shadows of the trees beside it. But at length came midnight, the moon was veiled in clouds, and

a sweeping wind rushed through the long grass upon the graves, and swayed to and fro the tall branches of the yews and cypresses; next came the sound of falling rain, large, heavy drops, which plashed upon the foliage, and then fell with a sullen reverberation upon the dry and thirsty earth. Gradually the storm increased; and ere long, as the thunder began to growl hoarsely in the distance, it beat angrily against the diamond panes, and dropped in a shower from the eaves of the little building. Elric breathed more freely. This elemental warfare was more congenial to his troubled spirit than the fearful silence by which it had been preceded. He tried to think of Mina; but as though her pure and innocent image could not blend with the objects around him, he found it impossible to pursue a continuous chain of thought. Once more he bent over the book before him, but as he turned the page a sudden light filled the narrow chamber, and through the sheeted glare sprang a fierce flash, which for a moment seemed to destroy his power of vision. He rose hurriedly from his chair; the thunder appeared to be bursting over his head, the lightning danced like fiery demons across the floor, the wind howled and roared in the wide chimney; and suddenly, as he stood there, aghast and conscience-stricken, a sharp blast penetrating through some aperture in the walls, extinguished his solitary lamp. At this instant the bell rang.

"The *Bell!*" shouted the young count, like a maniac,—"*THE BELL!*" And then, gaining strength from his excess of horror, he laughed as wildly as he had spoken. "Fool that I am! Is not such a wind as this enough to shake the very edifice from its foundation? and am I scared because it has vibrated along a wire? Has not the same blast put out my lamp? All is still again. My own thoughts have made a coward of me!"

As he uttered these words, another and a brighter flash shot through the casement and ran along the wire, and again the bell rang out; but his eye had been upon it, and he could no longer cheat himself into the belief that he had endeavored to create. The fiery vapor had disappeared, but still louder and louder rang the bell, as though pulled by a hand of agony.

Elric sank helpless to his knees. At every successive flash he saw the violent motion of the bell which hung above him, and as the darkness again gathered about

the cell, he still heard the maddening peal, which seemed to split his brain.

"Light! light!" he moaned at last, as he rose painfully from the floor. "I must have light, or I shall become a raving maniac."

And then he strove to re-illumine the lamp; but his shaking hand ill obeyed the impulse of his frenzied will. And still, without the intermission of a second, the bell rang on. At length he obtained a light, and staggering to the wall, he fixed his eyes upon the frightful wire.

"It stretches," he muttered, unconsciously; "still it stretches, and there is no wind now; there is a lull. Some one must be pulling it from the other chamber, and if so, it must be —"

His voice became extinct; he could not utter the name of his sister.

With a frantic gesture he seized the lamp and turned towards the door which opened into the death-chamber, and still the bell rang on, without the cessation of an instant. A short passage parted the two cells, and as he staggered onwards he was compelled to cling to the wall, for his knees knocked together, and he could scarcely support himself. At length he reached the inner door, and desperately flung it open. A chill like that which escapes from a vault fell upon his brow, and the sound of the bell pursued him still. He moved a pace forward, retreated, again advanced, and, finally, by a mighty effort, sprang into the centre of the chamber. One shrill and piercing cry escaped him, and the lamp fell from his hand.

"You are then here?" murmured a low and feeble voice. "You, Elric von Königstein, the renegade from honor, the sororicide, the would-be murderer! Yours is the affection which watches over my last hours on earth! The same hand which mixed the deadly draught is ready to lay me in the grave!"

As the words fell upon his ear, a vivid flash filled the room, and the count saw his sister sitting upright wrapped in her death-clothes. A deep groan escaped him.

"That draught was scarcely swallowed," pursued the voice, "ere I detected that it had been tampered with; but it was then too late to save myself, and, for the honor of our name, I shrank from denouncing you, though I felt at once that you were the murderer. But you were coward as well as sororicide. You have subjected me to all the agonies of death, and have not

merely condemned *me* to an after-life of suffering, but of suffering to us both, for I shall live on under the knowledge of the fate to which you destined me, and you beneath my irrevocable curse."

The last few sentences were uttered feebly and gaspingly, as though the strength of the speaker were spent, and then a heavy fall upon the bed betrayed to the horror-stricken Elric that some fresh catastrophe had occurred.

With the energy of despair he rushed from the room, and hastened to procure a light. A frightful spectacle met him on his return. Stephanie lay across the bed, with a portion of her funeral-dress displaced. The arm with which she had rung the fatal bell was that from which her medical attendant had striven to procure blood during her insensibility, and which, in preparing her for the grave, had been unbound. The violent exertion to which it had been subjected, added to the power of the poison that still lurked in her veins, had opened the wound, and ere the young count returned with the lamp she was indeed a corpse, with her white burial-garments dabbled in blood. The scene told its own tale on the morrow. She had partially awakened, and the result was evident. None knew, save he who watched beside her, that the fatal bell had rung!

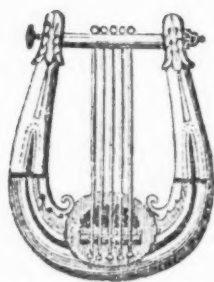
The curse worked. Madness seized upon the wretched Elric, and for years he was a raving lunatic, who might at any moment be lashed into frenzy by the mere ringing of a bell.

THE NEBULÆ.—An announcement has been recently made, which renders it in the highest degree probable that all of that class of appearances in the heavens which have been known by the name of nebulae, and which have been represented as anomalous in many of their features, are not so; that the so-called nebulae have no existence whatever. We were aware, that some of the faint spots included under that name, had, on examination by the powerful telescope constructed by Lord Rosse, assumed an appearance which proved them to be vast clusters or firmaments of stars; had been, as it is called, resolved, or had put on the resolvable aspect. But those which, up to that time, had been examined, were almost entirely such as, lying on the furthest confines to which former instruments had penetrated, might have been in very many cases expected to prove not true nebulae, but very remote clusters: while others seemed at that time to defy resolution. It is now, however, announced that the

great nebulae in Orion, which is visible to the naked eye, and which retained the same aspect of a faint, diffused, irresolvable haze to Herschel's large reflector, has, when subjected to the still higher power of this searcher of the heavens, distinctly presented itself as a firmament of stars. And the resolution of this most decided of all the nebulae leaves very little probability that any other will be found to resist the powers of this instrument; that, in short, any such diffusion of unaggregated or aggregating matter as was defined by the name nebulae exists in the heavens.

The existence of these bodies has never before been doubted; though many rejected the hypothesis as to a formative process through which the heavenly orbs had passed, which had been founded on their existence and appearances; and others, while willing to give the hypothesis all the consideration due to it, as in the circumstances a most probable speculation, protested against the unwarrantable use which was being made of it as a proven generalization. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the whole nebulae speculation now falls to the ground; that, at least, whatever be the abstractive probabilities in favor of its truth, inductive evidence for it can no longer be shown. —*British Quarterly Review*.

SHOULD STUDY BE CONFINED TO ONE SUBJECT?—In a series of lectures on the study of German Literature, delivered at Manchester by Mr. George Dawson of Birmingham, the following remarks (quoted from the *Manchester Examiner's* report) are made:—"Sometimes you heard men warning people against a dissipation of study, against studying too many things, and exhorting them to confine their attention to one thing. Now, up to a certain time, he considered that this was bad advice. He did not think that this should be the foundation of culture to those to whom literature was a secondary thing. They should in early life gather in a variety of knowledge—form, as it were, a good web—and then inweave the particular study which after-life required should be the pattern on the cloth. For a literary man, he need not say how necessary total culture was. He had before protested against fractional studies, as contradistinguished from a subdivision of labor in teaching. To exhort people to cultivate one branch of knowledge to the exclusion of every thing else, was like urging one man to direct his efforts solely to the strengthening of his right arm, another of his left, a third of his feet, and so on. One man recommended you to cultivate the exact sciences only, and hence society had been supplied with men who were mathematicians only—men whose gospel was a right angle, and whose religion was a circle. In other cases, men had become so engrossed with a particular study, that they would spend an enormous amount of time in settling the quantity of a Greek syllable, and write most elaborate treatises on the Greek digamma. A fully-cultured man could turn his attention to any thing; and, when fully cultured, he should turn to the division of labor which stern necessity imposed upon him. Sometimes, however, natural propensity would come in to check this. Nevertheless, we should all aim at what the Germans called "many-sidedness;" so that, whichever way we turned, there might be a polished side presented."



From Blackwood's Magazine.

TRUTH AND BEAUTY.

BEAUTY and Truth in Heaven's congenial clime,
Inseparate seen beside the Almighty throne,
Together sprung, before the birth of time,
From God's own glory, while he dwelt alone;—
These, when creation made its wonders known,
Were sent to mortals, that their mingling powers
Might lead and lure us to ethereal bowers.

But our perverse condition here below
Oft sees them severed, or in conflict met:
Oh, sad divorce! the well-spring of our woe,
When Truth and Beauty thus their bond forget,
And Heaven's high law is at defiance set!
'Tis this that Good of half its force disarms,
And gives to Evil all its dearest charms.

See Truth with harsh Austerity allied,
Or clad in cynic garb of sordid hue:
See him with Tyranny's fell tools supplied,
The rack, the fagot, or the torturing screw;
Or girt with Bigotry's besotted crew,
What wonder, thus beheld, his looks should move
Our scorn or hatred, rather than our love?

See Beauty, too, in league with Vice and Shame,
And lending all her light to gild a lie;
Crowning with laureate-wreaths an impious name,
Or lulling us with Siren minstrelsy
To false repose when peril most is nigh;
Decking things vile or vain with colors rare,
Till what is false and foul seems good and fair.

Hence are our hearts bewilder'd in their choice,
And hence our feet from Virtue led astray:
Truth calls imperious with repulsive voice
To follow on a steep and rugged way;
While Beauty beckons us along a gay
And flowery path, that leads, with treacherous
slope,
To gulfs remote from happiness or hope.

Who will bring back the world's unblemish'd
youth
When these two wander'd ever hand in hand;
When Truth was Beauty, Beauty too was Truth,
So link'd together with unbroken band,
That they were one; and Man, at their command,
Tasted of sweets that never knew alloy,
And trod the path of Duty and of Joy?

Chiefly the Poet's power may work the change:
His heavenly gift, impell'd by holy zeal,
O'er Truth's exhaustless stores may brightly
range,

And all their native loveliness reveal;
Nor e'er, except where Truth has set his seal,
Suffer one gleam of Beauty's grace to shine,
But in resistless force their lights combine.

From the Literary Gazette.

A DAY OF SPRING.

Wild flowers, sweet friends of our youth and age,
We come to your haunts again,
Eager as birds that have burst the cage,
Or steeds that have snapped the rein.
Fill your bright cups in the balmy air:
We have thirsted long for the draught they bear.

We have languished all for the sunny day
That should call us back to the green-wood's
shade;
Our *dreams* have been of the songster's glade,
And starry showers of the fragrant May.
The fairy moth, and the dark wild bee,
Mingle together the gleaming wing;
And the squirrel skips from tree to tree;
And sunbeams dance in the pebbly spring.

Sweet are thy waters, O rippling pool!
There do the first green cresses grow,
And the Meadow-queen on thy margin cool
Sheddeth perfume from her tuft of snow;
And there, on the sedgy bank beneath,
Love's tender flower, with sorrowing eye,
Is telling still of her true knight's death,
Or looking above on her own blue sky.

Again in the mossy wood and glen
We track our steps by the feathery fern,
Startling awhile from her happy nest
The thrush or the gentle wren.
A graceful lesson of life we learn;
Happy and free our footsteps roam,
Seeking and finding the violet's home;
But like the loved of our early day,
Fairest and first, they have passed away.

Cuckoo—hark, 'tis the joyous sound!
Bird of promise, we hear thee nigh,
In the wood's green depths profound:
Oh, welcome, child of a sunny sky!
How could we trust capricious Spring,
Though her bright garlands floated free,
The flowering thorn, the balmy morn,
Or e'en the dusky swallow's wing?—
Loved stranger, no—we looked for thee.

Welcome, with all things sweet and fair,
 May's bright crown for beauty's brow,
 Hope and health in the fresh pure air,
 Blossom-fruits for the orchard-bough:
 Say, have ye brought from the happy land
 One charmed gift for a heart of care?
 I know ye have; for, as flowers distilled,
 My spirit with essence sweet is filled;
 I look around, and I gaze on high;
 My thoughts with a thrilling power expand—
 I feel there is beauty and harmony.

Earnest and faithful, and pardoning wrong,
 Surely the heart, as an opening rose,
 Touched by the season of bloom and song,
 Sheddeth perfume as her leaves uncloze.
 Loved ones of earth, may ye soar and bring
Such gifts to Heaven in your days of spring!

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

One of earth, and one of heaven,
 They are strangely knit for aye;
 Harder are they to be riven
 Than man's spirit from the clay.
 Twin-born as the human birth,
 Yet more strongly intertwined;
 Each, believe, is little worth
 That the other doth not bind.

Start not, dreamer, at the thought,
 Jove's Olympus touched the ground;
 And the rose, with odor fraught,
 Wins it from the soil around.
 "But in poetry and art,
 And within the subtle brain,
 The Ideal dwells apart,
 There in majesty to reign;"
 Cries he with a lip upcurled,
 And he asks with scornful air,
 "The statue that enchants the world!
 Think'st thou woman is as fair?"

It may be, or it may not;
 But at least ye this will own—
 Surely it has been your lot
 Separate beauties to have known?
 Here a lip, and there a finger,
 Now a brow or swan-like throat,
 That within the mem'ry linger,
 And like fairy visions float.
 This, then, is the bright Ideal
 Which—oh, never lose the clue—
 While it borrows from the Real,
 Is itself for ever true!

Cold unto the poet's heart,
 Words—that do imprison thought;
 Bars—that show us but a part
 Of the glory he has caught.
 Yet he knows that human feeling
 Is the one exhaustless mine,
 Though the gold of his revealing,
 Worldling, never can be thine.
 Nature in her fairest mood,
 Or her sternest, still is real;

Nature, *then*, by poet woo'd,
 Leads him to the true ideal.

Can he think a lofty deed
 Which has not been acted o'er?
 Oh, a human heart to read,
 Is, of all, the deepest lore.
 And the real, real world
 Is, since first was poet here,
 In the bright ideal furled,
 As the earth in atmosphere.
 'Tis the air the spirit breathes,
 If I read the thing aright,
 Which all radiant thought enwreathes,
 Shedding round us spirit-light.

From the Metropolitan.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

BY MRS. AEDY.

I stood within the cottage door
 One sunny morn in May,
 Its feeble inmate, old and poor,
 In Death's embraces lay;
 And o'er the corpse a maiden fair
 Inclined her bright young head,
 Closely they held communion there—
 The Living and the Dead!

The Dead—how rigid was that form,
 How fixed those glassy eyes!
 The Living—that soft cheek was warm
 With rich and roseate dyes;
 Dark ringlets o'er her forehead white
 In wild luxuriance broke,
 And from her eye's deep azure light
 The soul within her spoke.

She dwelt in glittering halls of state,
 Yet these she valued not,
 Loving to leave the gay and great,
 And seek the rustic cot;
 And often had she knelt and prayed
 Beside that lowly bed,
 Where now in patient love she stay'd,
 Abiding with the Dead.

There, with inquiring eyes she stood,
 Those pale changed looks to trace,
 While her soft ebon tresses flow'd
 O'er the cold lifeless face;
 And earnestly I watch'd the scene,
 Nor moved, nor spoke,—in dread
 To break that holy bond between
 The Living and the Dead!

I wept—in heaviness I wept;
 Not for the cottage dame
 Who there securely, calmly slept—
 Her worn and feeble frame
 Reposed in peace—I knew her mind
 Had Christian faith possess'd,
 And freely, gladly, I resign'd
 The weary to her rest.

But she, that gentle girl, might yet
 Brook dire and bitter wrong,
 Her name aspersed, her peace beset
 By Slander's serpent tongue;
 Alas! the world, to work our ill,
 For ever lies in wait,
 And they who shun its love, must still
 Be followed by its hate.

Or worse, far worse than wrongs or taunts,
 Temptation's spell might win
 Those footsteps to the treacherous haunts
 Of vanity and sin;
 She by another's dying bed,
 Unwearied love had shown;
 Oh! might she not hereafter need
 Some friend to smooth her own?

I started—strangers came around,
 They viewed my streaming eyes,
 And said that her I mourned, had found
 A refuge in the skies:
 And silently I left the place,
 Nor recked they that I shed
 Tears for the maid of noble race
 Who stood beside the Dead!

From Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

A VICTORY!

BY R. E. B. MACLELAN.

The joy-bells peal a merry tune
 Along the evening air;
 The crackling bonfires turn the sky
 All crimson with their glare;
 Bold music fills the startled streets
 With mirth-inspiring sound;
 The gaping cannon's reddening breath
 Wakes thunder shouts around;
 And thousand joyful voices cry,
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A little girl stood at the door,
 And with her kitten played;
 Less wild and frolicsome than she,
 That rosy prattling maid.
 Sudden her cheek turns ghostly white;
 Her eye with fear is filled,
 And rushing in-of-doors, she screams—
 "My brother Willie's killed!"
 And thousand joyful voices cry,
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A mother sat in thoughtful ease,
 A-knitting by the fire,
 Plying the needle's thrifty task
 With hands that never tire.
 She tore her few gray hairs, and shrieked,
 "My joy on earth is done!"
 Oh! who will lay me in my grave?
 Oh, God! my son! my son!"
 And thousand joyful voices cry,
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

A youthful wife the threshold crossed,
 With matron's treasure blessed;
 A smiling infant nestling lay
 In slumber at her breast.
 She spoke no word, she heaved no sigh,
 The widow's tale to tell;
 But like a corpse, all white and stiff,
 Upon the earth-floor fell.
 And thousand joyful voices cry,
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

An old weak man, with head of snow,
 And years threescore and ten,
 Looked in upon his cabin-home,
 And anguish seized him then.
 He help'd not wife, nor helpless babe,
 Matron nor little maid,
 One scalding tear, one choking sob—
 He knelt him down, and pray'd.
 And thousand joyful voices cry,
 "Huzza! huzza! a Victory!"

From the Metropolitan.

MEMORY.

BY VISCOUNT MASSEREENE.

O Memory! thou of foes the worst—
 To mortal mind, of friends the best—
 How oft thy potent spell hath burst
 With magic force the spirit's rest,
 And the fell fiend regret hath nursed
 With noxious venom from thy breast.
 And if his writhing victim durst
 Fly to the future to be blest,
 Still will thy phantom, doubly cursed,
 His soul of yearned-for joy divest;
 Still will it wing o'er scenes when erst
 On penitence pain reared her crest,
 Till follies past by thee rehearsed
 With o'erstrained force, and hellish zest,
 May drive the overgoaded soul
 Beyond e'en reason's blest control.

And yet thou art the best of friends,
 Dear memory, thou whose piercing ray
 Will shoot where darkest grief extends,
 Where hope lies prostrate 'neath her sway.
 Yes, sorrow for a while will stay
 Her blighting hand whilst thou art near,
 And joy will beam as sunbeams play
 Where snow eternal rules the year.
 And memory such dost thou appear
 To him who here in vacant gaze
 O'erlooks dark heaven's indignant blaze,
 And but discerns thy placid star,
 Which o'er wide seas of thought from far
 Shoots its all-varying ray, that thought
 To scenes his childhood loved is brought—
 That thought rolls backward to the time
 When cautious law he dared to break
 And tempt the dangers of the lake,
 When some proud forest chief he'd climb
 In wayward sportiveness, and hide
 From monkish task with chieftain's pride.



MISCELLANEOUS.

DISSOLUTION OR SUSPENSION OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—The act effecting the above, which we intimated to the public above a month ago, has now been officially announced by the committee, which has issued a printed address on the occasion. In this, a review of their operations during twenty years, since the foundation in 1826, is put forth, and much merit is claimed for the political, religious, and educational fruits produced by them, and also for the improvement in publishing cheap books. The great scheme of the "Biographical Dictionary" is (as we always said it must be) abandoned; and the subscribers must be content with the letter *A*, finished in seven half-volumes, and which at its pace must have taken far more than half-a-century to complete. A loss of nearly 5000*l.* occurred on this letter: it would have been a pretty sum when the alphabet came to *z*! A continuing hope is held out (a hopeless hope, we fear) that the publication may be resumed.

The address proceeds to say:—"With respect to the Society, however, the failure of the 'Biographical Dictionary,' though one of the circumstances which have led to its present situation, is only to be considered in that light in connection with another of a more material, and much more gratifying, character. The Society's work is done, for its greatest object is achieved—fully, fairly, and permanently. The public is supplied with cheap and good literature to an extent which the most sanguine friend of human improvement could not, in 1826, have hoped to have witnessed in twenty years. The powerful contributors to this great object, who have been taught by the Society how to work without the Society, may almost be reckoned by the hundred, and there is hardly a country in Europe, from Russia to Spain, which has not seen the Society's publications in its own language, and felt their influence on its own system of production. * * *

"In conclusion, the committee congratulate all who feel as they do upon the spirit of improvement now so actively displayed, and trust that it

will not tire until it has achieved the universal education of the people. As employed in effecting their object by printed publications, which are principally addressed to those who have received some mental culture, they have always felt that the door of communication between them and large masses of the community was but a very little way open. But they have the satisfaction of seeing and knowing that at least there is now no further obstacle to those who have made the first step, and of feeling that they have been instrumental in removing the subsequent hindrance. The time is coming, they trust, when all will act upon what most now see, namely, that knowledge, though it adds power to evil, adds tenfold power to good; when there shall be no part of the community on which this maxim shall not have been verified; and when the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge shall be co-extensive with society itself."—*Literary Gazette*.

INDIAN VOCABULARY.—To assist such of our readers as may be occasionally at a loss in reading the Indian news, from ignorance of the language, we subjoin the meaning of a few words most commonly in use in the newspapers:—*Baboo*—a Hindoo title, answering to our Esquire; *bagum*—princess; a *bungalo*—a cottage made of bamboo and mats, with projecting thatched roof; *coolie*—a porter; *cess*—about two miles; *cumberland*—a sash; *cutlaw*—a magistrate; *dak*—the post; *decoit*—a river pirate; *dewan*—a prime minister, and sometimes an agent; *dhoobe*—a letter; *dooab*—a tract of country between two rivers; *dustoor*—custom; *darbar*—the court or council; *faki*—a religious mendicant; *feringee*—a European; *firman*—a royal order; *ghat*—in the east, a landing place—in the west and south, a pass of a mountain, or a mountain range; *guicwar*—a sovereign; *havildar*—an officer in the army; *hooka*—a pipe; *houdah*—a seat on an elephant; *hurkaru*—messenger; *jaghire*—an estate assigned by Government; *jungle*—a thicket;

khelat—an honorary dress; lac—one hundred thousand; maharajah—a great king; marabout—a holy man; mahout—an elephant driver; mehur—a gold coin, worth sixteen rupees in Bengal; musnud—a throne; nullah—a brook, or small branch of a river; nuzzar—an offering; paddy—rice in the husk; pagoda—Indian temple; peishwa—sovereign; peon—messenger; pice—a small copper coin; punjaub—five rivers; rance—a princess; ryut—a peasant; sahib—lord; saces—a groom; sepoy—native troops in the British service; serai—Mussulman place of rest for travellers; serang—a master of a vessel; singh—a lion; sircar—a head man or minister; suddur adawlut, and suddur dewannee—courts of justice; subahdar—officer of the highest rank in the army; vakeel—an envoy; vedas—the hindoo scriptures; wuzer—prime minister; zemindar—the holder of a zemindary, or province. A crore of rupees is a hundred lacs. A rupee is about two shillings. A pice is about the 12th of an anna, or the 192nd part of a rupee.

WHOLESOME UNFERMENTED BREAD.—Thirty years ago Dr. Thomas Thomson, the very able professor of chemistry in Glasgow, recommended a process for making wholesome bread different from that produced by the common practice of what is called “raising it” through the means of fermentation, which only subserves the purpose of generating carbonic acid. Instead of this, the doctor showed how much better bread could be made by employing certain proportions of carbonate of soda and muriatic acid; and the advice he then gave had considerable effect upon the public. But, like too many useful things, it seems to have been lost sight of and abandoned, and old habits to have prevailed in this most essential preparation of human food. A little pamphlet, by “A Physician” (Taylor and Walton), has just issued from the press, renewing the instructions and earnestly impressing the value of the change, which we cordially approve. Among the interesting incidental matter touched upon, that which refers to *brown bread* seems to us to deserve the attention of every family in the empire.

“It may not be out of place to observe, that mistaken notions respecting the quality of different sorts of bread have given rise to much waste in another way. The general belief is, that bread made with the finest flour is the best, and that whiteness is the proof of its quality; but both these opinions are popular errors. The whiteness may be, and generally is, communicated by alum, to the injury of the consumer; and it is known by men of science, that the bread of unrefined flour will sustain life, while that made with the refined will not. Keep a man on brown bread and water, and he will live and enjoy good health; give him white bread and water only, and he will gradually sicken and die. The meal of which the first is made contains all the ingredients essential to the composition or nourishment of the various structures composing our bodies. Some of these ingredients are removed by the miller in his efforts to please the public; so that fine flour, instead of being better than the meal, is the least nourishing; and, to make the case worse, it is also the most difficult of digestion. The loss is, therefore, in all respects, a waste; and it seems desirable that the admirers of white

bread (but especially the poor) should be made acquainted with these truths, and brought to inquire whether they do not purchase at too dear a rate the privilege of indulging in the use of it. The unwise preference given so universally to white bread led to the pernicious practice of mixing alum with the flour, and this again to all sorts of adulterations and impositions; for it enabled bakers, who were so disposed, by adding more and more alum, to make bread made from the flour of an inferior grain look like the best or the most costly, and to dispose of it accordingly; at once defrauding the purchaser, and tampering with his health. It is one of the advantages of the effervescing process, that it would put an end to all such practices, as its materials and alum are incompatible.

“Among the matters removed by the miller are the larger portion of the saline substances, which are indispensable to the growth of the bones and teeth, and are required, although in a less degree, for their daily repair. Brown bread should, therefore, be given to nurses, and to the young or the growing, and should be preferred by all, of whatever age, whose bones show a tendency to bend, or who have weak teeth. It is believed that brown bread will generally be found the best by all persons who have sluggish bowels, and stomachs equal to the digestion of the bran. But with some it will disagree, for the bran is too exciting to irritable bowels, and is dissolved with difficulty in some stomachs. When this happens, the bran should be removed, either wholly or in part; and by such means the bread may be adapted, with the greatest ease, to all habits and all constitutions.”—*Literary Gazette*.

PRONUNCIATION OF INDIAN PROPER NAMES.

—1. All names ending in ‘an’ have the accent on the last syllable, and the ‘an’ is sounded like the Scotch *ah*, or nearly *aw*, thus *Moultan* is pronounced *Multaen*. The same remark applies to words terminating in ‘ab’—thus the river *Chenab* is sounded *Chunaub* with the first syllable rapidly uttered, and the full weight of the sound on the ‘aub.’ ‘*Punjab*’ is another illustration. 2. Compounds of the words *Feroze* have the accent on the syllable ‘*oze*,’ not on ‘*poor*’ or ‘*shah*’ as one often hears it. *Ferozepoor* must be uttered in three syllables. 3. ‘*I*’ has the sound of ‘*ee*’—*Sikh* is pronounced ‘*Seek*,’ not *Sheek* nor *Syke*.

INCREASING STRENGTH OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

—According to the late official returns, it appears there are upwards of 100 ships of war now building at our different arsenals, among which are no less than 35 steam frigates and other war steamers; four 36 gun frigates; ten 50 gun frigates; ten ships of the line, averaging from 80 to 84 guns each—viz., the *Agamemnon*, the *Colossus*, the *Irresistible*, the *Majestic*, the *Meeanee*, the *Brunswick*, the *Cressy*, the *Lion*, the *Mars*, and the *San Pariel*; six ships of the line of 90 guns each—viz. the *Aboukir*, the *Exmouth*, the *Princess Royal*, the *Algiers*, the *Hannibal*, and the *St Jean d’Acre*; six ships of the line, first-rates, of 110 guns each—viz., the *Marlborough*, the *Royal Frederick*, the *Victoria*, the *Prince of Wales*, the *Royal Sovereign*, and the *Windsor Castle*; and lastly, the *Royal Albert*, of 120 guns.

DETACHED THOUGHTS; FROM JEAN PAUL RICHTER.—A true comforter must often take away from the mourner all ordinary topics of consolation, and lead him where only the highest can be of any avail.

A perpetual calm would hinder the fructification of flowers. Let this console us under suffering.

The involuntary sanctification in our minds of the dead—wherefore? whence? Not from a life-long absence merely; for then a voyage to America would produce it. It is rather the idea of the change in the departed, the putting off of his body, his novel circumstances, his new relations, whence he looks down upon all here as earthly.

Memory is the highest gift; we do not feel it to be so, because we only partially lose it, and generally retain it in great things; but let a man every moment forget others, and then see what he would be. We are the creatures of the past, therefore, of memory. To deprive us of memory, would be to thrust us naked, destitute, into the mere present, only the moment after to strip us of memory again.

A good action shines out upon us in the deceased—it is the precious stone which the Mexicans place amid the ashes of the dead, that it may represent the heart.

How does human love still pine after, still stretch forth its arms to clasp the fading images that still elude its grasp! It would make for itself an eternity out of the transitory and the perishing!

Were there not a lurking disbelief of immortality, there would be far more courage in death, more content in life, and less over-value for it.

There are persons who, endowed with a higher sense, but with weaker powers than active talent, receive in their soul the great world-spirit, whether in outward life, or in the inner life of fiction and of thought, who remain true and faithful to it, as the tender wife to the strong man, but who, when they would express their love, can only utter broken sounds, or speak otherwise than they wish. If the man of talent may be called the merry imitative ape of genius these are the silent, serious, upright woodmen, to whom fate has denied the power of speech. If, as the Indians think, the animals are the dumb of the earth, these are the dumb of heaven.

The spirit is as invisible as its speech, but what does there not lie of all that is lofty, all that is life, in a single word? Is it lost when the air on which it has been waited has passed away?

We speak of *life* being taken, when it is only *years* that are taken.

There is something so great in a single good action, that the man who, in his whole life, has

performed even one, can never be wholly despicable.

It is our eyes, and not the microscope, that deceives us. It could not create or show what is not. The earth may be infinitely greater.

Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against a flatterer, there are still a few points at which he is accessible.

How many thousands of little means must a man have recourse to, before he can accomplish any thing great!

We should sooner learn to know men if we did not regard every action as the result of a fixed principle. Caprice prevents their adherence to it; and, therefore, we ought not to draw any conclusion as to character from a single action.

A man, in the enjoyment of any pleasure, may have only a delight of the senses; but he who beholds that man's enjoyment with a sympathizing eye, has a heart-delight.

He who has about ten things a single original unhackneyed thought, has many such about a hundred things.

It is one in the contradictions of man's nature, his knowledge that he has these contradictions.

Fancy, or the creative power, is the world-soul of the soul, the element-spirit of the other powers. Experience, and the varied influences of the mind, tear but leaves from the book of nature. Fancy forms these parts into a whole. It brings even the absolute and the infinite nearer the reach of reason, and renders them more discernible to mortal man. It employs itself with the future and the past, because no other time can become infinite or totalized. Not from a room full of air, but from the whole height of the atmosphere, is the ethereal blue of heaven formed.

He who is not growing wiser has never been wise.

He who in his sphere, however circumscribed, perfects, as far as in him lies, all duty and all self-denial, not merely in doing, but in abstaining, needs for his growth in virtue no extraordinary circumstance, no unusual occasion; should such arrive, it finds his already grown.

He who has not courage enough to be a fool in his own way, will scarcely have sufficient to be wise in his own way.

How pensive we are made by a beautiful night—by lovely scenery—by the sound of music—by reflection on the infinite—by the shadowy-tinted cliffs of the future!

The greatest sorrow is the loss of the beloved by a death not preceded by illness, or, which is one and the same thing, by death taking place while at a distance from us.

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Murray's Handbook of North Italy.

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